





THE QUEEN OF MAY.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN IRVING.  
~~~~~

SEE ENGRAVING.

NEVER morning smiled so gaily,
Never skies such radiance wore,
Ne'er from bower and stream and woodland
Such a gladness beamed before—
All the world is light and music,
And I hear low voices say,
Never danced into the sunshine
So fair a Queen of May.

The wild-rose and the jessamine
Are twined about my hair,
And pale amid their leaves of green
The valley lilies fair—
And soft against my happy brow
The drooping violets lean—
A crown whose dewy beauty
Might grace the fairest queen!

They smile to see the gladness
That lightens all my face,
They say I wear my coronal,
In truth, with royal grace—
And they gaily bow before me,
And willing tribute pay
In the brightest of the blossoms
That bless the sunny May.

They may feel my heart is happy,
They may see my step is light,
But they know not *why* my pulses
Beat less lightly yesternight—
They know not that the simple flower
I wear within my breast,
Has a brighter and a dearer bloom
Than glows in all the rest.

They thought me all alone
When I wandered down the lane—
They knew not that the sunlight
On the path flung shadows twain—
They did not hear the voice I heard.
In low, sweet accents say:
"Thou'rt ever crowned within my heart,
And mak'st it always May!"

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Words by Helena Kibing.

Music by Isabel Abbot.

1. Nev-er morn-ing smiled so gai-ly, Nev-er skies such radiance

Vivace.

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in 6/8 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Vivace.'.

wore; Ne'er from bow'r and stream and wood-land Such a

This system contains the second line of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

glad-ness beamed be-fore. All the world is light and

This system contains the third line of the musical score, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

mu - sic, And I hear low voic - es say, Nev-er

The first system of the musical score for 'The Queen of May'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a half note E5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

danced into the sun - shine So fair a Queen of

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note F5, followed by quarter notes G5, A5, and B5, then a half note C6, and finally a half note D6. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

May.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note E5, followed by a half note D5, and then a final half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing melody in the right hand, including some triplets, while the left hand maintains a steady bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE ALBUM'S VACANT PAGE.

BY HON. STACY G. POTTS.

THIS vacant place was left for one
To youth and love and memory dear,
The light of whose departed sun
Again, shall never meet us here.
The world shall change from age to age,
And, like a pageant, pass away,
But never more to friendship's page
Shall she her valued tribute pay.

The loved and lost—the flower that flings
Its incense on the air, and dies,
The breath of oft returning springs
Restores with all its memories.
But from the slumber of the dead
What spring shall raise the faded flowers
Whose spiritual beauty shed
Their light upon our morning hours?

Yet still along the way of life
She mingles with our mazy dreams,
The breathless hours of evening rife
Still with her living presence seems.
Is it that from her home on high
She sometimes wanders earthward yet,
A happy spirit of the sky
To tell us she does not forget?

It may be so, but still in vain
In hall or bower or woodland grove,
We seek her vanished form again
Amid the haunts she used to love.
The sparkling eye, the sunny smile,
The voice whose every word and tone
Could the dull hour of care beguile,
Are gone, alas, forever gone!

Well, when the light of life grew dim,
Though left in sadness and alone,
Turn we our weeping eyes to Him
Who gave, and takes again his own.
And when our lamp shall cease to burn,
Amid these scenes of change and care,
To yon sweet home our eyes shall turn,
With joy, to meet our loved ones there.

WHAT WAS GAINED?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men who were friends, engaged to do a piece of work, and to share, equally, the sum of money earned. One of them was named Henry Williams and the other Edwin Jones. When the work was completed, Jones went to the employer for a settlement. The amount paid to him was thirty-three dollars, for which he gave a receipt in his own name and also in that of his friend, for whom he had been authorized to act. Now, Jones was rather selfish in his feelings. As he turned his steps homeward, he talked thus within himself:—

“We ought to have had more for that job. I was sure of getting thirty-five or forty dollars for it. Sixteen dollars and a half! I earned twenty, every cent of it, myself. Williams is rather slow, sometimes. I’m sure he didn’t do near so much as I did. In all justice, I am entitled to the largest dividend.”

Thus he went on communing with himself, until he finally determined to keep eighteen dollars and give his friend only fifteen. But, as the agreement looked to an equal division, he must, of course, conceal the real amount received. In other words, he must say what was untrue. How naturally does one wrong lead to another!

Jones had a good deal of debate with himself; and felt some shame at the purpose which was in his mind. But, his cupidity overmastered him. So, when he met his friend and fellow-workman, Williams, he gave him only fifteen dollars, saying that it was the half of what had been received. Williams expressed some surprise at the smallness of the sum, but showed not the least suspicion of unfair play, for he suspected none from Edwin Jones.

So, Jones was a gainer in the little operation of one dollar and a half. But this sum, unjustly acquired, was no sooner in his possession than it proved, instead of a blessing, a curse; for, in place of that satisfaction which he had looked for, a sense of shame oppressed him. It was his custom to call around, almost nightly, at the house of Williams, and spend the evening with him, in reading or pleasant conversation. On this occasion, tea being over, he strolled forth, but did not take his way as usual to the house of his friend. He had wronged, and did not wish to meet him, or feel the stinging rebuke of his welcome smile. So he wandered about the streets, aimlessly, and at last, hoping to get, as it

were, away from himself, opened the door of a refectory, and walked in among its idle, and, in too many cases, vicious inmates. The next thing was to call for oysters and brandy. With these he regaled himself, and by the time both were consumed, he felt much better. An old acquaintance now espied him.

"Ah! how are you, Jones? How are you? I am really glad to see you again. Where in the world have you been hiding yourself?"

And the man grasped his hand and shook it with much cordiality.

Jones returned the greeting warmly. A fresh supply of liquor was ordered, and the two men drank together in token of friendly feelings. How truly they were friends may be inferred from the fact that, in a very little while, they were playing at dominos, each trying with all his skill to win the other's money! The old acquaintance of Jones proved the most skillful player. When the two men separated at eleven o'clock that night, Jones had not only lost the dollar and a half unjustly obtained from his true friend, Williams, but also nearly five dollars beside.

Unhappy man! That one false step—how far from the path of safety and peace had it already led him! The moment we turn ourselves away from what is good, that moment are we in danger—for that moment do we remove ourselves from the protecting sphere of heaven.

How wretched was Edwin Jones as he walked forth from that haunt of sensualism and evil passion! The cool night airs that pressed against his burning temples, allayed not their feverish heat. Ah! what would he not have given for the innocence he had abandoned? What would he not have given for the power to act over again a few brief scenes in the past? One dollar and a half he had gained, yet how fearfully had he lost through that gain! Honor, honesty, peace of mind were all gone—and, beyond this—though really least to be considered—he had lost, for a poor man, a large sum of money. He was as the foolish dog and the shadow. What was gained? Oh, mocking question!

The "small hours of the morning" were passed by Jones in sleeplessness and self-upbraidings. A heavy slumber followed—long after sunrise he awoke, unrefreshed, and suffering from the keenest sense of shame. In justification of the wrong done to Williams, he now tried to find a self-sustaining argument. The sum was but a trifle—he said to himself—a trifle at best; and he was very sure he had done much the larger share of the work, and, in justice, was entitled to even a greater proportion of pay than he had taken. This failed to satisfy him, however. The voice of conscience could not be hushed; and that accused him of both dishonesty and falsehood. Poor man! how much had he sacrificed for a paltry gain; and the gain had been like a snow-flake in the sunshine.

To meet Williams was a severe trial to Edwin Jones; and it was with some difficulty that he dragged himself to the shop where they daily worked together. How his eyes dropped beneath those of the friend he had meanly injured; and how stammeringly and unsatisfactorily he answered the earnest question—

"Where were you last night, Edwin? Mary and I had prepared a little treat for you; we were so disappointed. Were you not well?"

How evil acts lead into temptation!

"I was not very well, and staid at home," replied Jones, after partly giving some other reason, and then hesitating with a confused, averted look. Another falsehood!

"You don't look well. I am sorry," replied Williams, puzzled at the unusual appearance and manner of Jones; yet, in his entire freedom from suspicion, crediting the story of indisposition.

With how little heart did Jones go to work. How great a pressure was on his feelings. Several times, during the morning, as his thoughts brooded over the loss sustained on the previous evening, he let his hands fall, idly, by his side, while the purpose to leave his work, go to the drinking house and seek to win back his money again, was forming itself in his mind.

"I'll make one more trial," said he, at length, speaking to himself—"Fortune I am sure will favor me."

At this moment, the door of the shop where he was at work opened, and a little girl, the child of Williams, came in. She was a pleasant, good-tempered child, and attracted almost every one. Jones had always liked her—in fact, he often called her his little favorite.

"Any thing wanted, Anna?" said Mr. Williams, kindly.

"Mother says," replied the child, "that my shoes are not good enough to wear this evening, and she says, won't you let me get a new pair?"

Williams let his eyes fall to the floor, and stood silent for some moments. A sigh passed his lips. He then said—

"I'll think about it, dear."

"But won't you get them, father?" returned the child, a look of disappointment coming instantly into her face.

"I'm afraid not, dear. But, don't let it make you unhappy. I'll talk to mother when I come home at dinner time. If we can spare the money just now, you shall have the shoes."

How the child's disappointed tones smote upon the heart of Edwin Jones! How her sad face rebuked him!

After Anna had left, Williams said to Jones—

"It hurts me to disappoint the child; and yet I don't see how the money is to be spared just now. I have already paid away ten dollars

of the sum received yesterday; and to take out of what remains a dollar and a half for a pair of shoes, in order that Anna may go to the birthday party of one of her school-mates, will be to draw too heavily on the little store. I calculated on at least sixteen dollars and a half; but Jackson is a hard man to deal with—always cutting down poor workmen whenever he can get a chance to do so. The disappointment has made me feel poor."

Jones made no answer, and Williams said nothing further. A new train of ideas having been excited by the incident of the child's appearance, the former thought no more of leaving his work for the drinking house, there to win back, if possible, the money lost on the previous evening. No one need envy him the feelings that agitated his bosom. Here was fruit of his injustice—and the taste was bitter; bitter to the palate of an innocent child.

"Who makes your children's shoes?" asked Jones, with affected indifference, as he was putting on his coat to leave the shop at dinner-time.

"Peterman," was replied.

"Do you like his work?" asked Jones.

"Yes. It is very good."

"McLean is an excellent workman."

This was said by Jones to turn the thought of Williams from what was in his mind.

Even before Williams reached his dwelling, a pair of shoes had been conveyed there for Anne. Sad at the thought of meeting his disappointed child, the father entered his home.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Anna, holding up her new shoes, "I am so glad you bought them for me. You are a good father!" And the child kissed him tenderly.

We leave Mr. Williams to offer the best explanation of the matter in his power, and turn briefly to Jones. Though his heart felt lighter for having bought Anna a pair of shoes, thus making restitution, he was far from being at ease in his mind.

What had he gained by his selfishness and dishonesty? Rather say, what had he lost? Ah! it is hard to make that calculation.—Even his very soul had been brought into great peril; and all to gain the trifling sum of one dollar and a half, that passed from his hands almost as soon as gained.

Shame, fear, and disappointment combined to produce a feeling of wretchedness. "What," he asked himself, "if Williams should find out the real sum received from Jackson?"

A cold shudder ran along his nerves at the thought. Miserable man that he was! and all in consequence of yielding to a single temptation.

Small causes often produce important effects ; whether for good or for evil. A single wrong step, may lead to untold wretchedness.

Glad are we to say, that Edwin Jones did not, when night came again, turn his steps to the haunt of vice where he had spent the previous evening. From suffering he had grown wiser. Ah ! what would he not have given could he have lived over the past two days again ? That, however, was impossible. A sad record had been made in his book of life, and though he might repent deeply and tearfully, the record must still remain, to trouble him like a haunting spirit, whenever the fingers of memory turned the closely written leaves.

Months went by ere Edwin Jones could think of that single wrong act, without a sense of fear lest it should, through some accident, become known to his friend. This, however, did not happen. Williams never knew that his friend had deceived him ; and it was better that he remained ignorant.

Nothing is ever gained by wrong doing. There may seem, in many cases, to be a gain ; but the real loss will ever overbalance it fearfully.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

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BY CELIA.  
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I AM a dweller in a stranger land,—
My childhood's home lies far beyond the sea—
Yet memories of that gentle household band,
Sweet, sacred memories are still with me—
They come to bless me at this twilight hour
With holy, soothing power.

Again within those well-known walls I seem—
I see again my mother's look of love,
And, like the music of a blissful dream,
Glad sister-tones in harmony are wove—
And, as of old, we sing, at hush of day,
The favorite, simple lay.

Each old accustomed seat again is filled,
As evening shadows deepen and decline—
Our hearts, by words of inspiration thrilled,
As voice to gentle voice responds, and wine
Yet closer in that faith through which we view
One Saviour, pure and true.

I hear the hymn at Sabbath eve arise,
 I hear my father's earnest voice of prayer—
 I view the glory of the sunset skies,
 And note the rising moon, so calm and fair,
 That comes to light my pleasant way abroad,
 Where meet the friends of God!

I watch again the bursting buds of Spring,
 And search for blossoms fresh each verdant nook—
 My heart with every warbler seems to sing,
 As on their native boughs again I look—
 Once more for me bloom roses in the morn,
 My vases to adorn.

And now I sit at summer twilight hour
 In that retreat endeared to memory,
 The trellised, vine-encircled garden "Bower,"
 Where friends and sisters met with song and glee;
 I trace the well-known pencillings upon
 The lattice, one by one.

The "witching hour" is past—and Fancy flies,
 I hear again the *city's* varied roar—
 I see its crowded streets and murky skies,
 And feel, alas! how distant is that shore—
 That home of youth and kin—my native land,
 Beyond old Ocean's strand!

I know that changes sad and dark may come
 Among those early loved and cherished long—
 But is there not a *Guardian* of our home,
 To whom our hopes and destinies belong?
 A loving Father, "slumbering not, nor sleeping,"
 Eternal vigil keeping?

Glad thoughts arise! To Him we give the praise
 For blessings past and blessings daily given—
 For golden memories of other days—
 For hopes of future joys—of Life—of Heaven!
 Only be *Thou*, our Father, ever near,
 And we shall "*know no fear!*"

London, 1852.

MEN are called low when they lack neatness or acquaintance with the elegant forms of society; but, looking to their proper humanity, they are never so low as when they indulge wrangling or sensual passions; as when they are bent on the gratification of merely animal appetites, which brings them nearer to a level with beasts than the grossest forms of what is generally accounted vulgar.

THE UNDELIVERED DESPATCH.

BY RULE RUBY.

THE memorable eighteenth of June, 1815, will never pass from my memory. I was a young fellow, then—in my twenty-second year, and I had the honor of being an aid-de-camp to the emperor.

Both armies were drawn up in order of battle on the vast plains of Waterloo. Wellington having been the first to reach the field, had the manifest advantage of the ground. His position, especially around Hougoumont, was impregnable. With the skill of an admirable tactician, he had taken advantage of the natural defenses of the field, and so posted his troops that, while they could sweep away every thing from before them, they were but triflingly exposed to the balls of the enemy.

On coming upon the ground, the emperor's quick eye discovered at a glance the superior attitude of the opposing general; and as he could not hope to drive him from it without a fearful sacrifice of his own troops, he swept all points of the enemy with his glass to discover his weakest point.

A careful survey and deliberation warned him at length of the necessity of dislodging Wellington from the fortress of Hougoumont, as that would enable him to command, with a certain prospect of victory, the whole British force. But to do this, there was no course left him but to expose battalion after battalion to utter destruction. Unless this was done, there could be no capture of Hougoumont; and if Hougoumont were not taken, the battle must, of necessity, terminate in favor of the enemy.

But the immense sacrifice of troops thus demanded, would, together with the losses which would naturally accrue from attacking the other points of the enemy, leave the emperor with too small a body to encounter the remainder of the allies as they came up to the rescue of the English general. To cope successfully with the latter, as well as to supply the deficiency which would be wanted to repair the losses certain to ensue upon his attack on Hougoumont, thirty thousand additional troops would be indispensable.

But where obtain this vast force, which was in itself an army?

On the 16th, two days before, the emperor came up, at Ligny, with Blucher, who, with seventy thousand Prussians, was on his way to join the main body of the allies, and without pausing an instant, fell on him

with such impetuosity that Blucher, after a brief contest, turned on his heel and retreated to Wavre, a village situated about twelve miles east of the plains of Waterloo.

"After him, Grouchy," said Napoleon, addressing the marshal of that name, "and prevent him from reaching the allies, while I push on and destroy Wellington. Should I want you, I will send for you."

Grouchy, drawing off thirty thousand men, started at once for Wavre, and took up his position so as to command all the roads to Waterloo. To call in Grouchy would, the emperor well knew, give the Prussians an opportunity to unite with Wellington; but that was of but little consequence if he could but obtain Hougomont, which point would enable him to grapple successfully with three times the combined force that would be arrayed against him, and his resolution was instantly taken. Taking out his field-book, he hurriedly scratched an order, and tearing out the leaf, summoned me to his side.

"Adjutant de Sabreuil," he said, fixing his keen, clear, dark eye full upon me, "your horse—is he swift?"

"As an arrow, sire."

"And his wind?"

"Sound, sire."

"Mount him, then, and bear this to Marshal Grouchy, at Wavre."

He gave me the order, which I placed immediately in my belt, which was covered and hidden from view by my sash. I saluted the emperor, and was about to place my foot in the stirrup, when he added—

"Stay. Read the despatch!"

Taking the paper from my belt, I opened it, and read these words:

"Marshal, advance immediately, if you are not already on your way. The battle will be a decisive one, and I shall want your thirty thousand men—perhaps to save my empire. Advance.

N. BONAPARTE."

"Is it in your memory?" demanded the emperor, as I finished reading the despatch.

"Yes, sire."

"Take this ring," he continued, drawing one from his finger, "and show it to Marshal Grouchy as an evidence of your authority, in case you lose the order, and are compelled to deliver its contents with your lips. Now, sir, mount, and remember that upon your faithfulness and speed hang the fate of France!"

I bowed, sprang into my saddle, turned my horse's head to the east, plunged my spurs into his flanks, and dashed across the field. A few minutes, and I was two miles from Waterloo.

I had ten miles yet to travel; and fully comprehending the importance of my mission, I plied rein and spur with fury and impatience.—

At this moment, a loud, heavy, rapid roar of cannon broke on the still air with such suddenness that my horse, affrighted, reared on his hind legs, in which position he oscillated for an instant or two, and then falling forward, lit again upon his feet, and darted ahead like a flash of light.

"The battle is opened—the work of carnage has begun!" I muttered, turning my head in the direction of the field.

As I did so, I beheld a sight which chilled my blood.

Twenty Austrians were after me, in full gallop! In an instant I comprehended that their object was to head me off from reaching Wavre, and thus prevent me from delivering to Grouchy the order I had received from the emperor. Napoleon's movements, as well as my own, had been watched, then, by some one of the leading officers of the enemy, and these men detailed, on my departure, to follow and arrest, if not kill me, on my route. There were twenty of them, each with his sabre drawn, and all mounted on fleet-limbed coursers, the echo of whose pattering hoofs upon the dun earth, rang on my sensitive ear like a death warning.

"I am lost!" I cried, drawing a pistol, and cocking it. "But I shall not fall without a struggle. Wo to him who comes within reach of this!"

I spurred on, turning my head every now and then, to look after my pursuers; one of whom, mounted on a tall, gallant roan, was some twenty yards in advance of his companions.

"Halt!" he cried, in French, "or expect no mercy!"

I made no reply, but urged on my bay steed, trusting that his fleet hoofs would enable me to reach Grouchy's line ere my pursuers could come up with me.

"Fool!" shouted the Austrian, with a fierce oath, "you are but provoking your fate. Halt, I say!"

He was but forty yards behind me; and his long limbed roan was rapidly decreasing the distance between us.

"He is but one!" I muttered, taking the rein and pistol in my left hand and drawing my sabre with my right. "Let him come on!"

Meanwhile, my gallant steed, as if he comprehended the critical position of his rider, threw himself out like an Arabian.

"Bravo, Francois!"—it was by that name I called him, in honor of my cousin Francois, who had kindly presented him to me as a gift of friendship and affection—"we'll outstrip them yet!"

"Is it to your horse you are talking, monsieur!" demanded the advancing Austrian, whose voice was so near that it startled me.

"To him!" I replied, looking around.

The Austrian was within six lengths of me!

"Good!" I exclaimed mentally, as I measured him with my eye.—

"I shall have but little work with this man! He will make an excellent target."

He was a small sized man; lean, shadowy and light, and sat upon his horse with all the ease, grace and self-possession of a practised and accomplished rider. But if his body was small, his head was large, and it appeared to me at first sight as if his broad, high, flat forehead were wider than his shoulders. A decoration on his breast told me he was an officer.

"It is life or death," I muttered, "and one of us must fall. I cannot expect to sabre him, without halting; and *that* will not do. It would place me within reach of his companions. I must give him a ball!"

A minute more, and he was within two lengths of me. With uplifted weapon, and eyes blazing with fury, he was bearing in upon me, and approaching nearer and closer with each moment.

"Now, Frenchman," he exclaimed, standing in his stirrups, and glaring at me with a smile of malignant triumph, "now I have you!—Surrender!"

"Not yet!" I replied, calmly, and plunging my spurs into Francois's flanks. "Your hand is not yet upon me!"

"But it will be soon!" thundered the Austrian, urging forward his gallant roan.

"No," I returned tauntingly, "there is yet a length between us!"

"You are a fool!" he exclaimed, foaming like a madman. "Surrender, and you are safe!"

"What!" said I, satirically, "safe! A prisoner safe, when in the hands of an *Austrian*!"

"Yield!" he cried, furiously, "or I'll cut you down, like a dog!"

"Try it!" said I, contemptuously.

He was now within half a length of me; a few moments more, and my body would be a mark for his uplifted sabre. I had meanwhile quietly changed weapons, and turning in my saddle, I returned his glance and, suddenly raising my pistol, took a hasty but deliberate aim at his high, flat forehead, and fired. With a low cry, he sprang up in his stirrups—dropped his sabre, and fell back on the crupper of his steed, from which he slipped, an instant later, upon the earth. His horse, startled by the flash, reared on his hind legs, and as his rider glided from his back, dropped again upon his feet, wheeled, and darted back, like a mad thing, toward the advancing Austrians, who opened a passage as it approached, and through which it speedily disappeared.

"Poor fellow!" I muttered, glancing at the fallen officer, "he *would* hit it, and he has got it."

The troopers paused a few moments on coming up with the body of

their leader, but on perceiving that he was dead, they shook their sabres, menacingly, and continued the pursuit. Their momentary halt enabled me to increase the distance between us, and when they had recovered themselves, I was from seventy to eighty yards ahead.

Feeling myself now comparatively secure, I sheathed my sabre, dropped my rein upon the saddle, and hastily reloaded the discharged pistol. This done, I glanced around, and for a moment my confidence deserted me. The Austrians were gaining upon me with fearful rapidity! Their tall, long-limbed steeds, goaded to fury by the rowels of their riders, came sweeping on like a pack of hungry wolves.

They had divided, also, into three parties, for the purpose of surrounding me. A line of five occupied each side of the road, the balance bringing up the rear. Their horses, of an unusual size, appeared to be imbued with the same ferocious spirit which animated their riders, and tore over the earth like a whirlwind. Every moment decreased the distance between us; and as I reflected that I had not yet got over more than half of my journey, a sensation of terror crept over me and wrapt my faculties in gloom. I cared not so much for my own safety, as I did for that of the emperor, whom, in common with all of the army, I both idolized and revered. The inferiority of his position—the immense odds against him—the announced determination of the allies to crush him—the vast forces marching in from all points to overwhelm him—the importance of hurrying Grouchy to his rescue—all passed through my excited brain like continuous lines of lightning.

To add to my torture, the loud clamor of battle rang like deafening thunder peals on the air, which roared as if the very heavens were tumbling to pieces, and coming down with a wild and universal din. I fancied I could distinguish the guns of the emperor from those of the enemy, and that each was accompanied with the adjuration: "Hasten! oh, hasten, Grouchy, to the rescue—the crisis is at hand!"

The sweat came leaping from every pore in large, cold beads, as, rising in my stirrups, I urged on my horse:

"Fly, Francois—fly—the emperor is in danger—France hangs upon your speed!"

The trees, fences and houses lining either side of the road, appeared like a moving panorama. My gallant bay did not run—he flew onward like a fleet winged courser; and yet I was far from satisfied. To my trembling impatience he seemed to lag and crawl, as if he wantonly enjoyed his rider's distempered misery. Notwithstanding my best efforts, the Austrians were gaining on me rapidly. There was scarcely forty yards between us, and every moment brought them closer on my heels.

"I am lost!" I muttered. "I shall be a corse ere I can reach the lines!"

I buried my rowels into Francois's flanks, and smote him with hand and rein to increase his swiftmess; but all in vain; he was already at the top of his speed. I looked around. To my great joy, I found that the main body of the troopers were no nearer than before. They were no longer gaining on me! There was still a distance of about forty yards between us. Hope rose again within my breast.

"Oh!" I cried, "if Francois will but keep up this pace, I am safe!"

I was so cheered by this aspect of matters, that I could not refrain from turning towards my pursuers and giving vent to a defiant shout. But I had scarcely done so when I experienced a sudden shock; Francois's head went down, and I was within an ace of being pitched headlong from the saddle! The animal had fallen into a rut, some eight or ten inches deep, with a force which made him quiver for a few moments like a leaf. Nothing, it appeared to me, but a miracle, interposed between him and destruction. Any other horse, under like circumstances, would have had his legs broken, from his knees down to his fetlocks.

The Austrians uttered an exultant cry at the incident, which now promised to render their triumph secure. Conscious that every instant was of incalculable value, I collected my wits and jerked with despairing energy on the rein. Francois drew up, bounded forward, and then dashed ahead—slowly at first, anon faster, and finally with the swiftmess of an arrow. But the time lost by the occurrence was not permitted to pass unimproved by the Austrians. Spurring up their steeds, they bore down upon me like lightning. There was at this moment between me and the two nearest horsemen scarcely twenty yards! My heart was in my throat. What hope was there now before me of escape?

"I am lost!" I cried, with a low groan.

In an instant, like images of light, every incident of my life passed vividly before me. Long forgotten memories came rushing in and crowding up my brain, which felt as if it were about to burst. Duties I had neglected, sins I had committed, uprose before my mental vision with a distinctness which made me recoil in terror. Although young, and comparatively blameless, according to the world's judgment, I yet felt as if I were a monster. What would be regarded, under ordinary circumstances, as mere errors of no moment, appeared to me now like frightful crimes. I groaned with remorse and terror. I prayed with an agonized spirit for time—time for repentance. For my body—for the death which I felt so near at hand—I cared not. I knew that I had fortitude enough to sustain uncomplainingly all the physical sufferings which could be heaped upon me. But to rush into the presence of my

Maker with an unprepared and unrepentant soul, startled me with horror. Oh! for time—time to repent! Never before had the fear or thought of death appalled me. But now—now that I stood on the edge of the Dread Gulf, my heart quailed, my blood crept, and wild despair, like a black cloud, hung over and terrified me.

"Death!" I cried, in remorseful anguish, "death is frightful. I cannot—dare not, *will* not meet it!"

I would endure years, centuries, yea, ages of fiercest torture rather than leap into that appalling gulf, rather than be forced with a sin-stained soul into the presence of an angry God! No—I could not, I would not—I *dared* not die! Desperation seized me. I clutched my pistols fiercely, and determined to hold on to life at all hazards. I *would* not yield it up! I turned, and beheld two horsemen, four or five yards in advance of their companions, and so hard upon my heels that they were already smiling in anticipation of triumph.

"Back!" I cried, leveling my pistols, "or your leader's fate is yours!"

The sight of the dark tubes staggered them, and they reined up. But it was for an instant only. The next, they were plunging after me with the same ferocity as before.

"You are rushing on your fate!" I exclaimed. "Beware how you tempt a desperate man!"

They laughed derisively in reply. Taking a deliberate aim at the nearest, I fired. The trooper raised his hand suddenly to his brow, uttered a low moan, and fell forward on the neck of his horse; a moment later, his feet slipped from the stirrups, and he dropped without sign or motion upon the earth. He was dead. His comrades, instead of halting, as I expected, gave vent to a cry of vindictive rage, and continued the pursuit.

I was now within a hundred yards of a wood at the head of the road, which branched off to the right and left; the former leading to Wavre, the latter to some village whose name I have forgotten. The Austrians spurred up; but, their horses, as well as mine, began to pant. The rough route, and the severity of the run, were having their effect upon them.

As I pushed on, a farmer's wife, leaning against a low garden fence, on the wayside, threw up her hand warningly. But whether the motion was intended for me or for my pursuers, I could not surmise. The grazing of a sabre, however, an instant later, down my left arm, enabled me to comprehend the meaning of the woman's friendly gesture.

I glanced around. An Austrian, who had ridden up unknown to me, was standing in his stirrups, and in the act of giving me a second blow! Quick as thought, I brought up my remaining pistol, leveled it,

and fired. Ere the echo of the discharge had died away, the trooper's steed wheeled and fled toward the advancing party, with his rider dangling from the stirrups. I spurred up, and twenty paces brought me to the head of the route. I turned off to the left, closely followed by my pursuers. But they had scarcely rounded the corner, when they uttered a yell of terror. The way was blocked up by a battalion of French soldiery. It was Grouchy's advanced line, guarding this most important of the approaches to Waterloo. My horse dropped with exhaustion as I arrived under the protecting shelter of their guns.

The excitement and terror I had undergone, and the suddenness with which I had fallen into friendly hands, were too much for me.—Springing from my prostrate horse, and staggering towards the soldiers, I threw up my hands appealingly.

"Save me!" I cried, and fell, oblivious of every thing around me.

* * * * *

It was many hours ere I returned to consciousness. When I did so, I found myself lying on the road side. The pass was deserted; not a soldier was to be seen. The shades of evening were slowly gathering round. A mingled sensation of thirst, hunger, and uneasiness oppressed me. I got up, and groped my way with difficulty—for I was stiff and sore with riding—to the nearest farm-house. A woman was standing at the gate. She surveyed me first with astonishment, and then with an expression of gentleness and pity.

"I'm parched, madam!" I said. "Water, for the love of heaven!"

She departed, and returned presently with a large cup. I thanked her, and slaked my lips with the reviving liquid.

"Where are the troops?" I asked.

"What troops, monsieur?"

"Those that were here, to-day?"

"They left here two hours ago," replied the woman, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Two hours ago!" I repeated, starting. "Not before?"

"No, monsieur. They did not stir till word was brought of the result of the battle. Then they fled!"

"Fled!" I repeated, with a low groan. "Pardon me, madam—but did I hear aright? You said they 'fled'!"

"Yes, monsieur!"

Could it be possible that my swoon had been the cause of all this? Had not the officers of the battalion sense enough to examine my person when I fell? And I dressed in the uniform of an aid-de-camp, too! I plunged my fingers tremblingly in my belt. The paper was still there!

"Oh! fools—fools!" I groaned, bitterly. "They might have looked for it—why, oh! why did they not?"

"Monsieur is disturbed!" observed the woman, kindly.

"Tell me, madam," I said, as a horrible suspicion of the truth flashed across me; "you said they fled on hearing the result of the battle?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Pardon me, madam—I am, as you perceive, very nervous; how—how has the battle gone?"

"The emperor has been routed, ruined; himself a fugitive—his army slain; and all, they say, because one of his officers, an aid-de-camp, I believe, treacherously kept back an order with which he had been despatched to Grouchy!"

I staggered, as if I had been shot!

HIDDEN LIFE.—A SPRING SONG.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

THE air is warm as Summer's air,
The sky has a mellow blue,
A slumbrous breeze floats everywhere,
And the clouds are soft and few:
But the trees are bare as winter trees,
They cast a skeleton shade!
We think that the naked earth should freeze,
We doubt for each budding blade.

Yet sea-like murmurs, deep and low,
From the bare woods rise and fall,
You seem to feel the ebb and flow
Of the solemn Heart of All!
As homelike birds come with hope and cheer,
More sweet than in perfect June,
The souls of men, like the growing year,
Catch the meaning of their tune.

How can ye sing your Summer lays
In bows so brown and dry?
"From the wise heart come the hymns we raise!"
They seem to make reply;
While safe from the rougher wind, and plow,
Close under the leaning wall,
White flowers, star-petalled, are rising now,
As if at the blithe bird's call.

A SONNET.

How many a soft bloom comes to shame
 The naked forest limbs,
 Whose sluggish life seems to lag the same
 At Beauty's hues and hymns!
 O Woods, ye cannot long resist
 The tender clasp of Spring,
 Not long, by the breeze and sunshine kist,
 To your death and bareness cling!

If South-Wind, and his pleasant Rain,
 And the daring little Flowers,
 Bring not persuasion in their train,
 Ye are no more kin of ours.
 But under your rugged vests, I ween,
 The new life-stir is felt,
 Where mild as violets, though unseen,
 Your hearts of rigor melt!

Then let no softer child of May,
 In her briefer beauty drest,
 Murmur against your long delay;
 Ye shall flourish with the best.
 Heaved o'er the green, unbreaking surge
 Of your every wind-waved bough,
 The birds shall sing the early dirge
 Of blooms that mock you now;

And earth shall feel a fresher breath
 From woody vale and hill,
 When long time lapped in sweetest death
 The Spring's first-born are still.
 Then let no heart, athirst for good,
 Dare murmur at God's delay;
 The new life comes to the greening wood,
 It shall come to the world, one day!

A SONNET.

BY MARY F. WILLISTON.

WHY do we call this world a vale of tears?
 Is it that sin has blasted it with death?
 That man upon his homeward journey saith
 "Without are fightings and within are fears?"
 Is it that all things lovely pass away
 While we are fondly calling them our own;
 And we are left to travel on alone,
 Mourning the losses earth may not repay?
 Then let us pause, and turn from earthly things
 To the bright prospect of the christian's trust,
 Soon will our spirits cease their murmurings,
 And confidently say that God is just.
 And sorrow's tears will brightly shine the while
 With rainbows, in the sunshine of His smile.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

It was the last night of the year. The widow Bruges sat alone in her apartment—for she rented but one, and that was a small and scantily-furnished room, though she managed to make it look quite spacious and comfortable by the disposition of its furniture—gazing into the embers, which, though they were fast expiring, still sent out a genial warmth.

Her work—a bit of nice embroidery, had dropped into the clean white handkerchief which was spread over her lap, and her head was resting on her hand; her task was so nearly completed that she indulged herself in a luxury she was but little accustomed to—a moment's cessation from toil. The light of the lamp, which fell partially on her face, revealed a countenance deeply marked with sorrow and care; but that face was youthful still, and grief had not banished beauty from those features;—it had but thrown over them a veil which concealed their sparkling brilliancy, while it made their loveliness more charming.—The pensiveness and quiet submission revealed in the depth of those large, lustrous, black eyes, the calmness and deep thought of that white brow, and the smile of benevolence which played around that mouth—it was hard for those features to learn thus to look; the soul was almost crushed before it would forget its pride; but now Heaven's seal was impressed upon that countenance so deeply that it could never be obliterated.

Alone? no, the widow was not alone in her apartment. On the humble couch lay a child of seven years, sweetly slumbering. The little girl did not much resemble her mother in her features, though to the heart of her parent she was only the more dear for that; for in that sweet little face she had ever before her the perfect miniature of him whom she had loved so well, but so unwisely. She loved her the more fondly for that; for though there had been moments when she invoked Heaven's bitterest curses on him who had squandered her wealth at the dram-shop and the gambling-table, had cruelly neglected, and finally deserted her and her babe—she had long ago buried the remembrance of his crimes, and thought only of the few brief years when they were happy together.

The widow sat resting her head on her hand, and gazing into the dying embers. The night was cold, the snow lay thick on the earth,

and the wind was sweeping about her dwelling. She thought of the hundreds in the great city who were that night suffering from hunger and cold, and her heart went up to Heaven in gratitude for the mercies with which it had surrounded her. It was true, all the money she possessed on earth was that bit of silver lying on the table beside her ; and that, she had promised little Annot should purchase her, on the morrow, a New-Year's gift. But then her rent for the next quarter was paid, she had fuel and provisions enough to last her for the next fortnight, and the work she had so nearly completed would bring her a scanty, but sure, pay. The widow was thankful, for she knew what utter destitution was.

The wind moaned more loudly and sadly about her dwelling.

"Heaven have mercy on the poor to-night, and may not the cry for charity fall on a deafened ear !"

As her lips murmured the prayer, there was a heavy footfall beneath her window, followed by a quick rap at the door ; and as the widow opened it, a man, wretchedly and thinly attired, and with an old hat drawn down over his eyes, stood before her, and begged for a night's shelter, or something which would procure him one. The former, Mrs. Bruges could not give ; and the latter —. She looked up the narrow alley where she lived, to the wide street which ran along at its head. The dwellings of the wealthy were there. She saw the costly edifices, through whose richly-curtained windows the brilliant lights were gleaming ; and thought how easily the dwellers beneath those roofs could make the poor creature before her comfortable. But she hesitated only for a brief instant ; and then, stepping back into her apartment, she picked up the bit of silver which was lying on the table.

Poor little Annot, she had fallen asleep while talking of the pretty present mamma would buy for her to-morrow ; she could not remember ever having received one before, and she had kissed the piece of silver a thousand times during the day, in anticipation of what it would bring her. The widow glanced at the coin on which the child had, with a sharp-pointed instrument, scratched her name in quite legible characters ; and she brushed a tear from her eye as she thought of the disappointment in store for her.

The hand which was outstretched to receive the pittance, sensibly trembled.

"It is the poor widow's mite," said Mrs. Bruges ; "do not spend it for what will make you more wretched than you now are !"

The fingers closed over it, and the man turned away and walked rapidly down the street, though now and then he checked his speed for an instant, and muttered indistinctly to himself. At the end of a few

minutes he stood before the door of a miserable rum-shop, and looked through the torn window-curtain into the room, where a drunken, half idiotic group was gathered around an old rickety table, busied with a game of hazard.

The man was now sober, and as he gazed on those faces, purple and bloated, or of a deathly pallor, those tottering forms, and those wildly staring eyes, and listened to the deep oaths, and the fiendish laugh, uttered by those tremulous voices—his better feelings awoke. His uplifted hand fell from the door-latch, and he averted his eyes from the wretched group; but the face of their comrade had been seen through the window, and before he had quite decided to turn away from the spot, two or three of the more sober of the company were dragging him into the shop.

The man did not go very reluctantly, but when he had entered the room, he slunk away into a corner, and sat down by himself. His cheek, habitually so pale, was crimsoned with shame; not because the eyes of those miserable men were on him, but awakened conscience was whispering in his ear in tones which sent his blood like a fiery torrent through his veins.

For half an hour, nearly, he sat there silent, but writhing in bitter agony, while his companions, who had forgotten his presence, continued their drinking and play; that is, those of them who had not fallen to the floor, overcome with their deep potations. At length the man shook off those terrible thoughts—his appetite had conquered.

He took from his pocket the bit of silver which the poor widow had given him. It was an old coin, and its inscription was very nearly obliterated, and he drew near the light to ascertain its value. For an instant his eye gazed on it with a strange expression, and then it fell to the floor, while an exclamation, such as silenced the noisy group in the shop, and made them pause in their play, burst from his lips; but before they had time to enquire the cause of his sudden emotion, the man had picked up the silver, and rushed out of the shop.

In an incredible short space of time, considering the distance he was obliged to walk, the same individual stepped into one of the largest and most fashionable dry goods stores in the city. A half-suppressed titter was heard among the younger clerks as he made his appearance, but the man did not seem to heed it; he walked on with a firm, quick step, till he reached the counting-room, where the owners of the establishment were arranging their accounts. He paused then, and a look of shame and degradation stole over that face which nature had made noble and handsome, as the mild, blue eyes of the senior partner were fixed on his countenance.

"Why are you here again? I have told you already we cannot employ you!" There was pity in the old gentleman's tone, but his voice was firm. "If you would promise what we require, there is no one whom we could trust sooner!"

"I will promise!" said the man, quickly and firmly,— "I will sign the pledge, Mr. Compton!"

The old gentleman drew forth from the desk a paper on which was a list of names which his own, and those of his partners, headed; the name of every man in his employ was there. The man took the paper, and in large, bold characters, added his name to the list, while Mr. Compton looked over his shoulder.

"George, you will never break that pledge," he said; "there is something in your look and manner which assures me of it! Take this," and drawing from his pocket-book a small roll of bills, he placed them in the man's hand—"and get you some suitable clothing. Tomorrow we shall have something for you to do!" and when the man, who could only grasp with fervor the hand so kindly extended towards him, left the room, he added, addressing his partners—"I will be surety for him; he is a reclaimed man!"

Half an hour afterwards, the individual stood again at the door of the widow Bruges. He had approached the dwelling with a more cautious tread than before, but perhaps the sound of his steps had reached her; for as he stood on the threshold, she came to the window, and lifting the curtain, looked out into the street. She did not observe him, but he obtained a glimpse of her face and figure. That tall, delicate form, that white brow, and that raven hair,—it was she! and as she again let fall the curtain, he pushed open the unbarred door, and stepped within the apartment.

The widow was startled; she raised her head suddenly, for it had been bowed over the couch of her sleeping child; but she uttered no shriek. There was something in that figure which stood before her, and which she recognized as the same, who, two hours before, had solicited her charity—that held her silent and spell-bound. Did her eyes deceive her, or was she dreaming?

The man pushed his hat from his head, and brushed back the hair from his high, broad brow; and then he sank on one knee before the lady, and murmured in broken tones—

"Annot, can you forgive me, and will you be mine again?"

The widow—no, Mrs. Bruges was no longer a widow, for it was her husband who was kneeling before her; the report of his death which had reached her years ago, was unfounded,—Mrs. Bruges wound her arms around that repentant man, and pressed her lips to his.

"Do you see how wretched I am?" asked the man, striving to check her caresses—"do you know that for my base desertion the law will release you from me?"

But the wife only drew him to the couch of their sleeping child, and whispered—"Dear George, my heart tells me, and your countenance confirms it—there is more happiness in store for us than we have ever yet known!"

The little Annot awoke, but her half-opened eyes saw only her mother.

"A happy New-Year, dear mamma!" she said, extending her little arms. "It is morning, is it not? and you will go out soon and buy me the pretty present. Oh, you have got it already, mamma; you look so pleased!"

"Yes, here is your present, darling!" exclaimed the mother, putting the child in the arms of her husband. "Yes, here it is—a good, dear father—the same father I have told you of so often!"

The child opened her eyes in wonder; but her father kissed so fondly the little face, neck, and hands, and her mother looked so happy, that she at length put her arms about his neck and whispered—"I thought the money would bring me something very good, because I wrote my name on it."

"Yes, yes," said her father, "it was your name which brought me here!"

Five years have passed away. Mrs. Bruges no longer occupies a single room in that dirty alley. She resides in a handsome tenement in a respectable part of the city, and she is so happy now that she is fast forgetting the sorrowful past. It is doubtful, however, if it is ever quite obliterated from her memory, for in a beautiful rose which occupies a conspicuous place in her parlor, lies an old silver coin on whose smooth face the name of her eldest child is rudely scratched; and her husband, now a partner in the firm of which Mr. Compton is still the senior, points almost daily to the bit of silver, which he calls *the widow's mite*, and blesses the hand which bestowed the pittance on the poor inebriate.

EVERY true believer in Christ carries a light in him that will at last shine out into a heaven; he has a principle in him that quenches all fires, even enabling him to pass through the fiery furnace untouched by the flames of it, and to walk through the valley of the shadow of death without fear of evil.

TO THE LADIES' WREATH.

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 BY M. D. WILLIAMS.  
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WREATH of unfading blossoms pure,
 We dip the pen to thee;
 Long may thy clustering buds endure,
 Thou blest of Deity!
 Thou art, upon life's landscape, fair,
 A fadeless wreath, of blossoms rare.

I've watched with joy, unfeigned and true,
 'Till filled with ecstasy,—
 I've seen thy buds unfold to view,
 In spotless purity:
 Wreath of the peerless! I have woo'd
 Thy presence in my solitude.

I've gazed on many a blossom fair,
 Of choice variety,
 But none in sweetness can compare,
 Wreath of my heart, to thee!
 Thou comest, in my loneliness,
 My spirit's ardent thirst to bless.

Oh! sad and lonely should I be,
 Should'st thou return no more,—
 My spirit oft would pine for thee,
 Then come to me once more—
 And I will ever grateful be,
 To those who rear and cherish thee.

 FOREVER THINE.

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 BY J. M. FLETCHER.  
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FOREVER thine! my heart bows to no other,
 Think not in all the earth there is another
 Who hath the power, belov'd, to win from thee
 Affection almost like idolatry.

Forever thine! to thee, love, and thee only
 My spirit ever turns when life seems lonely;
 It hath no other haven but thy heart,
 And from such rest would never more depart.

REBEKAH.

BY TIRZAH F. M. CURRY.

It was a calm and mellow evening, on the fertile plain of Mesopotamia. The last golden tints of the setting sun still lingered on the distant mountains, and the bleating of the "homeward bound" flocks, as they sought their respective watering places, alone disturbed the quiet of that sunset hour. Outside the city of Haran, by a well of water, lo! a traveler, faint, soiled, and weary, is seated, surrounded by ten camels, and a few attendants. He has come from the land of Canaan, and he bows his head upon his staff, and worships the God of his fathers, who has brought him in safety on his journey. It is Eliezer, the eldest servant of Abraham. He has been sent to Padan Aram, to seek a wife for his master's son, Isaac. With pious heart, and with a living faith, he proposes to the Lord a sign, by which he may know the damsel to whom he may communicate his errand. He does not ask that he may find her wearing costly apparel, and surrounded by a train of servants, who wait to do her bidding—he asks for none of the pageants of wealth or royalty, although all these might reasonably have been expected to surround the wife of Isaac, the "Child of Promise." Instead of these, however, he simply asks that she may be willing to draw water for himself and his camels to drink. How simple, and yet how significant!

And now the sun has set, and in the cool and pleasant twilight, the women of the city come out to draw water. One and another comes and goes, with her pitcher on her shoulder, without so much as casting a glance of pity at the thirsty traveler. Soon a damsel, young and beautiful, trips gaily down to the well, fills her pitcher, and returns. The faithful ambassador hastens to meet her, saying, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water from thy pitcher." With equal grace and kindness, she lets down her pitcher, and replies, "Drink, and I will draw water for thy camels also." Without further ceremony, she sets about her task, and continues to draw until the camels are satisfied.

And this is Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor. What a lovely example! in which simplicity, goodness of heart, sympathy, and generosity, are all so sweetly blended. Alas! that in these degenerate days, we so little value the lessons taught by our ancient mothers. How few of us would feel, that our virtues were enhanced,

in the eyes of a stranger and a traveler, if we were found drawing water from our fathers' wells, or even attending to the duties of the dairy.— And yet this chaste and beautiful virgin—a resident of one of Mesopotamia's fairest cities, did not think her dignity compromised, by stooping to draw water for the camels of a weary traveler, whom as yet she knew not. Oh! if the perfumed fair ones of the present day, who spend their time in vain amusements instead of useful employments, would learn from this simple-hearted daughter of Bethuel, a lesson of industry and humility, we might then look forward to the future with the confident expectation of seeing many an Isaac "comforted after his mother's death," and many a rising family trained in the habits of frugality and economy.

So well satisfied was Eliezer, that *this* was the damsel whom the Lord had designed for his young master, that as soon as the camels had done drinking—even before he had asked her name or family, he hastened to bestow upon her the ear-ring and bracelets, which had doubtless been sent by Abraham as a present for his future daughter-in-law. And then as if to test further the kindness of her heart, he inquires if there is room in her father's house, for himself and his attendants to lodge in, and also, if provision can be made for the camels. This inquiry, perhaps, did not sound so strangely in the ears of Rebekah, as a similar one would now sound in the ears of one of our city damsels. The ancient eastern cities were not so well supplied with houses of entertainment, as modern cities are, and it was therefore often necessary for private families to accommodate weary travelers. Hence we find, that when the angels were sent to Sodom, to foretell the destruction of the city, Lot seeing them and supposing them to be travelers, hastens to invite them to "turn into his house and tarry all night."

Rebekah was not backward in showing hospitality to the stranger and his *suite*, but promptly replied—"There is both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in." And now the pious servant could no longer restrain his feelings. He bows his head and worships the Lord, making mention of the name of his master—Abraham. The ardent young girl, hearing the name of her father's uncle, spoken of, runs with breathless speed to the house to tell the glad news. Her brother Laban, whom subsequent history proves to have been an avaricious man, spied the ear-ring and bracelets upon his sister's person, and needed no further inducement to be very courteous to the newly arrived guest. He therefore hastens out of the well, and with the welcome salutation—"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord," he conducts him home, where the evening repast is soon spread before the hungry sojourners. Eliezer, however, will not partake until he has told his errand. And now, ne

doubt, the good Bethuel, his wife and son, are eagerly waiting to catch the words that fall from his lips. Perhaps the two former expect to hear something concerning the health and fortune of their aged relative, while the youthful Laban probably dreams of some rich legacy which the wealthy old patriarch designs to bestow upon *him*. But no! of a far different nature was the message which he brought. He commences by telling them of the wealth which the Lord had bestowed upon his master, and then, by way of introducing Isaac into their favor, he very judiciously informs them that he is the *sole heir* of his father's property.

But of what moment is all this to Bethuel's family? Ah! he has only given them the preface. "My master made me swear, saying, Thou shalt not take a wife to my son of the Canaanites, in whose land I dwell, but thou shalt go unto my father's house, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son"; and then he goes on to tell them the providential manner in which he has been brought to their house.—Now the mystery is solved. Their young and beautiful daughter must be given up, for they feel that the Lord has demanded her, and they dare not refuse. Their answer was, "The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot answer thee bad or good." We have always admired Rebekah's conduct on this occasion. She seems to have quietly acquiesced in the proposition. She does not, with joy and pride, presume to enter into the proposed contract—neither does she refuse to sign her name to the article which she sees is of God's hand-writing.

The Canaanites tarry all night with Bethuel, and in the morning Eliezer requests that they may be sent away. Anxious, no doubt, to communicate to Abraham and Isaac the success of his mission, the faithful old servant hastens to be gone. Laban and his mother protest against so speedy a departure. They cannot thus give up their daughter and sister, without "a few days, at the least ten," to prepare their minds for so unexpected an event. In this crisis, they called the damsel. In her breast, no doubt, affections deep and strong were rooted. No doubt she loved her parents and brother with all that confiding tenderness with which a young and trusting girl is wont to regard her kindred, and perhaps there were still other ties in her native city, the breaking up of which tried her tender spirit. We *know* there were, for in every cultivated spot on this green earth, there are found *some* kindred spirits—*some* fond and true hearts which cluster around the gentle and the loving. From all these she cheerfully turns away, and with the simple words, "I will go," she stands ready to leave father, mother, home, and kindred, to enter upon a long and weary journey, at the end of which she expects to meet a husband, whom she has never

seen, and with regard to whose personal appearance she has not, perhaps, asked a single question. Ah! in those good olden times there were, we think, high and holy motives in entering the marriage relation. The favor and blessing of God, which "make rich without adding sorrow thereto," were carefully sought, and if these were granted, no fears of domestic discord were felt.

Rebekah's family, seeing her cheerful acquiescence, equipped her for her journey, and bestowed upon her the prophetic blessing—"Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." This was, doubtless, spoken in reference to the promise made to Abraham of a numerous seed, which promise, we may well suppose, the pious servant had made known to them.

In sending away their daughter, Bethuel and his wife were careful to provide for her suitable attendants—a nurse, and other maidens, in order that the journey might be more pleasant, and that, after her arrival in Canaan, her new home might not seem altogether a *strange spot*. The nurse, Deborah, we have reason to believe, was a woman of great worth and piety. It is probable that she served in Isaac's family during the life-time of Rebekah, and afterwards in that of Jacob. Her death occurred while Jacob and his family sojourned at Bethel, and so much was this aged companion of their journeyings lamented, that the Oak under which she was buried was called, Allon-Baccuth—the Oak of Weeping.

Daylight was about to vanish from the hills, and valleys, and pleasant plains of Canaan. Calmness and tranquillity were written on the fair face of nature, and penciled on the light, fleecy clouds that floated in the depths of the azure sky. The herdsmen were seen on every side, calling down their flocks from the mountains, and folding them securely in the valleys below, while the independent owners sat in their tent-doors, and contemplated the peaceful scene.

Alone, in a retired field, Isaac walks, wrapt in silent meditation. Perhaps he is thinking, with gratitude, of that beneficent Providence which has so long smiled upon his father's family, and surrounded them with so much wealth and comfort. Perhaps he thinks of his tender mother, for whose death he still grieves, although three years have passed since she was gathered to her rest. And it may be that his thoughts are wandering after the messengers that have been sent to Mesopotamia, and he wonders why they have not returned. A shade of disappointment passes over his countenance as he sees the sun once more descend behind the mountains, and still Eliezer comes not. Still silent and thoughtful, he pursues his way. At length he lifts his eyes, and lo! in the distance a little company is seen, and as they approach

nearer, he descries the faithful Eliezer, seated upon the foremost camel. His head is turned backward, in conversation with a lady, who occupies the next place in the procession. Presently they halt—the lady alights from her camel, and throwing a veil over her person, walks modestly forward to meet her intended husband. Her deportment, in this instance, was truly becoming her age and sex. It was meet that she should reverence Isaac as her *husband*; but still more reverence was due to him as the “child of promise.”

In the days of the Patriarchs, we presume, there were no Institutes to teach the art of pleasing, or the *science* of “good manners,” and yet the conduct of Rebekah, had it been studied during a life-time, could not have been more graceful.

The particulars of the introduction and the greetings which took place between Isaac and Rebekah, the sacred historian does not give us. It was not, however, until after Isaac had carefully inquired of the servant concerning the success of his mission, and until he was satisfied that the Lord had indeed chosen the damsel for him, that “he brought her into his mother’s tent, and she became his wife.”

And now, we imagine we see the fair young Mesopotamian bride, cheerfully discharging the domestic duties which devolve upon her in her new relation, and by her soft endearments gradually healing the wound which the tender-hearted Isaac had received in the death of his mother. Little wonder, then, that “he loved her,” and that “he was comforted after his mother’s death.”

Nothing more is said of Rebekah, until the birth of her twin sons, which occurred a little more than twenty years after her marriage. During this interval, we may well suppose that her faith, as well as that of her husband, in the promises of God, was severely tried. *They* stood alone, the sole trustees of the covenant blessings bestowed upon their father—the only connecting link between Abraham and future generations. And yet, during the first twenty years of their married life, no sign appeared of the fulfilment of the promise—“In Isaac shall thy seed be called.” We cannot but notice the difference, in this case, between the conduct of Rebekah and that of her mother-in-law, under similar circumstances. Sarah instigated her husband to marry another wife, by which discord was introduced into the domestic circle, and sin entailed upon the good old Patriarch. But Isaac and Rebekah resorted to a very different remedy for their misfortune. *They* besought of the Lord a fulfilment of the promise made on Mount Moriah, and in due time their prayers were answered in the birth of two sons.

The circumstances attending the birth of these children were, to the mother, peculiar and trying. It had been revealed to her that “the

elder should serve the younger"—that "the one people should be stronger than the other people"; evidently implying that her dear children, instead of growing up in unity and brotherly love beneath the light of her countenance, should be at enmity with each other. Those who are mothers, know what a sad announcement this must have been to the mother of Esau and Jacob. O, could *we* push aside the veil of coming years, and behold the little, prattling infants we now caress with so much fondness, striving and contending, and perhaps conspiring each against the other's life, would not the last spark of parental pride be extinguished, and the last emotion of joy fade from our bosoms! But as every cup of sorrow which the Lord administers is commonly accompanied by an antidote, so this affliction of Rebekah was lightened by the peculiar blessings, which descended upon Jacob, the darling of her bosom; and the different places which the two brothers held in her affections, can only be accounted for by supposing that it had been clearly revealed to her that, in Jacob and his posterity, the faith of Abraham should be kept alive.

The next incident of note in the life of Rebekah, is the stratagem by which she managed to secure for her favorite the blessing intended for Esau. We cannot altogether justify her conduct in this instance, and as it is a subject that has been much written upon, and as the incidents connected with it are minutely related in the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, forming one of the most touching stories in the Old Testament, we will here pass it over by simply saying that we think it evident that Isaac, although the subject of the deception, was afterwards satisfied that the disposal of the plan had been of the Lord, for we soon find him peaceably conferring with Rebekah about sending Jacob to Padan Aram, for the double purpose of avoiding the anger of Esau, and of selecting a wife from his fair young cousins.

The latter part of the life of the Mother of Israel seems to have been spent in quiet and obscurity. Her work, as far as we are concerned, was done when she had dismissed her beloved Jacob from the parental roof, and sent him to the land of her nativity, to abide for a little season, until his brother's anger should be past. The time and manner of her death are not related in sacred history, and the place of her sepulture is only incidentally mentioned by Jacob, in giving his dying charge to his sons in Egypt. The cave of Macphelah! consecrated spot! "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah." Fit resting place for the remains of one who had come from her distant and happy home to cast in her lot with the faithful few who, in the midst of an idolatrous nation, worshipped the true God.

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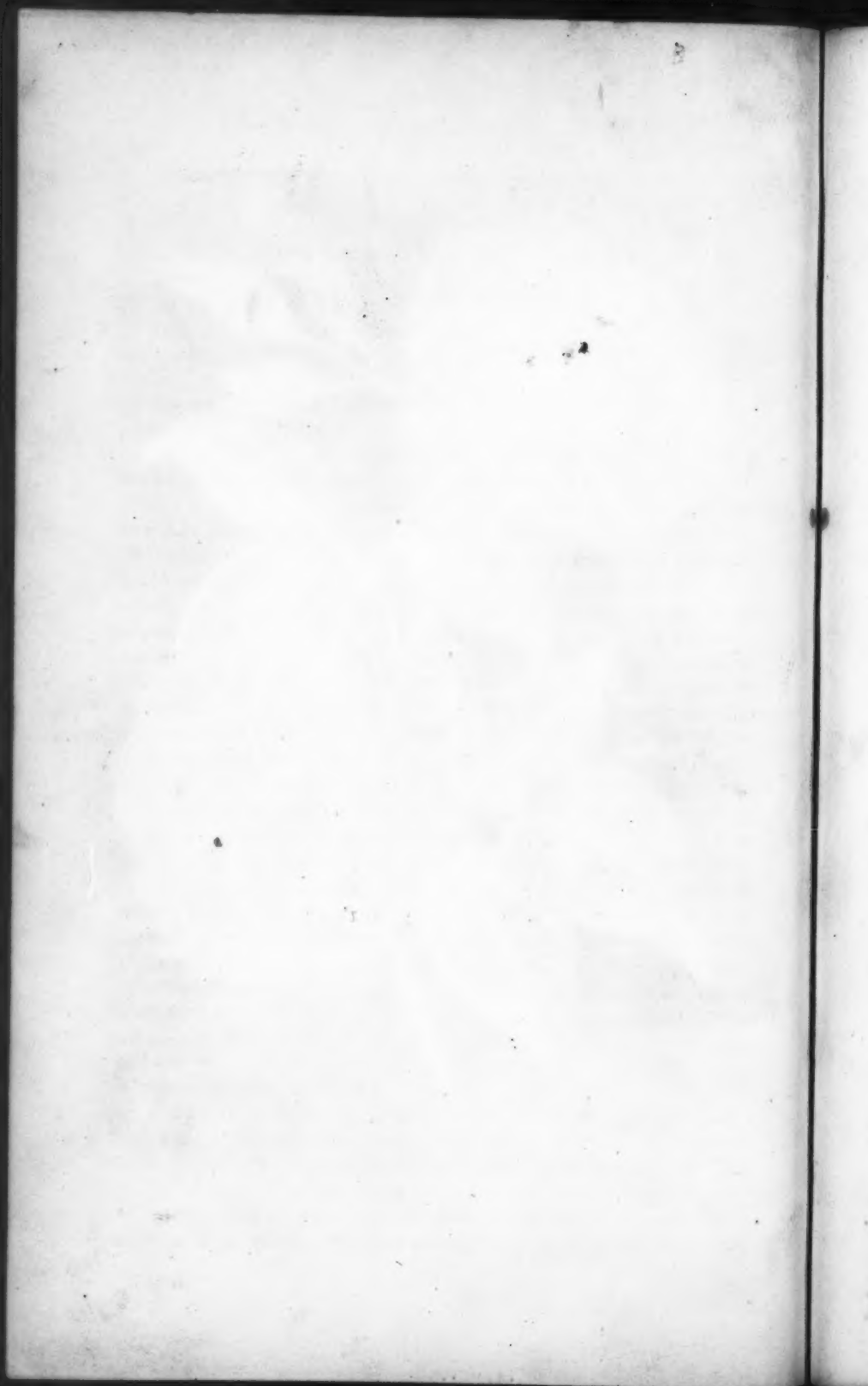
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Eden and Shadow.





SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

SEE ENGRAVING.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

"CLARA, where is your sister?" asked Mr. Carpenter of his youngest daughter, as he found her sitting alone in his library, deeply absorbed in the last number of a new magazine.

"I think she has gone out to the lodge—with Charles," (she added the last two words hesitatingly) "Shall I call her?"

"Yes—stay I will go myself," said he, recalling her as she was bounding away; and taking his hat he started in the direction indicated.

Mr. Carpenter was wealthy, and was emphatically what the world would call a *proud man*. His father had left him a handsome property, which he had farther increased by a few years of prosperous business; and had then retired to an estate on the bank of the noble Hudson, where he spent his time in embellishing his beautiful retreat, and superintending the education of his two daughters. Their mother had been dead for several years. Ellen, the eldest, was just blooming into womanhood, having passed her eighteenth birthday, while Clara was two years younger.

The lodge to which Mr. Carpenter now directed his steps, was situated on the verge of the bank, facing the river, while the house itself stood farther back in a less bleak position, with only the capital of its classic columns visible from the water. The walk was gravelled, and bordered with a profusion of gay flowers; but the proud owner paused not to admire their beauty or inhale their fragrance. It was evident that his mind was ill at ease. Clara's manner, and the coupling of his daughter's name with that of the young man whom she had familiarly called 'Charles,' had disquieted him. It was the first time that such an association had been presented to his thoughts; and now as he hastily recalled many incidents of the past few months, he wondered at his previous blindness, and his curled lip fairly quivered with the intensity of his emotion. He had hired the young man as a clerk to assist him in keeping his books, and arranging the details connected with the management of his large property, and as a consequence of his isolated position, had boarded him in his family.

As he approached the open arch which divided the lodge in half, he heard the hum of voices, and turning toward the entrance, he saw his

daughter sitting on a low seat half covered with flowers, while Charles sat beside her, gazing into her beautiful face, and talking in that low, earnest voice, which, far more than the subject of the conversation, betrayed the interest of his heart. The sound of approaching footsteps attracted the attention of the young people, and they betrayed some embarrassment at his unexpected appearance. He gazed inquiringly into his daughter's face, as if he would learn how far she had encouraged the young man's presumption. Her cheek crimsoned beneath his penetrating glance, although she knew not what was passing in his thoughts.

"Charles," said he, somewhat sternly, in spite of his effort to assume his ordinary tone, "you will find two letters on my desk which I wish you to copy, and send down by the next mail."

As the young man hastily withdrew, he turned to his daughter and asked in a kinder tone—"What was the subject upon which Master Charles was discoursing so eloquently?"

"He was explaining to me," said the young maiden, hesitatingly—"the difference between an *emotion* and a *passion*."

"And what was the explanation?"

"I do not know as I fully understood it," she replied, attempting to smile away her embarrassment, "but I think he showed an emotion to be a simple agitation of the mind, while passion is an emotion accompanied with a strong desire."

"And what illustration did he give of his theory?"

The blush again deepened upon her cheek, but conscious of the fixed glance upon her face, she answered with as much indifference as she could assume—

"He said that one might admire a beautiful and virtuous woman, and even go so far as to feel a sincere attachment for her, but if this was unaccompanied with a desire to make her his own, it was an emotion and not a passion."

"And do you think *his* admiration is without desire, and therefore so very innocent?"

She bent her head still lower, and made no reply, save in a single tear which sparkled for a moment upon her cheek, and dropped like a silver pearl upon the paved floor.

"Nay, my child, you do wrong to indulge in these discussions about the passions with one who can never have a right to speak to you of any such feeling in his own heart. I would believe that so far, it has been confined to the abstract definition, and there let it rest. Come, let us return."

Together they sauntered down the walk, the parent endeavoring to

hide his disturbed feelings by conversation upon indifferent subjects, while Ellen could hardly prevent her full heart from overflowing in tears. They parted at the entrance, and Mr. Carpenter joined Charles in the library.

"Young man," said he, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and striving to speak without harshness, "I wish you to understand that I employ you to assist me in managing my accounts, and not to make fine speeches to my daughters. I desire you to look upon them as above the reach even of your wildest dreams of ambition."

"I have never spoken a word to either of them," replied the young man proudly, "but what their father or all the world might have heard!"

"Well, let it continue so," said Mr. C., turning to leave the room, "and let me warn you that an *emotion* is a spark, which needs but a little fanning to flame into a *ruling passion*!"

Charles Gorden stood transfixed, as one who had received a new revelation. The warning had at first sounded strangely to his ears, but he was now awakened as from a dream, and he was obliged to confess that it came not a moment too soon. He had hitherto persuaded himself that his affection for Ellen Carpenter, was but a tribute of admiration—a sort of involuntary homage, which every one who knew her must pay to her beauty and goodness; but now that he was forbidden to manifest it, he began to perceive in it a strength and vigor which left him no doubt of its real character. He sat down to write, but could not concentrate his mind upon his employment. He felt, now that his self-deception was over, that he could not honestly remain under the same roof with the object of his regard. He would not pursue her with his love when he could urge no claim to her hand; and he felt that he had not sufficient strength to assume an air of indifference. The only course left for him was to escape from the temptation. And yet whither should he go? The great world beyond, generally so bright in the eyes of inexperienced youth, appeared to him like a desert, without one inviting avenue or resting place. To leave the roof where his heart had first learned to love, and without a hope of ever having a right to turn again to it for solace, was like going forth into the night, with no promise of a morning to break upon its gloom.

Still he must go; he had no right to come between the parent and the child. Penniless, and without the prospect of advancing his fortunes, he could lay no claim to the hand of the heiress. Even could he succeed in winning her, he felt that it would be the extreme of selfishness to ask her to unite her fortunes with his, when the sacrifice would be all on one side. As the shades of evening came on, he excused himself from joining the family, and retired to his room. Until

near midnight he paced to and fro with restless steps, undecided and struggling with his own heart. At last his judgment gained the victory, and he sat down to his little table, and wrote to his employer, announcing his decision. He reminded him of his position in the family, isolated from other society, and permitted unrestrained intimacy with his daughters; and asked him how it was possible, in such a situation, that admiration for the fair Ellen should not have ripened into love. And yet, he solemnly declared that he had never spoken to her of his attachment;—nay, that he had not known the true character of his own feelings, until they had been detected by the occurrences of that day. Now that his heart was laid bare to himself, he could not wear a mask; to stay longer in the family would place him in an unnatural position, crushing all manliness and independence, or else lead him to betray a father's confidence. He was not hypocrite enough for the first, nor sufficiently hardened for the last. He had therefore resolved to go, while the door of escape was still open. He begged Mr. Carpenter to explain his sudden departure to his family in such a way that his character should not suffer in their eyes.— Having finished his letter, he threw himself upon his bed, but not to sleep. Thoughts of the inevitable sorrow he was to suffer in the future, kept his temples throbbing and his eyes unclosed.

Soon as the first gray of the dawn shone in at the window, he arose, and hastily packing his few things in a trunk, he added a paragraph to what he had written, requesting that they might be sent to the address given, and leaving the letter in the library, he silently quitted the mansion which had been his home for so many happy months, and stood once more upon the green lawn. He turned his eyes toward the lattice which enclosed the chamber where the dear one lay sleeping, and lingered for a moment, as if expecting a waving adieu. But he knew it was in vain, and steeling his heart to the agony of a final separation, he bent his steps to the nearest landing, and took the first steamboat for New-York. As he landed upon the pier in this great city, with no welcoming face in the crowd to greet him, he felt a sense of loneliness such as he had never known before. But life was stirring around him, and he aroused himself to take his place amid the busy throng.

How was his absence felt by the gentle Ellen? At first she hardly believed in the reality of the separation. It seemed as if he must come again. She almost involuntarily turned to look for him as she passed the haunts where they had been accustomed to saunter together. But as the conviction of the truth forced itself upon her mind, she felt daily more and more desolate. It seemed to her as if the brightness was

fading from the world like the dying gleam of an exhausted taper.— She had more strength of character, than a casual observer would suspect from a glance at her smooth round cheek, and the pensive arch of her brow. There was a more than common power of endurance in that form which seemed so fragile; and when she opened her full dark eye, there was a depth of soul revealed in its earnest brightness, which changed the whole expression of her face, and betrayed a struggle which had no other outward symbol. She made no plaint, not even to herself. She did not ask why the hours, formerly so swift-winged, now dragged away so heavily. There was no visible passion in her sorrow; it showed itself more by an indescribable calmness, as if all motive to enjoyment, or even to life itself, were taken away. Her cheek lost little of its fulness; she shewed no signs of bodily illness, and yet it was evident that a chill was upon her heart. As the clouding breath upon the polished mirror veils the reflected image beneath, so did this shadow upon her spirit dim the light of her life.

Her father felt the change, but hoped that it would prove but an April cloud, soon to pass away. And when as months elapsed, and the shadow only darkened, he sought in vain to dissipate it. She would acknowledge no ailment, and there was no point on which to hang a farther question. There was no duty neglected, no sighing, and no tears. But there was a want of earnestness in all her intercourse with the world, as if it were all unreal and fading from her grasp.

The year passed round; the white-robed winter had given place to the many-hued spring, and the buds were again bursting into flower; but to Ellen, light and joy came not back with the glad sunshine and balmy air of May. Her hopes had faded like the roses in autumn, but no returning summer renewed their bloom. The father's proud spirit began to soften. He would have resisted any violation of his authority even to the sacrifice of the life dearest to him; but this speechless sorrow was to him eloquent with a rebuke which he could not resent. He determined, at last, to probe the heart of his daughter, and ascertain beyond a doubt the cause of her malady.

"Ellen"—said he, as she was passing the door of his library with her hat and a light shawl in her hand, as if for a walk in the park, "I shall stop your truant ramblings one of these days, and make a clerk of you. It is just a year to-day since Charles left, and I must acknowledge, as my rents come due, I miss him sadly."

He spoke half playfully, but watched her countenance keenly. She listened with more of interest than she had shown for months, and replied in a low, sweet tone—

"Father, why did he leave us?"

"Did I not tell you that he went away to better his fortune?"

"But why did he leave so suddenly? You never gave us a reason for that!"

"Ellen, my child," he replied tenderly, taking a paper from his drawer, "here is his own explanation; perhaps it is best for both that you should read it."

She took the letter in her trembling hand, and hastened from the house. She half suspected its contents, and she could not read it beneath her father's watching eye. She sought out her favorite seat in the lodge, and opened the sheet. She had before been persuaded of Charles's love for her, and she now fully realized the nobleness of the heart which had been sacrificed to her father's pride. She wept not—her eyes were unused to such refreshing moisture; but, oh! how her heart yearned to comfort the sufferer whose life, like her own, had been so sadly clouded.

Her father, as she left the library, bowed his head upon his desk, and bitterly reviewed the course he had formerly pursued. What profit, he asked himself, could he expect to gain by farther opposition to his daughter's happiness, unless he was fully prepared to sacrifice it on the altar of his pride? Ellen must be married some day, and what did he desire in a son-in-law? Was it money? Had he not seen that happiness did not increase with gold? Was he waiting for a man worthy of his daughter's love? Where should he find another spirit alike noble and self-sacrificing? He could not doubt but what the young man still felt the same attachment he had first avowed. Nay, in this he was not left to conjecture. On his last visit to the city, only a few days before, he had seen Charles, now a book-keeper in a large mercantile establishment, who had more than intimated to him that his heart was unchanged, although he would not even ask for a word of sympathy or hope. As these thoughts passed through his mind, his heart melted. Why should he, without reason, measure another's happiness by his own will? He yearned to carry comfort to his daughter, but he feared to follow her too closely, lest she should shrink from the sight of one whose pride had caused her so much pain. At last he bethought himself of his other daughter, and called her to him.

"Clara," said he, tenderly, "I would fain do something to comfort your sister. You will find her in the garden, weeping over the absence of one who loves her; go and tell her that the way is open for his return, if she thinks she can lure him back!"

Clara bounded away to carry the glad message, and found her sister in the lodge, still gazing sadly upon the lines which her lover had written a year before on that night of bitter agony. Turn now to the

engraving, and see what justice the artist has done to this scene. In Clara's lovely face how sympathy and joy are struggling together,—sympathy for a sister's grief—joy for the glad tidings which were to fall like sunshine upon that shadowed heart!

It is good for man to bear the yoke in his youth. Our hearts instinctively shrink from trial, and sorrow is too often regarded as a punishment instead of a necessary process in our education. But it is mistaken kindness which would strew life's pathway with roses, or crown it with perpetual sunshine. Uninterrupted prosperity is, of all conditions, the least healthful for the soul. It hardens the heart, and dries up the fountain of human sympathy. But with the shadow, comes the sweet dew that mellows the soil which selfishness has rendered so sterile, until the waste places of the heart are not only fruitful, but garnished with flowers, from henceforth watered by a perennial fountain. The ore needs the refiner's fire, before the true metal will attain its purity. When affliction or trouble comes, the stricken heart too often spends its strength in searching for the errors or follies which have brought it into such severe condemnation. It would oftentimes be wiser, instead of bewailing the past, to look into the future, and see for what increased nobleness of purpose, the life has been thus sanctified. Guilt deserves punishment, but it is the design of the discipline under which we suffer, to turn our trials into the occasion of our increased usefulness and final glory.

This has been exemplified in the history before us. Mr. Carpenter has seen his besetting sin in a light so odious, that the proud heart which had not bowed for years, has become as humble as a child's, and is just learning its first lesson in true wisdom. Ellen and Charles, now united in happy companionship, would never have thrown aside the frivolities of fashionable existence, and addressed themselves so earnestly to life's noblest duties, but for the conviction of what is shadow and what is substance, which they gained in their hour of sorrow. Trials are blessings in disguise; if we recognize them not, they will only scourge us; but if we acknowledge their heavenly mission, they will leave in our hearts an eternal sunshine.

If we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, we may expect He will withdraw it; if we loosen the cords of earthly attachments, we may expect his consolations will flow in, mingle with the sources of our bitterness, and sweeten all we suffer with his love.

THINE, EVER THINE!

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

By a fountain sat a maiden
Through the dreamy twilight hours,
Entwining in her myrtle wreath
Bright amaranthine flowers;
They were dewed with many a tear-drop,
In her song was many a sigh;
But Faith was in her gentle heart,
And hope was in her eye.
And sang she right gaily,
While her wreath she did entwine,
In a strain of richest melody,—
"Thine, ever thine!"

The shades of night fell faster;
Who walks within the gloom
With that slow and noiseless tread,
And that aspect of the tomb,—
The marble brow, the glassy eye?
She raised her drooping head:
"Dear has been the noble living;
"Dearer still shall be the dead!"
And in her wreath, sweet locust buds
The maiden did entwine,
While her ashy lip still whispered—
"Thine, ever thine!"

Low at her feet was kneeling
A proud and lordly form,
And loving arms close held her
To a heart most true and warm;
She unclasped the hateful visor,
To his brow her lips were pressed;
He should not so have tried her love,
But she forgave the jest;
And a wreath of orange flowers, at morn,
The maiden did entwine,
While the merry marriage bells were pealing—
"Thine, ever thine!"

CORVIE CAMPBELL.

BY WINFIELD SCOTT BELTON, LL.B.

For many years the stern features of Corvie Campbell had never been known to relax into a smile. Seldom had his hand been seen to extend "material aid" to any of the thousands who daily beset his path, or pursued him to the dingy corner where he presided in his office. Corvie was a broker; and the atmosphere of Wall-street is not genial to benevolence. Yet many good qualities were not wanting in his heart; but only laid dormant, as it were, awaiting some gentle influence to stimulate them into life and activity. Corvie was a "business man," and the son of a business man; indeed as far as the geneology of the Campbells could be traced, he could find none but business men among his ancestry. And yet Corvie had begun the world without a shilling. Unfortunate speculations, and unlooked-for convulsions in the commercial world had wrecked fortune after fortune, leaving his parent to sink in the vale of years poor and friendless, and he himself to commence life with no other inheritance than the energy of his fathers.

Can we wonder then that the avenues of his heart were choked up from disuse? None had ever sought his affection, and contact with those with whom his business connected him, had only tended to contract still more those social feelings which, from early neglect, had never been fully developed.

It was a dull December day, and a cold pelting rain had driven almost every one from the streets. Four, P. M., found Corvie alone in the back room of his office. He had been thinking of his age—'twas his birthday—and of the cheerlessness of his daily life. He had recalled many bright and sunny days of early childhood, when a mother's fond caress and a father's smile were gifts most dearly prized; when possessed of every luxury which wealth could purchase, want and sorrow seemed far, far off—so far that it could never reach that happy home. And yet it had come. Poverty had invaded that household, bringing with it its train of ills—but love had still remained.—Corvie could well remember the patient endurance of the mother, and the resigned submission of the father, knowing that the gentle teachings of the one and the confiding love of both, had smoothed their path through many difficulties; and greatly lessened the keen anguish which

they must have otherwise felt at the desertion of the friends whom they had trusted in their brighter days. He remembered too, as one by one his little brothers and sisters had sickened and died—how the affection of the parents had clung to the remaining ones, until at last it was all centered in him, the sole survivor of the cherished group. How happy he was in this love, and how his little heart seemed at times too small to contain all he felt for them. How often had he wondered what poor children did who had no parents; and shuddered at the bare thought of becoming an orphan. Lying in his little cot at night, he would harrow his very soul with reflections as to what he should do if deprived of his parents; and finally sob himself to sleep.

All these childish imaginings had come to pass. Death at one blow had deprived him of all he had to love—and creditors, scarcely less relentless, had left him to the cold charity of the world. At the age of ten, without friends and without means, he had thus embarked in life. A series of temptations and trials had beset him, but throughout all, he had preserved his integrity. This indeed was a consoling reflection, and had of itself buoyed him up in many adversities. Now he was rich, but without friends; for the experience of his father—which, young as he was, he well remembered—had taught him how little reliance was to be placed upon the butterfly companions, which only flit in the sunshine of prosperity; disappearing at the first cloud which darkens its horizon.

As Corvie pondered upon this, he was surprised to find that he had lived so long without an object. Of what use was the wealth which he was now increasing day by day, and with scarce an effort? Was he happier now with his thousands, than he had been, when freedom from debt was all his wealth? What would become of his gains when he could no longer hoard them? Were they to pass into the hands of distant relatives who manifested no regard for him when in need, and who had now even lost sight of him. He began to feel alone in the world, for though rich he had lived secludedly, and unostentatiously, and few knew even where he slept. Who would watch over him, and his interest, when age and its infirmities should come upon him?—What hand would smooth his pillow, should sickness overtake him, or support his tottering steps when health and strength had deserted him? Was he then to be left to the care of hirelings; unfeeling wretches who would plunder him while living; and perhaps hasten his death to ensure their security?

To live for self alone, is to violate the very principle of our natures. Such life is little else than vegetation. The sturdiest oak in the forest, by its fall and decay enriches even the weeds which spring from its

ruin. Should he continue to live, as he had lived, his end might serve no better purpose. This conviction forced itself upon his mind, and he could not shake it off. But with it came the resolve to live no longer without an object. He would seek earnestly for some purpose to which to apply his now useless wealth; for some being who could fill that void in his heart which was now waste and desolate. He now felt for the first time, what the French so happily express by the phrase "*le besoin d'aimer*"—the necessity of loving.

He was in this peculiar frame of mind, when a light tapping at the door aroused him from his revery. He answered "come in!" in so gentle a tone, that he himself was surprised at the change. The door opened, and gave entrance to a figure, which had Corvie been in his usual mood, would have been dismissed not only abruptly but even harshly. As it was, he almost doubted the evidence of his senses; so unusual was it for such intruders to escape the Argus eyes of Mr. Morley, the clerk, who summarily ejected them, ere they could reach Mr. Campbell's sanctum. But Morley was half asleep over his books; and so light had been the tread of the visitor that he had not been disturbed. And there she stood, the personification of Poverty, in the presence of the millionaire; a girl of fifteen, drenched with rain and shivering with cold!

Corvie waited for the announcement of her errand, though he well knew she would ask for alms. A low pleading voice besought him to give something to one who was very poor. He had heard many such appeals, but none had ever awakened his sympathy like this.—His heart, as we have seen, had just been softened, and there was something in the earnest tone of the suppliant, so unlike the whining, cringing style of the generality of her class, that its effect was irresistible. He beckoned her to approach nearer to him. As the light from the window fell more strongly upon her, he was surprised to find, disguised though it was, that she possessed beauty of no ordinary kind. An oval face, perfect in its contour; dark liquid eyes, of the peculiar almond shape, so characteristic of beauty; and a skin of clear olive tinge; bespoke her Italian origin. These, with a figure slight, yet well developed; the perfect symmetry of which was not wholly concealed by the tattered and ill-fitting garments in which it was clothed, and an elasticity of step, told of youth not yet overcome by misery.

Corvie had remarked all this at a glance; rising from his seat, he motioned her toward the fire, and as she turned to warm herself at the welcome blaze, he contemplated her for some moments in silence.—At last, drawing his chair near her, he said—

"Why do you beg?"

The abruptness of the question, although put in a kindlier manner than was usual with him, caused his poor visitor to burst into tears. However, soon checking her emotion, but not without effort, she answered in broken English—

"I beg for my mother, not for me."

"Who is your mother?"

"Italian woman."

"Where does she live?"

"In Canal-street."

"Where is your father?"

A fresh outburst of tears followed this interrogation. Pointing upward she murmured—

"Nel cielo spero!" (In heaven I hope!)

Her whole manner had impressed him with a belief in her sincerity. Question followed question. Experiencing some difficulty in comprehending her English, he bade her answer in her own language, of which he had acquired some knowledge.

Lucia's story was not an uncommon one. Had Corvie ever before condescended to listen, he would have heard many such; for alas, misery has ubiquity. Scarce a turning in our path fails to bring us in contact with some unfortunate, whom, discontented though we may be, we cannot but admit, is far more to be pitied than ourselves. Oh! that the lesson thus taught us were better remembered!

Nearly an hour had passed away, and still the rich man and the beggar girl continued their converse. Morley had been aroused from his doze, and wondering why his employer had made no preparations for leaving the office, he peeped into the back room; great was his astonishment to find him holding communion with a mendicant. Morley was a shrewd observer, and a cautious one. What his conclusions were, he did not divulge, but that they were not favorable to the integrity of his master, was evident from the complacent air with which he received directions to send for a cab.

This was soon procured, and Corvie, after slipping a golden coin into the hand of Lucia, which he pressed with almost paternal kindness, whispered a few brief directions to the driver, and assisted her in. As the cab rolled away, he remained standing for some moments, in a profound revery. At length, arousing himself, he looked at his watch, and quietly intimating to Morley that he would not again return to the office that day, seized his old blue cotton umbrella, and was soon wending his way homeward, regardless alike of the falling rain, and the muttered invectives of the occasional pedestrians whom he unconsciously jostled from his path. But he went home an altered man,

and from this day dates a new era in the history of Corvie Campbell. —Weeks and months passed away, and few could have noticed any change in the Wall-street broker. The same untiring application to business; the same sagacity and shrewdness characterized every move which he made upon the great chess board of speculation. Every result was foreseen with the prescience of a Vincenzio, and realized his anticipations of profit. Yet there were some more observing than the herd, who fancied that Corvie was not altogether the same man as of old. There was quite as much reserve in his manner as formerly; and yet he seemed to have acquired a greater facility of assimilation with his fellow men. It was difficult to tell why, but there appeared to be more affinity with the masses; and many who a short time before, had shrunk from him as cold and implacable, would now unburthen their cares to him, and unhesitatingly ask for "*advice*;"—that sacred boon, which it is the privilege of friendship only to bestow, and which it is the strongest test of friendship to receive.

Yes, Corvie was indeed a changed man; he felt it himself in his approving conscience. He was no longer the selfish and unhappy being which we first found him.

But what were the causes of this change? Ah! Corvie had kept this secret well. Though Morley often wondered at his occasional absences from his office—short though they were—he had never been able to fathom this mystery. We are more fortunate.

In an excellent boarding-school, not far from Albany, we now find Lucia di Marelli. She too was changed. No one would have recognized in Lucy Marell (as she was now called,) the poor beggar girl of New-York. She was an ambitious and accomplished scholar, and had distanced all her competitors for academic honors, as completely as she surpassed them in beauty. Despite this superiority, she was a general favorite. Success begets envy, but who could fail to love that meek, confiding creature, whose very faults seemed to give her new charms. Amiability in her was almost a fault; and she possessed such an excess of disinterestedness and simplicity that it seemed somewhat like affectation.

Corvie had himself placed her at this institution, representing her to the teacher as the daughter of a poor and valued friend, now no more. Though averse to concealment of any kind, as foreign to her nature, she had, in obedience to her protector's wishes, allowed this statement to pass uncontradicted. Mr. Campbell's visits to enquire as to the progress of his trust, were too few to excite suspicion that he felt for her more than an ordinary interest. Yet these visits were looked forward to by Lucia with mingled feelings of dread and pleasure;

dread, lest he should not be satisfied with her success—for this was the only way in which she could prove her gratitude—pleasure at meeting one whom she so dearly loved. Yes, *loved*—for Lucia's heart was a human one, and every drop which it propelled through her frame was Italian blood. Ardent, impulsive, and—eighteen, was it strange that she should have loved; or that the object of that love should have been her benefactor?

But we possess this secret, ere she herself had known it.

She had not analyzed her feelings; but believed gratitude to be the *basis* of them all. And so it was. But she was unmindful of the structure which had been erected upon this foundation. What more natural gradation, than admiration, esteem, friendship and love?—What love can be more enduring than that of gradual growth, springing from calm convictions of worth and excellence?

The time had arrived for Lucia's removal from school; and now Corvie's perplexities returned. Much as he had pondered upon the subject, he had not been able to arrive at any conclusion as to what would be his proper course in regard to her. Years had sped rapidly since his first acquaintance with Lucia; and in watching over her interest and noticing her improvement, he had been too much occupied to think of the lapse of time, and of the changes wrought in their relative positions.

Lucia's mother died soon after her meeting with Corvie. Though he did all that was possible to lessen her misery, exposure and disease had already nearly done their work. Her last words were expressions of gratitude to Corvie, and entreaties for his care of her daughter. He had been mindful of the trust, and would not for worlds have resigned it. Yet he had formed no plans for the future; and now that she was to leave school, he knew not what to do with her. She had no family friends, and he no female relatives with whom she could be placed.—He wished her to see something of society; but who was to be chaperon to the poor orphan girl? The idea of marriage, and with him, he felt sure had never entered her head; and though in his fireside reveries *he* had often thought of it, his rigid sense of honor had caused him to repel the idea. To ask the poor girl to marry him, would be too much like coercion. But if after seeing "the world" she should voluntarily choose *him*! then indeed would many bright visions be fulfilled!

How this choice was to be made apparent, Corvie himself did not know. He had not yet extricated himself from the maze of perplexities, when they were all settled in a manner little looked for.

A southern gentleman of family and wealth, for whom Mr. Campbell had transacted business for several years, being at the office one day,

chanced to ask if Corrie knew of any one who could recommend a governess to him. A bright thought flashed upon him. He immediately informed Mr. Peyton of Lucia's history, and of his own embarrassment in regard to her. Mr. Peyton at once evinced the greatest interest in her; and it was soon arranged that she should become one of his family, with all the privileges of a favored member.

His departure for the south being delayed for some weeks, ample time was allowed Lucia for preparation.

The parting was a sad one, not less for Corrie than for Lucia.—Obedience to her benefactor's wishes, was however a part of her creed, and she was successful in her efforts to conceal all emotion from his eyes, lest it might be construed into unwillingness to comply with them.

Mr. Peyton performed his promise. Every opportunity was afforded Lucia of mingling in the best society. Two winters were thus passed. The elder Miss Peytons, themselves renowned beauties, no where eclipsed "*la belle Italienne*," the name by which she was known in many gay circles. Her letters to Corrie were long and frequent; she dwelt but little upon the pleasures so attractive to others, but always expressed the hope of soon meeting her benefactor. From Peyton, he heard of scores of suitors, who all alike failed to receive the slightest encouragement from his *protégée*.

At length the trial was over. Corrie found it convenient to visit Savannah. The result was the consummation of all his wishes—the realization of all his hopes.

If these pages should meet his eye at his pleasant fireside, he will surely forgive his old friend for wishing to let the world into the secret of a change, which has given him the brightest hours of his life, and made him an ornament to society and a blessing to his generation.

THERE is such a thing as denying self and living above it; such a thing as "looking to Jesus," till we care not any more to look on ourselves, till self in its carnal, its righteous and religious workings, is slain, its pride lost in humility, and all its greatness abjured and abolished. Yes, Christ, rightly apprehended, in his sacrifice for sins, in the gentleness of his mercy, and in the dignity of his person, is a sight that may so cause self to die within us, "that we live no more unto ourselves but unto Him." This is the rod that smites the stony heart, and sweet waters flow out of it, solving and changing the whole man, so that the lookers on shall say, as well as feel, "old things have passed away, behold all things have become new."

TO A BELOVED CHILD.

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 BY GRACE GREENWOOD.  
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My princely boy—my heart's dear care,
 Thou with the deep eyes blue and mild,
 And grand pure brow, and clustering hair,
 What shocks of rapture sweet and rare
 Must thy mother's soul swoon under, child,
 If I, while standing thus apart,
 Watch thy proud grace with strange delight,
 And feel the tendrils of my heart
 Stretch yearning toward thee, day and night !
 The mother with the loving wife
 Halves the great joy she hath to see
 That first glad bloom of trust and truth,
 That love whose roots took hold on life,
 That flower of God that crowned her youth,
 Re-blossoming so fair in thee.

When thy wild brothers at their play
 Miss thee, and call thee, wondering—
 When, sitting in some quiet place,
 With some grave book beyond thy years,
 A dreamy calm steals o'er thy face,
 And thy rapt thoughts seem fled away
 On poesy's exultant wing,
 My soul is troubled unto tears—
 Not by a shadow over thee,
 But by a brightness sadder far—
 Not by the clouds that dimly rise,
 But by the glory of the star.
 Divine, mysterious radiance makes
 Thy forehead with its locks of gold,
 So wondrous beautiful it wakes,
 Strange wordless fears—the quick flush brought
 To thy pale cheek by pleasant thought,
 Seems not from earthly roses caught,
 But some reflection of the skies;—
 And the great morning, I behold
 Too early dawning in thine eyes !
 But no, fair star that cheer'st our night !
 God needs thee not to light his throne—
 Oh, flower that sweet'nest all our day
 And makest life's dusty wayside bright,

They must not bear thee swift away !
 No shining angel crowned and blest,
 Needs thy soft bloom to deck her breast.
 Come near and smile into my face—
 Come press to mine thy lips of rose—
 And let me in one long embrace,
 Feel that I have thee fast and close!
 Thus round my neck thy dear arms twine,
 And let this restless heart of mine
 Take peace and blessedness from thine.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

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 BY HELEN IRVING.  
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Most gladly on this page of thine
 The impress of my hand I lay,
 For while it lives, I shall not pass
 From thy dear memory quite away.

I may not hope to bring to thee,
 More than a brief—a passing thought,
 But life itself, a finer glow,
 An added joy, from thee has caught.

Within the volume of my heart,
 Thy name, a treasured memory lies,
 And shines upon me from my thought
 The beauty of thy sunny eyes.

The sweetest singers of the land
 May set their chiming measures here,
 Until thy book shall seem to ring
 And gaily carol to thine ear—

But listening to the nightingales
 That thrill the air with raptures sweet,
 Ah, scorn not thou, sometimes to hear,
 The ground-bird warbling at thy feet!

THE man whose hopes centre on the world, like a worm, which seeks its living in the dust, is liable to be crushed and buried by the step of every passer by.

THE PURPLE BAG.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good ;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth :
Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial ;
And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle."

"It is gone ! I have lost it !" I exclaimed, on coming in from a walk. "Surely until this moment I thought it was hanging on my arm !"

"What have you lost ?" inquired my cousin Julia.

"My bag—my purple bag."

"I am heartily glad of it," responded Julia quickly.

"You are more ill-natured than I thought you," said I, "to be glad of what causes me real pain !"

"I do not rejoice in your pain—though I can scarcely understand why the loss of an old, faded reticule, which I have been mortified to see you carry for the last six months, should affect you so seriously. I worked you another, many weeks ago, but I do not think you have honored me by using it above three or four times. You have persisted in displaying that shabby purple thing."

"The bag you so kindly gave me, Julia, is very handsome—but, pardon me if I confess that the old one possesses a value which, I fear, yours will never attain, in such hands as mine. The purple bag was Mary's, you know."

"Yes, I recollect ; and you would be perfectly right in keeping it for her sake. But why parade it in the street ? That is not like her. Mary was neat and tasteful in her dress, and all its appurtenances.—She would have left off using that purple bag, out of doors, at least half a year since."

"You are probably correct. I think she would, myself ; and so I should have done, if I had valued it for its appearance, only. But it has higher merit in my eyes—that of association. When my father proposed that Mary should embrace an opportunity to visit her sister in Cincinnati, the dear girl almost felt called on to decline what she so much wished, lest a work which she had for some time held in charge—that of dispensing tracts, and other much needed crumbs, to the des-

titute of a certain district of our town—should be neglected during her absence. Though often urged, I had never been willing to assume such a charge. My reluctance arose, in part, from indolence, and partly from a knowledge that the work in question often compelled its performer to stop at disagreeable looking houses, and address persons of uncouth—sometimes repulsive manners. My sweet cousin's devotion to a task that must have been as uninviting to her as to me, made me ashamed of my selfish repugnance: besides, I wished her not only to go to Cincinnati, but to enjoy her visit—which, I knew, she would not, if haunted, meanwhile, by a thought that her chosen field of labor at home was left untilled. Shame and affection conspiring, impelled me to promise, as far as in me lay, to walk in her footsteps for the next three months. Mary, playfully, but with a manner that spoke her heartfelt interest in her theme, prepared an outline of her plan of operations, and proffered me a reticule that she had made, she said, expressly for her sallies of distribution. It had accompanied her on so many adventures, and was, in its way, so involved in her successes and discouragements, that it almost seemed important to the prosperity of the undertaking. It was larger than those usually carried by young ladies, and adapted to my present need, as to hers when it was made. I accepted all she gave me, replying in the same half playful style in which she had spoken—and my beloved cousin, soon after, left us, as it proved, to return no more. After her departure, I addressed myself to the task which I had assumed for her sake, with singular earnestness, and, stranger still, with real relish. I enjoyed it, mainly, because every step and action connected therewith, awoke thoughts of Mary: it is true, that, by degrees, I became interested in what I was doing for its own sake; I saw that I was doing good—a conviction that I had never before realized on so extended a scale; but the *chief* attraction of the whole matter, was its immediate association with the memory of my precious cousin. The tidings of that cousin's death hallowed every thing with which her name could be, in any manner, connected. The work to which she had so warmly given her young spirit has, ever since, been sacred to me for her sake; and I have pursued it with a zeal such as no ordinary impulse could have imparted to my inactive nature. The purple bag—her bag—has been, from the first, my badge of office. It was recognized by those among whom I went, and many are the anecdotes which it has called forth, illustrating my sweet Mary's piety, patience and benevolence. More than once, when my spirit has flagged, from obstacles or my naturally inert temperament, a glance at the purple bag has recalled my wandering energies, and stimulated me to continued exertion. You are smiling—I have read

you a long chapter on a subject as distasteful to you as it once was to me; but you did not know Mary well enough to love her as I did."

"I smiled to hear you, cousin Alice, speak of being roused to action, and especially to adventure, by a thing so insignificant and by no means ornamental. Many thanks for your homily;—I see, in what you have told me, excellent reason for your regarding the purple reticule as a relic, and preserving it with due respect—but, unless you will oblige your friends by resolving to discharge it from future *public* service, forgive me if I wish that your talisman may, henceforth, 'rest in peace,' among 'the things that were.'"

"I can forgive you—for I do not expect you to estimate my feelings. My 'talisman' is lost, and I can only hope it may fall among those who will be benefitted by its virtues—contents I mean—though what those are, I do not exactly know. There is not much money in it, I am certain, but there are some cakes, and a roll of tracts, that old Mrs. Bennet gave me, just as we were leaving her house; for that good lady, in common with many others, looks upon Mary's bag as the proper medium of distribution, for alms of every kind and quality."

Many months—nay, a whole year and more had glided away, and brought no tidings of my lost treasure. One summer afternoon, Julia and I were enjoying a promenade in one of our most retired, but most agreeable streets. We saw a respectably dressed young woman, standing on the steps of a comfortable looking house, the door of which was opened by a rosy little girl of six years old, while the mother, for such she appeared, was endeavoring to hasten the loitering movements of a much younger child, whose curious eyes had been attracted by some object in the street. We had been walking very leisurely, for the last half hour, but Julia was just now seized with an unaccountable anxiety to get on more rapidly; quickened her steps, and drew me along with her, until we had fairly passed the trio whom I have described, when I arrested her progress by a downright pause.

"Wait one moment, Julia; do you not see?"

"There it is," said Julia. "I did so wish to pass before you had seen it: that everlasting bag!"

And there it was, indeed—visible and tangible—my purple bag! looking very little the worse for a year's 'wear and tear,' since I had last seen it. I was turning to go back.

"You surely will not claim a stranger's property?" said Julia: "you are not sure it is the same."

"About as sure as you are, cousin—which, I believe, is being sufficiently so. I shall not claim it, though I shall certainly venture a few questions concerning it." I returned a few paces.

"Pardon me, madam," I said, "but that reticule so closely resembles one I have lost, that I cannot forbear asking if you did not find it?"

The stranger's eyes brightened, with an expression which told that a cord had been touched, to which more than one feeling vibrated.

"My husband did," she replied; "and a god-send indeed, has it proved to us."

I glanced triumphantly at Julia; and, despite her imploring look, complied with an invitation that was immediately and earnestly urged, to go in and hear the last year's history of my 'talisman.' Julia, seeing me resolute, accompanied me. We were soon seated in a small, but neat and cheerful parlor, and listening to a recital which I shall make no effort to set down in the precise words of our interesting hostess, but condense to a synopsis, employing fewer sentences, and a less extended space on paper.

She was an English woman, and her name was Carlton. She told us that she was of respectable parentage, and her speech and manner gave evidence of refined association. She had been married with bright prospects of happiness and plenty, but her husband had fallen into habits of intemperance, neglected his business, and become a bankrupt. They contended with poverty and degradation, for a time, on their native soil,—and then, by the assistance of pitying friends, embarked for America;—the grieved and injured wife hazarding a dreary hope that her husband, when removed from his sphere of habitual temptation, and corrupt companionship, would return to a life of sobriety and honor. For a few months after their arrival here, his conduct justified and encouraged her hopes; but then, as too frequently happens, he fell among those whose practices corresponded with his own unhappy propensities, and relapsed into his evil course. It would be vain to attempt depicting the anguish of the disappointed wife, or her suffering and privation while her husband pursued the downward path of the drunkard. Occasional donations from friends at home, who suspected her trials, though she shrank from declaring them, were all that preserved her from actual starvation, or the necessity of applying to the legal and public dispensers of alms—for she was unable to labor. But a time that she had often dreaded at last came. One night—they had then been here more than two years—her weeping children demanded food, and she had not a crust to give them. She soothed the youngest to sleep, and drawing her little daughter to her heart, poured out her soul in fervent prayer to that God who hath declared himself 'a very present help in time of trouble.' She had, all her life, observed the outward requirements of the Christian religion, but a devout believer she knew that she could not be called—and now, for the first time, her

earnest petition was followed by a sense of support and consolation which surprised herself. She arose from her prayerful posture, calm in the assurance that "He who heareth the young ravens when they cry," would, in his own time and manner, provide sustenance for her famishing children. She heard her husband's approaching footsteps; she had looked for, wished for, yet dreaded his return—for his presence no longer brought joy, and she expected no relief at his hands. A single glance, however, as he entered, served to convince her that he was less intoxicated than usual: she afterward learned that he had lacked the means of procuring a sufficient quantity of liquor to complete his degradation. He held out to her something that he carried in his hand.

"Bring a light, Susan," he said, "and let us see what I have found. I stepped on it, in the street, a few yards from the door. It is nothing of much value," he continued, as his wife brought the required light, enabling them to inspect a velvet reticule, of a faded purple color, rendered, just now, peculiarly rusty by the print of Mr. Carlton's boot, and the dust of the pavement. Mrs. Carlton opened it, and drew out a paper containing some sweet cakes, at the sight of which, little Annie uttered an exclamation that brought tears to the mother's eyes, and was not without its effect on the father. Examining farther, she found a few shillings of money: her immediate impulse was to replace it, but her husband had seen it, and proposed, at once, to take it, and procure materials for their much-needed supper. She was not surprised at this, for she had before remarked, with grief, how far his debasing habits had blunted his once fine sense of justice and honesty. She knew she could not save the money for her who had lost it, but a thought occurred to her—

"I know better what we want, Henry, than you do," she said gently, "it is but a short distance to the grocery—let me go and buy our supper, while you stay with the children."

Mr. Carlton was sober enough to be reasoned with; and, though he comprehended the drift of his wife's request, after some argument, allowed her to do as she wished. She went out, accordingly. On her return, she found her husband reading. Annie, having satisfied her hunger on the cakes, had fallen asleep. Mr. Carlton continued to read, while his wife prepared their (as she could not help regarding it) heaven-sent meal; and, when she called him to partake of what she had made ready, he seated himself at table with an air of deep and serious thought. She hoped, though she scarcely knew why, that this was a 'token for good.' She did not disturb him by any attempt at conversation, and after a silence of much length, he suddenly said—

"There were some tracts in that bag, Susan. I found them while you were gone. I will read to you, if you wish, while you put away the dishes."

She assented, as we could readily believe, with exceeding joy—a joy that was not diminished by hearing her husband read aloud, one of Mr. ———'s invaluable Temperance Tracts. She said little, except to respond when he spoke to her—wisely deciding that his own emotions and reflections would afford the most effective commentaries. Next morning, at an early hour, he left the house. When he returned at noon, he told his wife that he had signed—a temperance pledge! That his former employer had consented to engage him, at low wages and on trial, for three months; and had promised, if he continued steadfast in his wise resolve, to restore him, in time, to the place of trust and profit which he had before held. Silently, but oh! how fervently, did the rejoicing wife give thanks to the great Author of all good, for these unexpected, and, as her conscious heart told her, undeserved mercies. Month after month glided away; she saw her husband walking firmly in the path he had nobly chosen—steadily advancing to the perfect confidence of his employers, and establishing a character for integrity and ability among his fellow-men. A considerable remittance from England, which they did not need for immediate expenditure, aided by his well-won position among those most interested, sufficed to constitute him a partner in the business which he had, heretofore, assisted in conducting; and at length, as if to crown the wishes of the grateful Susan, he became a consistent, believing Christian. This last and 'crowning mercy,' she also ascribed, under the blessing of God, to the life-dispensing influence of those precious tracts. Is it strange that she learned to look on the humble medium of such and so many blessings—the purple bag—with blended emotions of 'wonder, love, and praise?' Often and often had she longed to tell the loser thereof, the happy, and, as she deemed them, glorious casualties in which her loss had resulted. She had, lately, adopted the habit of carrying it when she went out, hoping, as had now happened, that the former and proper possessor would see and recognize it. A superstitious fancy had sometimes forced itself among her thoughts, that the sunbeams which now gilded her dwelling would vanish, if their harbinger departed—but that fancy no longer obtruded; her faith in Him who had wrought so much in her behalf, grew hourly stronger—setting at nought the false stimulus of amulet and spell. She appeared to feel as much pleasure in restoring, as I felt in receiving my 'lost and found' treasure. She had carefully preserved, and now replaced the tracts—she filled the bag with cakes, breathing, as she did so, a wish that other children

and other parents might have equal reason with those of her own rescued household, to rejoice over its contents. Its presence with them had proved an 'angel visit'—worthless as they had judged it, at first.

Mr. Carlton came in, before we took leave, and added a manly and impressive testimony to his wife's rehearsal of her sorrows, and his own delinquencies—his repentance and renovation.

I have, already, inflicted on my readers a much longer narrative than I intended when I took up my pen. I will only remark, in conclusion, that, since that afternoon, Julia has never reviled my 'talisman;' and, dearer than ever in my sight—precious, almost, above price, is now my cousin Mary's faded, shabby purple bag.

TRUST IN GOD.

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BY M. D. WILLIAMS.  
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WHEN the joys of youth are o'er,
Faded, to return no more;
When our path has darker grown,
And our hearts are sad and lone;
When no kindred smile we see,—
Father! we will trust in Thee!

When the storm-cloud darker grows,
And the lurid lightning glows;
When no earthly voice we hear
In the midnight tempest drear;
And no look of love we see,—
Father! we will trust in Thee!

When our friends become ingrate,
And our hearth is desolate;
When are fled the joys we knew,
Transient as the summer dew;
When no dawning light we see,
Father! we will trust in Thee!

When our locks are thin and white,
And fading eyes foretell the night;
When our brow is furrow'd o'er,
And we near the parting shore;
When the vale of Death we see,
Father! then we'll trust in Thee!

Webster, Mick.

NECESSITY AND USE OF ACTIVITY.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

WE are not born to be Idlers in this world of work, to lounge at our ease in the bowers of some established thought and system; but Actors armed to be renovators, and creators of new good. The noblest forms of life and expression—the incorporate vigor of brave hearts who have gone before us—go to waste and leave a wide blank to the world, if their vital core is not fed by a perpetual new vitality.

All Institutions are the express energy of human thought,—nurslings of the heroic Soul, fed to full vigor, and helpful in their turn; or starvelings of the ignoble Soul, and deluding the famished hearts that rely on them. We may name this vast system of laws, regulations, leaders, teachers, and enforcers of legislated wisdom, by the one name of Government, applicable through all its changes; but the great frame lives only from breath to breath, made vital by eternal stir and vigilance. From eldest time, when Nimrod was a hunter of men, down to our own age of political intrigue and trickery, when new hunters play the Nimrod anew, the one fact has come out, thousand-featured, a Government indeed, but marked by the peculiar force and genius of each age. Out of live Souls comes its still recurring life, which is ever but an expression of what is most active and potent among men.

The Church, from the first devout worshippers at the altar of pious Abel, to the many-voiced multitudes of to-day, has swept through channels of human thought, ever tintured by the varying hues of human passion, and strong or weak as noble or ignoble hearts fed it with their pulses. Though forever the same essential fact, in its relation to universal man, it is not, and cannot be, self-vital, but a voice and measure of the world's daily life—a growing page of the soul's progressive history. The man who seeks it for a place of rest, of inaction, is but a vampire on its bosom. He should go there to get life by giving it, not by taking the bounding pulse he cannot send on to its perpetual flow.

Thus with all things of and for the race of man; they are not breathing by their own breath, but by ours; nor yet by the strong inspiration of their heroic first-fashioners; but by the daily heaving of the strong bosom of humanity. It is by one wide whirl of bounding activity, that all systems are held in being. They are fluid as the sea, and the on-rushing of fleet forces, in life and thought, is all that gives them form and motion; as the whirling of the globe sways the piled waters to their

place, makes them *live*, an active figure which expresses but the simple truth.

Stagnation in the waters is not more fatal than inaction and paralysis in the institutions of men. In all their fields there is no place for the Idler—for one who from his vital soul will not send out one burning pulse of swift vigor for the heart of them, that they may live. If he but takes, and gives not, then, whatever institution it may be, it is weakened and deadened by all that he receives. An accession of a regiment of such men to its ranks, would be more destructive than twice their number in the ranks of the enemy, for opposition begets action, and action is its source of strength.

No corporate system can bear the weight of its own body but by the continual inbreathing of the living souls of men. It shall not avail it, that a great heart in other days poured his great pulses through its tingling veins; that a wise soul of elder times wrote on enduring parchment, or eternal stone, its abiding code and creed; old parchments are but mummy swathings, and old forms a stiff bier and tomb, if we project not into them the individual life of our own souls, to recreate their fleeting life forever.

We cannot be a Republic on the interest of Washington's valor or Jefferson's wisdom; we cannot be a Church of the living God, by filling our lips with the words of Jesus. If to-day from the free hearts of living men we do not call the very life of freedom, to be the Promethean fire of life to the form they left us, we are no Republic, name us what you will. If to-day, from the deep heart of men, all burning with the inspiration of love and awe, springs not the vital spirit of the words He spoke, we take the name of Christ in vain to give to any form, however imposing its visible solemnities. Never rest but in activity, well centered and from a native force, that it shall never weary, for out of all forms of being and doing, the subtle vigor slips unceasingly, to be renewed by unceasing care and toil.

The nearer things come to being *alive*, the more continual is the necessity for active support, for this is life to *expire* and *respire*, to give and take, to undulate, wave after wave forever. The rock can bear ages of inaction, but even the rock perishes at last; while flowers and fruits and human lives must be fed constantly, or perish rapidly. But obedience to this necessity brings a manifold reward, in the nobler growth and worthier nature it insures.

Rest by inaction, corrodes and eats away the force we have; the vital juices of the mind, like strong acids, consume their vessels if they flow not steadily to their purpose; but that repose which is star-like, a self-centered and intense activity, invigorates the entire man, and

compensates for consumption of means, by a tenfold production. It is not the amount of latent power, but of power brought into service; which determines the greatness of our accomplishment; and a small body, in steady motion, will command attention and do its work, more surely than a vast one that moves but at long intervals.

What we verily desire, is not slumber and lazy ease; it is acquisition—to grow and still to grow, towards a limitless perfection. Every thing else is incidental to this; even the much lauded aim of happiness is but secondary, if you stretch not its meaning very broadly. Brave hearts have put its fluttering bribe under their feet as they bore stoutly their own cross to martyrdom. Not for the light joy which we name Happiness, would they have so endured; but for the higher bliss of being faithful, of growing great in goodness, and creating, from the Realm of Pain and Privation, a Kingdom of the Blessed purified by fire, and strengthened by toil.

Inaction leaves soft hands and pulpy arms, and a pale face, whose marble cheek is inscribed with the legible epitaph of heroic manhood. The forces of the mind melt into waxen imbecility, under the warm touch of voluptuous Ease. The fire of our deep life needs the gale to fan it; the tree of our growing thought, which should

"Make the nations silent in its shade,"

needs smiting north-winds, and the cold of world's-neglect, to toughen it. It will never make firm wood in eternal summer.

Thus is it, also, with our deeper Souls; they are not nursed in the lap of an awful Mystery, to dream and lie down, lulled by the heaving of the wonderful Heart that feeds them. No! they have deeps to fathom, and gulfs to bridge,—deeps of great truths, and gulfs of fearful doubts; and naked and alone, they must abide the merciful buffetings of our God,—must grow tough and maleable under the hammer-strokes of trial, so to endure and carve their dark way out of life's fruition, like a plowshare driven to its beam amidst the ungentlest hindrances.

Doubtless it is very pleasant to be served and waited upon—to have all thoughts brought to one's table ready cooked, and passed up in dishes of old use and wont,—pleasant to be borne soothingly, in gilded carriages from one dream-world to another, by the fleet Hippogriffs of another's harnessing,—pleasant, but alas, how enervating! The inaction of the journey leaves the mental organs too powerless even to digest what busier spirits have prepared for us.

As, in outward life, we want the blending of the student and the farmer, the mechanic and the thinker; so, in the inward life, we ask for a mingling of the hardy elements of progressive vigor and courage,

with the gracefulness of poesy and the depth of research ; the dignity of self-helping thought, with the moral strength of an unconquerable will.

The worthiest work is that which gives greatest expansion to the individual character, while it reflects a blessing on the many ; for this is our order, first to *be* and then to *do* good. The very good we do, is not good in us if it come not from the private heart—an act of ours, and not an echo from some stronger worker.

On the contrary, when each worthy act is a just expression of our lives, it is more than it intends ; it is the benefactor of men, and the multiplier of benefactions in them and us ; it creates new force, and deepens the old ; and like a rill in the meadows, is not only beautiful for its service to sweet flowers and grasses, but for the twinkle and melody of its own bright flow.

Let the stream teach also the use of activity. Dammed into unmoving lakelets, the sluggish waters sicken as to death ; and the foul air's miasma, is nature's malediction against their poison. But speeding in whirls of joyous life and labor, it goes delighted and delighting, till verdant fields, with starry flowers, are a silent hymn of thanks for its sweet benison.

Strength and beauty are the children of action. No less are joy and blessedness. The kind of activity determines the character of the induced delight. Youth with its bounding pulses, is called the season for enjoyment. So it is, in its kind, for a buoyant surface-joy, precisely answering to its activity. The senses are most busy then, and life is all sparkling with the swift wavelets of happiness. Yet age is not unblest, though its sea deeps are not wrinkled with the gale of young glee ; calm and vast its fathomless tide heaves with an impulse from eternity. After the hush of over-wearied senses, with their vain regrets, deep-thoughted wisdom makes her home in the old heart, and weaves ascension-robcs, snow-white with glorious truth, from shrouds of the dead hopes and joys of sense, as we weave royal garments from the swathings of a worm.

A frank and boisterous nature, going with shouts and headlong rushes, has a rude joy, noisy and shallow ; sufficient, if its nature has not also its still deeps ; but the quiet heart, whose intense activity is calm, and under sea-deep thought, works there unseen as coral insects work, yet builds like them, new continents from the wide waste, with fields for new endeavor, and has a bliss noiseless and fathomless, a vast sun-warmth through all its being, and not a startling flash across its surface. With both, as different as they are, the delight would cease if the activity was destroyed.

The lessons taught by the progress of beneficent institutions, which

are noble thoughts expressed in form, are full of the utility of doing. That hour in which a great new thought dawned on the mind of some heroic youth, was better than his birth-hour; for therein was he born to a more wonderful life, and made an heir to a diviner destiny.— Severely shall he suffer, to announce his thought in a fitting form, sternly shall he battle to get it a firm place; but his eye will grow keener as men drive him to research his way, his step fall firmer as contention warns him to brace his foot against the tide. There we shall find at last a man, who shall leave deep foot-prints in his age and nation, instead of the pusillanimous fop which is nursed in the lap of inaction.

If nature had left no flaw in her work, benevolently to make our work a necessity, we should have created new wants for a field of action, as the rich who scarce labor, needing it not for bread, are compelled to rush into laborious play, needing its action for health. Since, however, all things are fashioned, by a wise law, to develope progressively, we may rejoice that there is work to do, and always will be; and if to-day nature is great, to-morrow we may find her greater, giving us earnest tasks enough, to leave no room for idleness, or idle sporting to consume our days. Her vastness gives us for our watchword— 'Without haste, yet without rest,' so to work in self-centered repose forever.

EARNESTNESS.

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 BY S. C. MERRIGATE.  
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Let us have earnestness. Heaven has no sympathy with the half-doer, the half-thinker, the feebly righteous. A sluggish faltering between hot and cold, good and ill, God and the Fiend, is more fatal to truth and goodness than the mid-winter of death and denial. In the strong figure of the Apocalyptic John, it provokes nausea; let it be cured. An earnest man can move all things, and by virtue of that element alone has won the homage of men, even in opposing other virtues. THOR and WODEN are deified Courage and Constancy; but Earnestness should be more deific than both, since it is the intensifying of both elements, and bringing them into one impulse.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

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BY C. A. MARVIN.  
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I.

I HAD entered a large garden alone. In it, was almost every variety of choice plants, shrubs and flowers. I love the companionship of flowers—Nature's own offspring—and methinks, though they have no audible voice, our hearts may still hold sweet communion with them in a language all their own. Presently, I saw a young and beautiful girl come tripping lightly along the path in which I stood. How shall I describe her and not seem to be drawing the portrait of a visitant from another sphere! Her eye was bright, clear and expressive; her cheek, the unblemished canvass on which Nature with faultless art had drawn her fairest rose; her auburn hair fell in rich, clustering ringlets upon a neck of snow; her whole countenance glowed with freshness and animation; and a sweet smile played about her mouth—an index to a world of pleasant thoughts within. I could hardly believe that one so endowed and adorned was a frail mortal like myself—an inhabitant, but for a few days, of a decaying tenement of clay.

As she approached nearer, now stooping to pluck a favorite flower, and anon, with childish glee, springing to catch a bright butterfly that fluttered past, I gazed in silent astonishment, not daring to speak, lest my voice should break the charm, and the vision fade from my sight. As she disappeared behind the veiling shrubs, I could not forbear sending after her a prayer, that a morn so promising might realize a cloudless noon, and a serene sunset.

Even as I prayed, my heart doubted of the result as I thought of the sad experiences of the past. In imagination I followed her, now so merry and light-hearted, into the trying future, and even in fancy could not mark out a course for her free from sorrow. Yet I could not but rejoice that my eyes had rested, even for a moment, upon one so happy and free from care.

II.

Years had passed, and I was in a place of summer resort. Among the visitors there was outwardly every shade of human feeling. Many seemed light and joyous—some grave and thoughtful. A few, to seek relief from the weary load, burdened with care had come; and others, to dissipate sadness, to restore declining health, or to interrupt the

monotony of an idle and useless life. Wishing to escape from the noise and confusion incident to such a place, I strolled away, hardly knowing whither I went. Mechanically I followed a little path that stretched away towards the sun-setting, half hoping to find some quiet retreat, where the echo of thoughtlessness could not reach me. Lost in thought, I wandered on, till the sound of approaching footsteps aroused me from my reverie. I looked up and beheld once more my favorite of the garden. Time had changed the girl into a woman.—While the same general characteristics were visible, there was a maturity and a perfect development of face and form that marked her no longer a child. I gazed eagerly, and was rejoiced to find as yet no trace of earthly sorrow. Graceful and self-possessed, with modesty and purity revealed in every action, she leaned on the arm of her gentleman companion, and seemed entirely forgetful of herself in listening to the voice of love—a first love from a fountain just unsealed. I blessed God that the shadow had not fallen upon her, and with more faith renewed my prayer, that her eye might remain undimmed with tears.

III.

Time sped on. I sat alone in my room, in a retired street of a large city. Some souvenir upon the table recalled the past, and I was musing upon the many changes that had been wrought in my own plans and purposes, and in the history of those of others with whom I had once been familiar. Some, very dear to my heart in former days, were sleeping in the dust; some were far removed, and seemed as truly lost to me as those already numbered with the dead; some had engaged in the world's strife for riches, and I had lost them in the eager crowd; some, who commenced with bright prospects, had signally failed; and with all, Time had been busy in filling up the varied cup which none may refuse to drink.

A gentle knock at my door, recalled me to myself, but the visitor who entered might well have carried me back again to the past. I needed not now to inquire for the token of sorrow; the shrouding black was eloquent with meaning—but there was more than this; her whole being seemed changed. Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and the rose had forsaken the cheek furrowed with tears. She was no stranger to me now as when we met before; for I had formed a slight acquaintance with her since her happy marriage; but I had yet to learn the history of her grief. Life's path, that opened so brightly, had at last been darkened. Still her troubles came not all at once. One by one her friends had departed, but there yet remained to her a comforter.

He soothed her with that true affection so grateful to the broken spirit, and while he lived, tried manfully to bear for her the burden of grief. But he too was stricken down, and she was left like the vine torn from its trellis, with nothing earthly to cling to. She had watched by him faithfully, and as she saw his strength failing day by day, she prayed earnestly that her own life might pass away with his. I had no antidote for such a grief, but I pointed her to the unfailing source of consolation—the love of Him who “doeth all things well.”

IV.

I saw her once again; but my hand trembles, even at this distance of time, as I recall the scene.

In a quiet country town, toward the close of an autumn day, a company were moving in solemn procession to the resting place of the dead, and we were soon gathered around an open grave. The bier rested, and the coffin lid was opened, that we might behold the last of earth's changes. I advanced and gazed upon the marble brow, pale cheek, and closed eye of the dead. She had faded with the early autumn leaves, and had now fallen to become undistinguished dust! As sorrow, change, and death, are part of the common lot, let us loosen our hold of earth, before our hearts are lacerated with grief, and thus preserve our happy memories by sending them before us into the world that opens beyond the tomb!

 THE TEARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

ONE moonlight night, Hillel walked with his disciple Ahira, amid the Gardens of the Mount of Olives.

Then Ahira said: “Behold yonder man in the beams of the moon; what doeth he?”

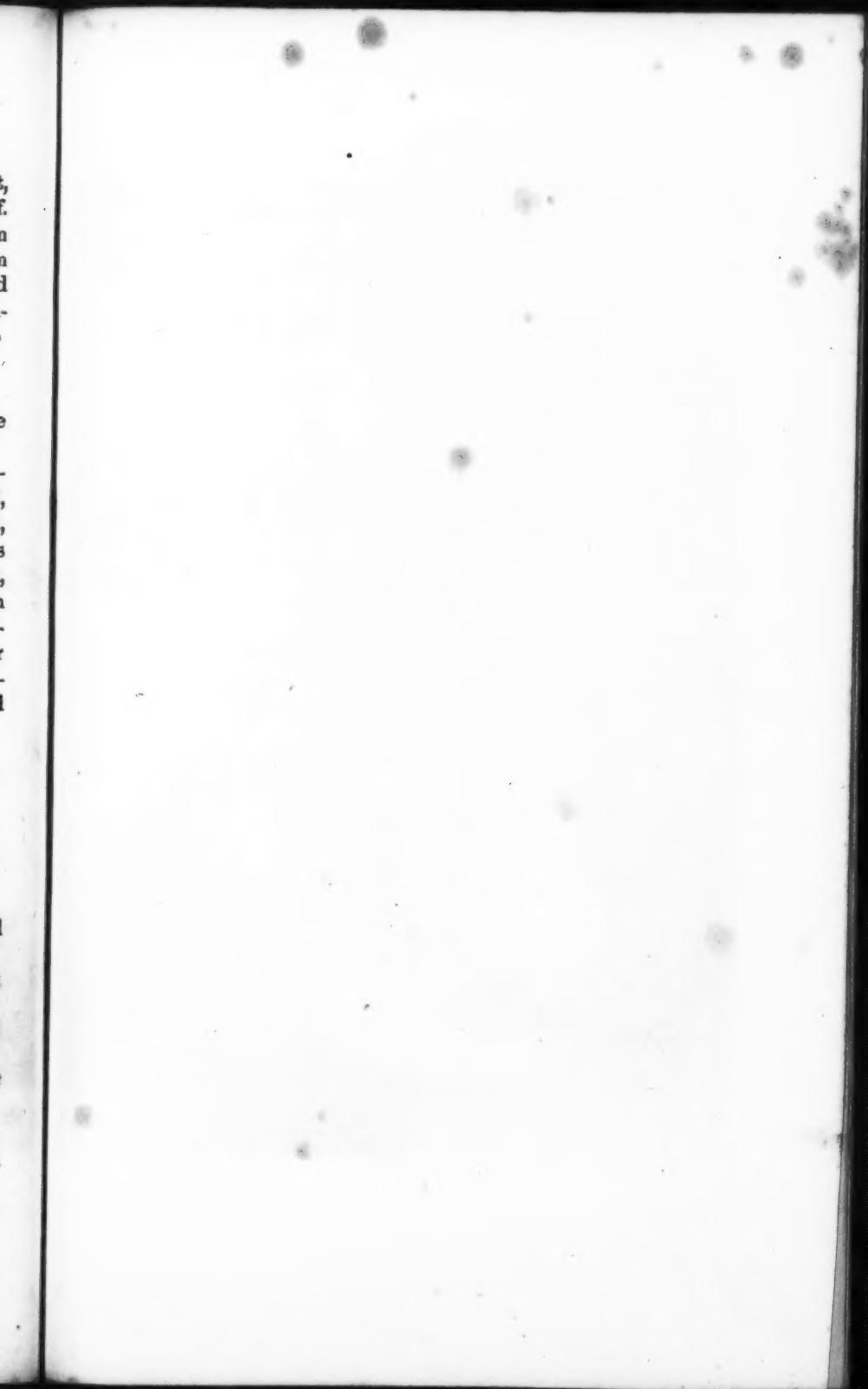
“Hillel said: “It is Zadoc; he sitteth by the grave of his son, and weepeth.”

And the youth answered: “Cannot then Zadoc moderate his grief? The people name him the Just and Wise!”

Hillel said: “Shall he therefore be insensible to sorrow?”

And Ahira asked: “But what advantage then hath the wise man over the fool?”

Then his teacher answered: “Behold the bitter tears of his eyes drop to the earth, but his countenance is turned toward heaven!”





Painted by Antonio Zucchi.

CUTTED FROM FIDLER'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE

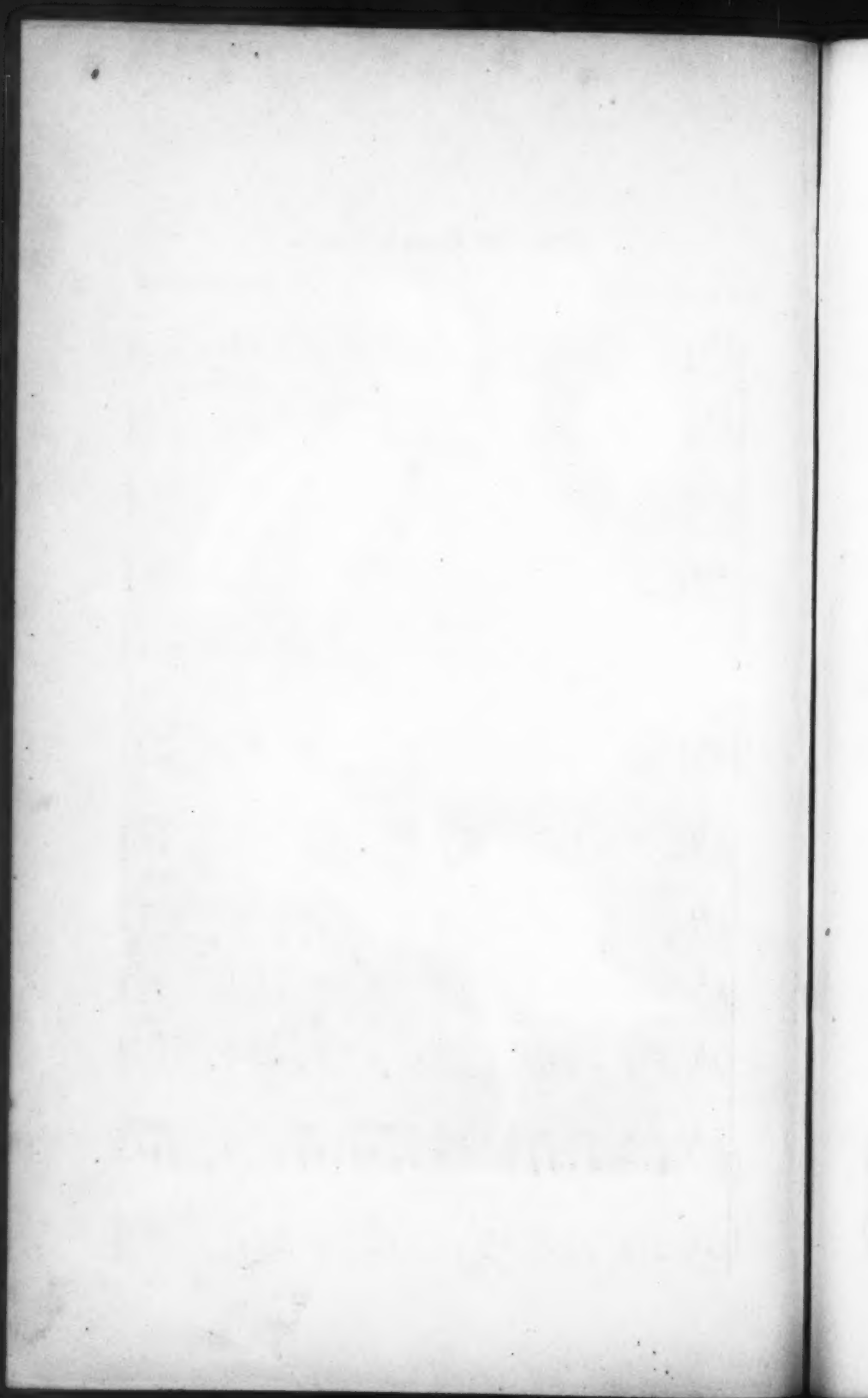
Engraved by J. F. B. & Co.

"They sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver"

GENESIS XXXVII 28



Rose of Sharon



"Oh! how Lovely is Zion."

From the Oratorio of "The Waldenses."

ASAMUEL ABBOT.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "O, how love-ly,". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with five staves. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics "love-ly is Zi-on! Zi-on, cit-y of our" are written under the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic and melodic support. The system concludes with a final cadence.

God, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

God, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with a treble clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with a bass clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Joy and peace dwell in thee, Joy and

Joy and peace dwell in thee, Joy and

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with a bass clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

FIRST TIME. SECOND.

peace ev - er dwell in thee; thee; ev - er dwell in.

FIRST TIME. SECOND.

peace ev - er dwell in thee; thee; ev - er dwell in

thee.

thee.

NEVERMORE.

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BY MARY.  
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At eventide I came to roam,
When scarce a whispering sound
Disturbed that ever sacred home,
The holy church-yard ground ;
When evening winds their gentle song,
And sweetest music pour,
Still murmuring as they pass along,
Nevermore.

I sat me by the lonely grave,
Of one who sought a name
In warlike deeds, an honor'd brave,
Whose only dream was fame.—
It gave not peace ;—this cannot fill
The hopes that ever soar ;—
The wind's soft music echoed still,
Nevermore.

I sought the sculptured tomb of one
Who lived for gold, and died
When deemed he scarce his race begun,
So filled with anxious pride :
He ever saw a future day
To crown his plenteous store ;—
I heard, yet still, that mournful lay,
Nevermore.

I found the lowly spot of earth,
Where rests a maiden form,
A heart of lasting precious worth,
Now gathered from the storm.
How dear to mind each hallowed view
Of friendship's pleasing lore,
And sad, to think that music true,
Nevermore.

Deep buried hopes, and darken'd dreams,
Bitter days of sorrow,
Those happy hours, and sunlight gleams,
Wishings for the morrow ;—
Pass'd away, now filled their measure,
To a still distant shore,
Thus to be our pain or pleasure,
Nevermore.

MOUNT VERNON.

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BY HELEN IRVING.  
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I NEVER remember to have seen a day in Spring more beautiful than that which smiled upon our pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. The early April winds that northward were blowing over fields of ice and snow, came warm along the green undulating shores of the beautiful Potomac, lifting the heads of fair young flowers, and calling out the fragrance from a thousand blossoms. A warm summer haze hung around the horizon, but the mid-heaven was blue and cloudless, and the river down which we glided reflected as bright a sunshine as ever made the morning glad.

Two hours upon these waters, brought us to the home and burial-place of Washington, now beautiful with all the bloom of the opening Spring. Mount Vernon rises abruptly from the shore, and by a gradual and continued ascent, through wild uncultivated grounds, along a path over which the shadows of new leaves were flickering, we came to the tomb—the tomb of Washington; and as first we stood before it, all that could wound the feeling or jar upon the taste, was lost in the reverential awe which stole over every heart and hushed every lip in the presence of the dead.

It often happens that the great and gifted whose names and deeds have been to us a story of wonder and of beauty from our childhood—who have worn forever the radiance of romance in all our dreams and thoughts, become to us, unconsciously, ideal;—we do not bring ourselves to realize that they have moved, and lived, and loved as we—and when we come to tread the paths they trod, to lay our hands upon things familiar to their touch, to find beauty in scenes that to their eyes were a daily joy, and, above all, to stand with but the single marble stone, between our living heart and the ruins of the temple which their spirit has hallowed, with an electric power comes over us the full consciousness of their mortality—in the shadow of the past that closes round us, the ideal puts on a real life which we lose no more.

To every American, the moment when first he stands beside the tomb of Washington must be one of deep and intense feeling, and now, when the nations are swaying to and fro, struggling for a freedom, which bought with blood, is lost again ere the battle-ground of their victory is dry, none can bend before it without the jubilant prayer

of gratitude for liberty swelling in his heart—a sad yearning toward the suffering world who would be as we—a soul-supplication for a blessing on their earnest strife.

There was a peculiar sadness in my spirit that day, for close beside me—so near that I could see the throbbing of the great, free heart, whose pulsations are the life of a whole land, stood Kossuth—the living wanderer from a home whence Freedom had first been driven, beside the grave of him who slept upon a soil which he had first made free. No sight could be more eloquent—the restless, yearning, hoping and despairing soul, laden with its mighty sorrow, side by side with him who slept serene and calm—the blessing won, the contest over.—No place in the world could be to Kossuth like the tomb of Washington, and none could look upon the unutterable sadness of his face without the prayer, “God be merciful to him, and to the people of his love.”

We lingered long near the tomb, and after a season, the feelings which had first been stirred gave way to emotions of sadness, almost of humiliation, that this sacred spot, this Mecca of free hearts, should wear the impress of such terrible neglect. It was not that the tomb was rough and coarse, and destitute of grace in architecture as of beauty in material; but the warm sunlight which shone through the iron gateway, upon the grandly simple marble sarcophagi where sleep the remains of Washington, and his noble wife, revealed the absence of even the care given to the humblest grave, which love has made.—None had cared to keep it free from soil—to “make beautiful the place of the dead.” Scattered here and there were last year’s leaves, blown in by the autumn wind, twigs and branches of shrubs, pebbles and bits of masonry, and mingled with all, remnants of faded evergreen and flowers, which might have been garlands, long, long ago. On the coffin of Washington lay a withered wreath of cedar, and that was the only tribute. No hand had trained vines or planted shrubs and flowers, or had a cherishing thought for the few trees, and I wondered that there was none among those who had a right to watch beside the grave—no woman, to whose heart it were a joy to tend a spot like this.

From the tomb we walked by beautiful winding paths to the house, and near me as we went, came at intervals the deep, sad melody of Kossuth’s voice, sounding there like a requiem. Ever is the voice of such a nature, deep and sad, and his in its mournful depth is sweet beyond expression; and that day was absent the child-gladness that makes his eyes at times so wondrous beautiful—only the shadow of apprehension and foreboding dwelt there—a gloom as of a fading hope.

The mansion at Mount Vernon has been long familiar to us, from description and engraving, but I had formed no idea of the beauty of its situation. It must have been a sweet home in days gone by—fair and graceful, and yet most republicanly simple, with its suite of small rooms, and plain, unpretending furniture. So much has been said of its sad dilapidation, that I found the place much better cared for than I anticipated. It seems to me to bear the marks of age more than neglect, and the spring freshness and loveliness every where, made all things look beautiful to me that day. The lawn and the garden seemed very fair in the warm April sun, and the trees, some of them planted by the hand of Washington, were vigorous and green.

Having the honor and the good fortune to be of Kossuth's party, we shared of course in the attentions paid to him and his Hungarian friends, and among other favors, gained admission to the library, a room not usually thrown open to visitors. Here was peculiarly Washington's home—remaining much as he left it. His books in the case, his writing-table, his chair, and about the room pictures which hung there during his life, and the bust taken from a cast of his face. To no one was opened the chamber in which he died—this has been always closed—but over all the lower part of the mansion we were kindly shown. These were the rooms where Washington dispensed his free hospitality to guests of many nations, where he had been happy and sad, and lived a home-life like each one of us; and these old walls had echoed to the sound of voices whose words, down all this lapse of years, yet thrill our deepest heart.

There are but few relics connected with the memory of Washington, remaining in the house, being nearly all at Arlington Place, in the keeping of Mr. Custis, but we were shown the spy-glass which he was accustomed to use—and the Key of the Bastile, given to Washington by Lafayette.

The two hours allotted to our stay seemed very brief. It would have been a joy to fling ourselves upon the green sward in sight of the beautiful Potomac, and dream away the day, with the past so vividly brought before us. Memories and associations, far and varied, came crowding around us, and days gone by so blended themselves with the present hour that time was forgotten, and when the impatient bell of the little steamer warned us to return, I emerged from the gloomy walls of the old Bastile, in half surprise to find the sun still shining, the waters flowing, and the free earth yet before me. Reverently we bade adieu to Mount Vernon, and as we glided away from its sacred shore, I felt that I had made, indeed, a pilgrimage.

THE FIRST TIME.

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 BY LELA LINWOOD.  
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THERE is a dawn to every thing we know,
 A budding, ere the perfect blossoms show,
 An Alpha in the heart's experiencing,
 A flight begun upon an untried wing.
 Initial lessons! e'en when more is known,
 They have a sweet and bitter all their own—
 Initial hours! no after hours can throw
 Such lights and shadows o'er the way we go;
 Not of all others, they the best or worst—
 This halo circles them—*they were the first!*

The hour when first we left our early home,
 Mid stranger faces, stranger scenes to roam—
 The busy world seemed lonely, wide, and cold,
 At night, we missed the shelter of the fold,
 By day, we wondered if there might be found,
 Amid the crowd of glad some faces round,
One heart so sad and weary as our own,
 And that poor heart was ever answering "none."
 We had not learned so early, to espy
 A sorrow lurking in the gayest eye.
 Time may have sternly taught us how to bear
 Our grief, with none its heavy load to share,—
 For *passing* trials, we may have no tears,
 And yet may weep that *first* of vanished years.
 What kindling joy within our spirits burned,
 When to our household band we first returned;
 And, once again, within the well-loved place,
 A Mother clasped us in her close embrace,—
 A Father's kiss upon our brow was set,—
 A Sister's cheek with glistening welcome wet—
 Affection's pride glowed in a Brother's eye,
 And every shade of grief made haste to fly.
 So melts away some mellow strain of song
 Which in the spirit is remembered long;
 But as the mem'ry plays it o'er and o'er,
 Each time 'tis mellow music than before.
 So lingers oft the golden sky of day,
 When the last sunbeam long hath passed away.

The sight our curious, eager eyes first caught
 Of some fair spot, long in the Fancy sought—
 Some bustling mart, our childhood ached to see;
 Whose heroes, or whose belles, we fain would be;

Or quiet town, beneath whose "classic shade,"
The plots of half our youthful dreams were laid—
This moved and thrilled us with electric power,
And hallowed in our hearts that first glad hour.

The time when first we saw that cherished face,
The words we spoke—the tones—the looks—the place—
Within the soul's vast picture-hall, they stand,
Vivid, as fresh from some great artist's hand.
These fadeless lines, no dust of Time shall spot,
E'en Death's dark waves, their colors cannot blot.
The first swift stroke that bowed some cherished head,
And laid a much-loved form beside the dead—
That closed the lips, our own were wont to press,
And sealed the eyes in leaden heaviness,
And laid the earthy clods, and turf above
The vacant temple of the soul we love;
Though Death may since have taken from our side,
A dearer friend and left a wound *more wide*,
There was a bitterness came brimming up,
We ne'er have tasted since that *first* full cup;
An aching sense that we must meet the fate
Of loss and grief repeated, soon or late;
That now the Archer will not long forbear,
Since once his cruel arrow did not spare.

Oh! "*the first time*"—these simple words will start
To deepest feeling, many a careless heart,
As with a powerful hand, unbid, they roll
Strains of long silent music o'er the soul!

THE PERSIAN BOY AND THE ROBBER.

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FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. ST. SIMON.  
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THE SIGHT OF VIRTUE CONVERTS THE WICKED.

"When I was yet a boy," thus relates the Persian poet, Abdul Kaadir, "I had a dream, which moved me to entreat my mother to permit me to take a journey to Bagdad, where I resolved to devote my life to God. After I had told her what I had seen in my dream, she wept, took out eighty dinars, and said that the half of this sum was all my inheritance, as I had a younger brother. When she gave me the forty dinars, she made me promise never to tell a lie. Then she

embraced me, and said—‘Go, my son! I commit you to God’s keeping! We shall never meet again until the day of judgment.’

“I walked cheerfully onward, and came near Homodonn, where our caravan was attacked and plundered by a band of sixty robbers. One of them asked me what money I had about me. ‘Forty dinars,’ I replied; ‘they are sewed in my clothes.’

“The robber laughed, and thought doubtless that I was jesting.—‘What money have you about you?’ asked a second. I gave him the same answer.

“As they were dividing the booty, I was called to a hill where their leader was standing. ‘What money have you, my little fellow?’ he began.

“‘Two of your men have already heard me say that I have forty dinars sewed in my clothes.’

“He directed some of those about him to rip up my clothes, and they found the money. ‘But how came you,’ he said, wondering, ‘to confess so readily what you might so easily have kept concealed?’

“‘Because I wished to keep the promise I gave my mother,’ I replied. ‘I promised her never to tell a lie.’

“‘How, boy!’ rejoined the robber, ‘thou, in thy youth, dost feel so deeply thy duty towards thy mother, and I, in my manhood, do not yet feel my duty towards my God. Give me thy hand, thou innocent boy! upon this hand I promise to lead henceforth a new life.’

“Thus spake the robber. His comrades stood for a long while, astonished and silent. Then they turned to their chief, and said—‘Thou hast been our leader upon the path of crime; be now our leader upon the path of virtue.’

“Then they all took my hand, promised to reform, and at the command of their leader, restored their booty.”

He who fears God most, fears men least.

Most men make a bad use of the knowledge they gain of each other by intimacy. The inconsideration of the mind is such, that if you mark it, you will find that men’s weaknesses and faults would be little known to you, if you did not learn them from their most intimate friends. Many who may love us cannot be profitable friends if they would, but will be ever harming us with the knowledge our affection has given them.

THE UTILITY OF TALENT.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

"ANY thing but a *literary* woman!" exclaimed Edward Ashton, entering the parlor and throwing himself on the sofa, while he repeated the adjective, in a tone of such sublime contempt, that had all the literary women in the land been present, they must have hid their diminished heads in confusion.

"Well, really, Edward, I am obliged to you," said his cousin Esther, looking up with a mischievous smile from her writing desk, where she was engaged in the repudiated employment of inditing an article for publication.

"Why, I hope *you* don't call yourself literary, Esther!" said Edward, with a very apparent softening of tone.

"In all due modesty, I suppose I ought to say *no*, my polite cousin," rejoined Esther—"but other people seem to have a different opinion from yourself. Did not the editor of the *Garland* call me a 'talented authoress,' last week, and have not I had several communications addressed 'to the *gifted* authoress?' 'Answer me that, Master Brook.' If that is not being *literary*, I should like to know what is"—and she assumed an expression of mock dignity.

"But, Esther, what I mean is, you don't go about the house *en deshabille*, or write sonnets to the moon, or spend all your time among books and papers."

"Of course not," said Esther. "One would think from what you say, that literary women were a lawless tribe, who went about whimpering all their days, or kept their heads out of the window all night, looking at the moon. You remind me of my old Geography, which says, 'the Arabs are a wild and wandering race, traveling about from desert to desert, living principally upon their flocks, or by pillage.'—Women, who are so unfortunate as to have a taste for literature, are not born with pens in their hands, I do assure you, any more than some other people are with silver spoons in their mouths. Seriously, Edward, in these days, and with your liberal sentiments, I am surprised at your sweeping denunciation. You must have some personal pique against one of the class you mention so ungallantly."

"I believe I spoke rather hastily," admitted Edward, softening more and more, for he had a very high opinion of his cousin Esther, who had been visiting his mother's family for about a month; "but really I felt

quite aggravated, this morning, by the dilapidated condition of the apparel of our neighbor, Mrs. Lindley's children, and I, being a bachelor, and not astonishingly fond of children, think you must acknowledge that I have just cause for it. Those two little girls, whom you have noticed so often at the window, were playing in the street, this cold November morning, with nothing to protect their heads, necks, or arms, while their dress was of that thin material, I believe you ladies call *barege*. The poor little things looked actually blue with cold.—But the boy, their little brother, who is really a fine little fellow—I wish you could have seen him, Esther,—I could not help thinking of the Irish mother's description of her lost child :

'He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim, With one shoe on, and the other shoe's a boot, and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.'

Really if he had been fitted out at a Rag Fair, he could not have boasted a more miscellaneous wardrobe, and yet, Mrs. Lindley, it is said, mingles in the best society. I dare say she was within the house, writing a pathetic description of some imaginary "Beggar's Child," or inditing a sonnet to the 'Last Days of Autumn.' A glance at her poor little neglected and half frozen children might certainly supply her with some new ideas on either subject."

"I must confess it is rather a hard case," said Esther. "No woman is excusable for neglecting her family and herself, for literary pursuits, however agreeable or engrossing they may be—and I fear Mrs. Lindley has not attained the degree of perfection attributed to the '*pattern authoress*.'"

"The '*pattern authoress* !' repeated Edward. "I never heard of her before, unless, indeed, my cousin Esther may be the individual"—and the young man bowed with much gallantry, considering the contemptuous emphasis he had placed on the word *literary*, a short time before.

"Don't flatter yourself that I am the favored individual," said Esther laughing. "I never expect to attain to that height of excellence portrayed in what I am about to read you. It was written for the benefit of a young gentleman, as skeptical as yourself, but like our old Almanac, is suitable for this meridian, prefaced, however, with the remark, that 'A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men.'

THE PATTERN AUTHORESS.

EUREKA! found at last! rejoice! the *sphere*, so long contested,
Wherein the crowning virtues of *woman* are invested;
Consisting mainly, we are told, in wonderful facility
Of making poetry and *pies*, with equal capability;—

In coming down, with easy grace, in lieu of cooks or waiters,
 From proud Parnassus's airy heights, to pancakes and potatoes,
 She, who can leave the world ideal, where airy dreams are flocking,
 And calmly 'put a room to rights,' or darn her husband's stocking;
 Can talk of Blackstone, learnedly, like any well read lawyer,
 Chop metaphysics with the sage, and logic like a sawyer;
 'Materia Medica' rehearse, and quote for her physician,
 And talk of 'territorial claims' with any politician,
 Discuss theology with divines, and all the other 'ologies,
 With various arts, and sciences, our wise ones learn in colleges:
 And yet at home, in what pertains to sound domestic science,
 And calmly pushing on, through all, with modest self-reliance,
 Will gratify her husband's whims, before the wish is uttered,
 Will see the children sent to school, and duly bread and buttered,
 With faces clean, with locks well combed, aproned and pantaletted,
 All this with equanimity, unworried and unfretted,
 Blest with a disposition sweet, no circumstance can vary,
 When found, she'd *do*, perhaps, to quote to ladies literary."

"Esther!" said Edward, in a very dignified manner, and only condescending to smile a very little at this effusion. "You do not seriously suppose that I expect to find the counterpart of your portrait, or that a literary woman, in my estimation, must possess all these attributes to be tolerable?"

"Why, no," said Esther. "I don't give you credit for such absurdity, but I do think, 'respected sir,' if you will pardon me for saying so, that you may be among those whose prejudices are strong against such women, as you fancy overstep the bounds allotted to woman's sphere. What you would condemn, as wholly unjustifiable in a literary woman, you would consider perfectly right, proper, and consistent in one of your own sex. What I ask is, that equal justice be meted out to both sexes, in this matter. But really, Edward, I find myself on the verge of a controversy; and as discretion is the better part of valor, I will recommend you to find a substitute, for your unworthy cousin, among the members of the Worcester Woman's Rights Convention. I really cannot undertake to be the champion of my own cause to-day, for I am in haste to finish this sketch, if you please."

"Oh, certainly, go on," said Edward, good humoredly—"do not let me interrupt you; but I hope before long to have the pleasure of an amiable little discussion with you on some of these contested points."

Esther smiled assent, and resumed her writing, while Edward took up a book from the centre table, and leisurely turned over the pages; but soon throwing it aside, he occupied himself, as he reclined comfortably on the sofa, by watching the quick, animated play of his cousin's features, and the rapid movement of her pen, as she traced page after page before her.

"I declare, Esther, it is perfectly delightful to see *you* write!" he at last exclaimed, while a very agreeable smile lighted up his fine face.

"Why so?" asked Esther, looking up, blushing and laughing at the same time.

"Because I can almost fancy that I can see what you are writing about. I am sure the varying expression of your countenance must harmonize with the sentiments you are tracing."

"I did not know that my face was such a tell-tale," rejoined Esther, "but I really do feel very much interested in what I am writing."

"Sufficiently so to read it aloud to me, when you have finished it?" inquired Edward.

"Yes, if you wish it, and will make all due allowances, &c.," she replied. "I am just now approximating towards a close, and you shall have it presently."

Rapidly tracing the page that remained, the pretty authoress finished her task, and then, seating herself comfortably in the rocking chair, she read as follows:—

THE UTILITY OF TALENT:

Or, *Katherine Allyn's Protégé.*

PASSING out of a pleasant old homestead, in the suburbs of the village of B—, two young ladies strolled leisurely along the highway, calmly enjoying the delicious beauty of a sunny afternoon in early June. The younger of the two, a handsome, fair-haired girl, was remarkably desultory in her movements, pausing ever and anon to admire the landscape, or some object near her, or tripping here and there with a light elastic step, to gather a spray of wild roses, or chase a brilliantly colored butterfly, evidently without having any particular object in view; while the other walked slowly and quietly along. She had evidently been talking on a subject that interested her, for after strolling awhile with a thoughtful air, she remarked, as if continuing some previous train of conversation, and in an earnest tone of voice—

"I do not think, Helen, that you understood my remark about making talent available."

"Available!" repeated Helen, who was at that moment walking backward, suddenly pausing in her employment of pulling off the white petals of a daisy, one by one, and repeating meanwhile the cabalistic sentences, "This I love, this I hate," &c. "Why, it means writing a poem, or sketch of some kind, for a magazine or periodical, and getting well paid for it. This is my idea of making talent *available*, and if I had the talent for story telling that you have, *ma chère amie*, the sum

I should obtain for my *effusions* would become *available* instantan, in transferring that French straw hat, we saw at Mareceau's yesterday, from his counter to my head," and she resumed her former employment with great nonchalance.

"To be sure, that is making one's talents available in a certain sense, and in some cases it is very gratifying; but that is not exactly the idea I meant to convey. I wish I could rid myself of the feeling of responsibility which is somehow connected with every thing I write. Not that I imagine that I am going to affect the destinies of nations," she added laughingly, "but as far as my own individual feelings are concerned, I feel a certain conscientiousness—I must not assert any thing to be right, which I believe to be morally wrong, and *vice versa*; but lend what little influence I have to side with the right, however unpopular it may be."

"Of course, you expect to do that," said Helen, dropping the leafless relic she held, and picking another on which to commence a similar assault. "It is really refreshing to hear a romantic person talk so sensibly."

"And then," continued Katherine, seemingly unmindful of Helen's rejoinder, "I have been thinking that I should be better satisfied if the compensation I obtain for my literary efforts should be devoted to some charitable purpose."

"Such as endowing a college, or founding a hospital," said Helen, with inflexible gravity. "I strongly approve of that. I would advise you to commence immediately."

"Nonsense, Helen! do be serious for five minutes together," said Katherine, a little impatiently.

"Well, I *am* serious," said Helen, springing that moment for a bough of lilacs that overhung a fence. "If you don't approve of that, why don't you appropriate it for the education of some colored child, in the desert of Sahara, or the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Liberia, you mean," said Katherine, laughing.

"Liberia, or Siberia, it does not matter which," rattled on Helen. "If I ever write a book, I mean to devote the proceeds of it to the education of some African boy, who is to be named after me—at least, I mean, some African *girl*."

"That is not so bad a plan, after all," said Katherine, musingly, "but I always like to see the result of my labors; and ten thousand chances to one, I shall never see my namesake, unless I should go on a voyage there, which, to say the least, is not very probable. I wish I had a *protege*, some sweet, loveable pet, in whom I could feel an all-absorbing interest, and to whom I could be all that heart could wish."

"Katherine Allyn, that is precisely like you!" laughed Helen, good humoredly. "I think I see the *protégé* you would select—a pale, *spirituelle*, slender boy—who is to serve you in the capacity of a page, or something equally romantic, who is to grow up superlatively interesting, and finally become a great poet, or orator, or perhaps the President of the United States. Or else it is some golden-haired, blue-eyed little sylph, who is to be the admiration of every lady, and grow up to do you infinite credit. No, Katherine, if you intend to make any merit of it, don't follow your taste in the matter—and to prevent disappointment, let me tell you that you will not find your beau-ideal among the sun-burnt, dirty little children of *our* village, whatever other villages may boast; and any body, who owns such an infant phenomenon as you would wish, would be very unwilling to part with it—so I think you might as well dismiss that project at once. But, dear me! see here, I am at home already, and there is Ally waiting for me at the gate—so good bye, if you will not come in with me"—and the gay girl ran lightly in, looking back, and waiving her hand.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! you are incorrigible!" said Katherine, smiling with her adieu,—and as her friend disappeared within the door, she turned slowly into a circuitous path, which led her back to her father's dwelling, down a gently sloping hill, and across two or three fields.—She walked leisurely along, evidently musing, and as the sunlight of the waning afternoon shed its golden glory about her, there was a certain something in her appearance which irresistibly attracted the beholder. Her age might, perhaps, have been twenty-six or seven; she was somewhat above the middle height, with a graceful and dignified contour of figure, which was very pleasing. Fine dark eyes, an expressive, but not faultless mouth, and an open, intellectual brow, made up a face not strictly beautiful, but interesting in the extreme. The face indicated earnest thought, and an habitually pensive expression revealed the traces of former suffering. She was as young as Katherine Allyn, yet the freshness and enthusiasm which are the spring-time of life at whatever age they exist, had almost faded from her heart. The shadowing, the passing away, one by one, of the brilliant dreams in which her poet nature had revelled, and above all, the faithlessness and heartlessness of *one* in whom all her deepest and warmest feelings had been centered, had taught her earlier than most others the painful lesson of distrust, which all, who mingle much with the world, must sooner or later learn. The lesson had been a bitter one, and for a short time, her ardent, impulsive nature almost sunk under it, and it gave for a brief portion of her life's history, a dark and gloomy shade of misanthropy to her character. Gradually, however,

she emerged from this darkness into a more healthful state of feeling, and though the unsuspecting confidence, the freshness of enthusiasm, which had marked an earlier period of her life, had passed away, she was better fitted for the varied experiences of the future—like all who have loved and suffered, and triumphed at last. To love was still a necessity of her nature, but it was no longer a confiding love, that looked up to and leaned upon its object—woman's truest love—but it was self-reliant in its nature: it reached forth and drew its object to itself with a caressing guardianship in which it sought to expend its intensity. The child of parents in moderate circumstances, the taste she had early developed for literature had been carefully nurtured, and for a time it became an almost all-absorbing pursuit; but she had lately awakened to the consciousness that it could not satisfy the cravings of an immortal nature—and aptly came the lesson to her after the one sweet dream of her woman's heart had faded out. She saw that she was to live for something higher and nobler than the mere gratification of her tastes, elevated though they might be, or for the sake of that fame which, in her sphere of literary pursuits, had been liberally awarded her. She had begun to act and think conscientiously, and this gave an impetus and energy and decision to her naturally fine character. And with the desire to be up and doing, came a host of half-formed purposes and resolves. These, and her interview with her friend, had awakened a train of thought, in which she was so deeply immersed, as she walked slowly along, that as she turned her steps toward her favorite resort—a bank, overhung by a willow, and sloping down to a little stream—she was not aware that her usual seat was already occupied. A boy, perhaps of fifteen, not remarkably prepossessing in his appearance, inasmuch as his garments were exceedingly shabby, his countenance, though indicating good humor and intelligence, completely dotted with freckles, and his hair, possessing more than a classic tinge of red in its auburn. He was so thoroughly absorbed in a dingy looking volume he was reading, that he was not for some minutes aware of the presence of Katherine, who at once recognized him as the son of a very poor and obscure family in the village. When he became aware of her presence, however, he suddenly started up, with a confused attempt at an apology, and was about to depart, but Katherine motioned to him to stay.

"You need not go, Lauren," she said. "I only intend remaining here a moment. But how does it happen that you are here? I thought your mother had engaged a place for you in the factory."

"Yes, ma'am, but there is not work enough for me now, and I have been doing little jobs of work in the village. This afternoon is the first leisure I have had."

"And so you are improving it by reading Robinson Crusoe, or the Arabian Nights Entertainments," said Katherine, smiling.

"Not those, exactly," said the boy, coloring deeply. "It is a Latin Grammar I have been trying to learn."

"A Latin Grammar!" echoed Katherine, with surprise. "It appears to me that this is a strange study for you! Are you sure you understand English Grammar perfectly?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy promptly. "I have studied it through from beginning to end, and I know it all by heart."

"And you are trying to study Latin without a teacher," said Katherine, looking with interest at the boy.—"How far are you in your Grammar?"

The boy pointed to the verb that he was endeavoring to conjugate.

"Let me hear you decline this noun," she said, pointing out a particular word.

The boy declined it, with much embarrassment, but without a single mistake.

"Lauren," said Katherine, as she closed the book and requested him to sit down—"how came you to think of studying this Grammar?"

"Because, ma'am," said Lauren, with some enthusiasm sparkling from his eyes, "ever since I can remember, I have always had a great idea of being a scholar, a learned man, like our minister. I remember when I was a little boy, I used to lie awake at night and think of it, and I shall not give it up yet, if I can ever get a chance to go to school again."

"But you have been to school?" enquired Katherine.

"Yes, for two or three winters, but in summer there is enough else to do, and now I have got a place in the factory, there will be no more chance, for mother says that I must be earning something for the family, or we shall all starve, for she can get but little to do, and the rest of the children are too young to help much."

"But what time have you had to study?" asked Miss Allyn, "for know that you go to the factory almost before daylight, and do not return until after dark, and then you must be completely wearied out."

"I have studied by moonlight, and firelight, part of the time," said Lauren, "and I have bought some school-books at half price from two or three boys, and have studied them all through, too—for you know, ma'am, 'where there's a will, there's a way,' " he added modestly.

"Lauren," said Katherine, suddenly breaking the silence of a few minutes, during which she had been deeply engaged in thought—"how should you like to go to Mr. Raymond's school this fall?"

"Mr. Raymond, who teaches Latin and Greek!" exclaimed Lauren,

his whole face glowing with excitement. "Oh, Miss Allyn, I should like it of all things best!" but his countenance fell as suddenly, and he said in an altered voice, "but I have nothing to pay my schooling with or to get the books that I shall want."

"I will attend to that," said Katherine—"but think a moment, Lauren—what would you be willing to do, for the sake of going to school? You know that your mother depends partly, for the support of the family, on the wages you get at the factory; and she might justly complain of me for wishing to withdraw you from it. Suppose I could prevail on Mr. Raymond to hear your lessons in the evening, would you be willing to study half the night, for two or three years more?"

"Oh, ma'am," said the boy, his plain face actually brilliant with hope and enthusiasm, "I would do any thing and every thing for the sake of learning something. I don't know what I can do—but *I will try*," and this last sentence was uttered with a hopeful earnestness which seemed to predict success.

"I will go and speak to your mother about it this evening," said Katherine, feeling renewed interest in the boy, "and if she will allow you, you may come up to my home every other evening, and recite to me. My knowledge of Latin is not very extensive," she continued, smiling, "but it will help you through two or three books like that," and she turned away to depart, leaving Lauren almost speechless with pleasure and surprise.

"Well, my wish is really gratified, all at once," thought Katherine, as she walked homeward with a brisker pace—"I have found a *protege* without seeking for him. I wonder what Helen would say to him," she thought, recalling, with something like amusement, the unprepossessing appearance of the boy. "She would certainly call him a hopeful young Arab, with his sunburnt face, and shock head of hair! I must try to get him a presentable suit of clothes before I shall dare exhibit him," and with a new field opened for thought and employment Katherine entered her home. That very evening she started in quest of the widow Morris, the mother of the boy. She found her home a very humble one, in an obscure part of the village, and herself a woman of very ordinary appearance and ability. To Katherine's proposition, that Lauren should avail himself of the opportunity for acquiring an education, which she intended giving him, she did not listen with any great degree of enthusiasm. She said "she didn't have much opinion of this book-learning. It might do well enough for rich people that had nothing else to do; but for her part, she thought poor people had better be trying to get a living some other way. She had no objec-

tion to Lauren's going to recite to Miss Allyn, if he finished his work round the house before he went, but she could not think where he got his *bookishness* from. He certainly did not get it from her."

Katherine thought this last announcement quite superfluous—but, pleased even with this somewhat ungracious permission, she joyfully set about a benevolent project for her scholar. A new incentive to exertion was now afforded her—the feeling of listlessness in which she had often indulged was now absorbed in the delightful feeling of having something in which to enlist her sympathies and energies, and one great secret of happiness, *constant occupation*, was unfolded to her.

The daughter of a father in good circumstances, hitherto every reasonable wish had been gratified, and the proceeds of her literary labors had been expended in trifles of no moment. Now there was an opportunity of rendering them essentially available—an opportunity, too, of some personal sacrifice and self-denial, for she resolved that the scheme she had in view should depend entirely on her own exertions. Those literary efforts, which had been the natural outworkings of her fine mind, had hitherto never been directed to any special purpose—her talents were not sufficiently varied or appreciated to render the success of her efforts any strong stimulus for a diligent effort. She had written, like all true poets, from a necessity of her nature—the necessity of giving expression to feelings too ardent, a love of the beautiful too intense, to remain quiescent. Now, she wrote not for fame—not for her love of song only—but because upon it depended the success of noble and benevolent resolves; and the aims, which now gave light and joy to her future, gave also a tone, an intensity, a deeper purpose to her intellectual progress, which told of gradually developing power. But did she succeed in the accomplishment of her hopes and purposes respecting her *protégé*? We shall see.

In the pulpit of a tasteful and crowded church, in one of our large Western cities, stood its minister—a man, whose brilliant intellect, earnest, evangelical effort, and unusual scholastic acquirements, had made his name ring through the length and breadth of the land, even before he had attained the prime of manhood. Do you recognize in that keen penetrating eye, that massive brow, that stalwart form, the little sunburnt, shock-headed factory boy, who years ago sat under the old willow tree by the brook, conning a dilapidated Latin Grammar? If you do not—Katherine Allyn, the dignified and universally respected preceptress of one of our most celebrated Western female seminaries, whose ready and brilliant pen, whose benevolent, untiring personal effort, and fearless advocacy of the right, have made her name most favorably and universally known among the daughters of the land—

she, at least, recognizes him—and well she may, for she has followed his fortunes thither, and in the broad West has found a wider field for exertion than she had ever pictured in her girlhood's dreams. As *she* sits now, surrounded by her pupils—who have come up from homes in various parts of the land, to participate in her instructions—and as she listens to the manly, fearless, and almost startling exposition of truths which chains irresistibly every heart and ear in that great audience, she looks at him with the old thrill of emotion with which, years ago, she met his eye fixed only on her, when the youth, taught by her own lips at the beginning, educated solely by her exertions and his own, and passing triumphantly through his collegiate course, stood on the platform of the old college at N—— on its Commencement day. Then, looking down at the sea of faces before him, he met *her* glance, fixed so earnestly and anxiously upon him, and saw her countenance lighted up with the never-to-be-forgotten sympathy and joy as the walls of the old college building echoed with the applause of his hearers.—That was a day long to be remembered by both; but this was in no wise inferior to it in joy. It was a happy day for all—for the church, gathered in by his exertions, met to-day in their pew house of worship, and the hopes and wishes and successes of pastor and people were mutual. As Katherine looked around on the large audience, enthralled by his eloquence—at the church, widening and extending her borders, and sending forth an influence, over the broad land, never to be fully comprehended until the secrets of all hearts shall be made known—her heart swelled high with mingled emotions of gratitude, humility, and joy, and she bowed her head to conceal the tears which would not be repressed.

One more scene of Katherine Allyn's life-history, and we have done. It is the close of the academic year, in the flourishing female institution over which she has long presided. Warned by failing health and advancing years, she is now to resign her office into other hands. She has seen many similar days, but this is one of peculiar interest and excitement to her, for those over whose interests and progress she has watched, are most of them to go forth, for the last time, from her presence—East, West, North and South—to bear to many a distant home and hearth the influence of the lessons they have learned under her teaching. The exercises of examination are past—hopes and fears have become certainties; the diplomas are awarded, and now every eye among parents and teachers, and the departing band of young and throbbing hearts, is fixed upon Dr. M——, the distinguished scholar and divine, who is to address them. He alludes to the occasion which had thus assembled them, and then speaks of woman's constantly

enlarging sphere of action—of her beautiful, if well directed, influence—of the duties that lie before her, and before these, particularly, who are going forth to-day into the world. He speaks of the earnest effort to do good, which makes woman's life truly noble and beautiful, and which alone is worthy of her; and to those who have been entrusted with the important gift, the beautiful dower of song, he gives an earnest admonition to use that gift aright. He tells them of the wide spread influence woman's heart may exert through her pen—an influence which is every year unfolding more and more—and he strives to make them feel that it is no light thing thus to be entrusted and endowed. Then as his eye softens, and his voice grows earnest with the memories of the past, he speaks of one who long since devoted the talents with which God had endowed her, to a purpose which had no thought of self—and then he speaks of a little boy, ill clad and poor, but full of undefined and earnest aspirations, and the consciousness of a soul struggling for expansion and utterance, who sat one day conning over a book under the shadow of a tree in a far off valley of New England. Then he tells how he then and there met with her whose awakened sympathies dated from that afternoon, through many years of sacrifice and personal effort on her part, and unremitting, grateful toil and exertion on his own. Before he has finished his story, devoid of all personal allusions as it is, some assembled there recognize the hero of his narrative in the distinguished speaker before them, and his benefactress in their beloved preceptress. It is an unexpected narration to that noble looking and still graceful woman, whose brow, now traced by the lapse of years, is partially shaded by her hand, upon which it rests. She appreciates the tribute, but makes no effort to allude to it, for this is not the time and place—but he knows her heart, and expects no reply.

The valediction is pronounced—the farewell tears are shed—the last echo of kind parting words and departing feet has died out of the hall, and she who sits there alone in the gathering twilight, numbering over her memories of the past, looks up to the serene heavens with an almost overpowering sense of gratitude and humility, and from her full heart bursts forth this ejaculation—"My Father, thou hast blest me abundantly!"

New Haven, May, 1852.

We boast of freedom, and yet are held in bondage by the little which we call our own.

DEATH AND HEAVEN.

BY MARY S. CHAPMAN.

It is very easy to throw the drapery of sentimentality around the dying bed, and to idealize heaven and the spirit's passing. The marble cheek, the death-damps upon the brow, and whispered farewells to all the soul holds dear, give pathos to the romance and open a wide field for the novelist and poet to display their graceful fancies. But how unlike is all this to bringing thoughts of death to our *own* hearts. To *die* is something *more* than to fade like the flowers. It is to feel the last life-breath freeze upon the lips, and to see eternity, like one vast panorama, unfolding to the vision: it is to feel the life-tide ebbing in our veins, and to know that we shall soon be ushered into the presence of the Eternal. I do not wonder that men shrink from death; but I do marvel that they should so wrap it in poetical delusions. It is not merely a deathless soul, holding its pale vigils over a dying casket. It is the unveiled spirit coming into the presence of Him on whom never mortal looked and lived—bidding a lingering farewell to a cherished form, ere it flies to the judgment seat of God.

And Heaven, it seems to me, is something more than the home of the Ideal—the land of flowers and sunshine. The Scandinavians believed it to be one wide hunting ground where they might drink beer from the skulls of their enemies; and surely the Heaven of the modern sentimentalist is not more true to the reality. They who love the dreamy moonlight, and the solemn stars, will therefrom fashion their pictures of the spirit-land. The lover of sweet sounds, one who has never felt the spirit-birth, might hope to find there angel voices and exquisite harmony of tone; while the scholar looks forward to it as to the home of expansive intelligence. The mourner, heart-broken and weary, dreams of that far-away land where the dear ones dwell. So it is with most of us. With earthly threads we are wont to weave the tissue of Heaven. But to the devoted Christian, the one idea will be that God is there. How can they who never bowed the knee in prayer, or felt their hearts glow with love, as they communed with their Father in secret, speak of the glories of that better land!

The true Christian poet should not pander to vitiated taste—but reverently, half tremblingly, speak of the spirit's passing and its home in the skies, as sublime realities. To die happy, we must not merely

cultivate a love for the beautiful ; we must have faith in Jesus Christ. Reader ! wouldst thou be a child of Heaven ? Cherish then its spirit upon earth ; live daily as seeing Him who is invisible ; walk with your Maker in sweet companionship, as did Enoch, until like him you have but to leave the threshold of earth to enter upon eternal joys.

TEARS WILL RISE.

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 BY MISS MARY SCOTT.  
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Oh, tears will rise ! Vainly the spirit's might
 Doth struggle 'gainst the welling tide—
 Or strive in dark oblivion's night
 Some transitory grief to hide—
 Still to unwilling eyes—oh, tears will rise !

Oh, tears will rise ! remembered notes of joy
 Will echo in the organ's swell
 When songs of praise the tongue employ—
 And with the lays we loved so well,
 Upgushing to the eyes—oh, tears will rise !

Oh, tears will rise ! at twilight's pensive hour,
 When over hallowed dust we bend—
 Or 'mid the scenes of some gay festive bower,
 The heart its tribute still may send
 An instant to our eyes—oh, tears will rise !

Oh, tears will rise ! when at the parting scene
 We press the hand, nor dare to speak ;
 At the return of one on whom we lean
 Lest the full heart with joy should break,
 To pure affection's eyes—oh, tears will rise !

Oh, tears will rise ! tears for the youthful dead ;
 With them again in dreams of night
 Life's hope-embowed paths we tread—
 No memory mars our new delight—
 Day dawns upon our eyes—oh, tears will rise !

No tears will rise, should we at last be found
 Among that pure and happy band
 Who day and night the throne surround
 In yonder fair and glorious land—
 To our enraptured eyes—no tears will rise.

"I'M ALMOST HOME."

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BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.  
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THE balmy odors of a morn in Spring,
Stole through the lattice of a curtain'd room,
Where sat the angel Death with folded wing
Beside a dying child—The sweet perfume
Circling in playful eddies through the gloom,
Fan'd her pale cheek, and her soft wavy hair,
Clustering in golden curls, around her forehead fair.

She was a fair and glorious child from birth !
Her large dark eyes, fill'd with a dreamy light,
Whene'er she laughed or smiled in winsome mirth,
With kindling lustre beamed intensely bright,
Like stars that gild the jewel'd brow of night !
Too fair for earth—her ample forehead wore
A hallowed radiance borrowed from some brighter shore.

Her parents watched her with unceasing care ;—
To them she seem'd a being glorified,
Standing alone upon that topmost stair
Whence heavenly angels with light footsteps glide,
Along that narrow line which doth divide
The spirit land from ours ;—whence their sweet dove
Plumed her bright silvery wing, for the blest home above.

They were not doomed to see her slowly fade ;—
Death's lovely angel found her gathering flowers,
While in the pauses of her work she made
Sweet music echo through the woodland bowers,
Glittering with tears, which April wept in showers ;
Touching her brow, he said in accents mild,
Wear thou the seal of Heaven's adopted child.

That night the fever burned within her veins,
Baffling in its swift course all human skill ;
A sweet delirium charmed away her pains—
Softly she murmur'd of her flowers, until
The angel's clasp upon her breast grew chill !
She smiling whisper'd that she knew 'twas death
That chilled her glowing frame, and stole away her breath.

Nearer—and nearer, roll'd the billowy sea
Of Jordan's waves, which she so soon must tread,
While her dark glazing eye, continuously,
Watched the beloved forms around her bed,
The Saviour laid his arm beneath her head !
And then she softly murmured, " they are come—
Mother—I see a light—now I am almost home !"

Earville, N. Y.

JOSEPH.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D.D.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE history of Joseph is unique, simple, and touchingly beautiful. It is a gem set in the word of God to fascinate the young—as a heritage and blessing to all. It is a drama of varied and wonderful incident, illustrating the lights and shadows of human life. It opens upon us at a time and under circumstances adapted to awaken our sympathies. Joseph is a mourner in his young life, bereaved of his mother when most he needs her care and guardianship—the object of fraternal jealousy and cruel hate. Still he was his father's idol. "He loved Joseph more than all his children because he was the son of his old age," and the son of his beloved Rachel. He loved his other children, but Joseph was his favorite, and this favoritism he expressed in "a coat of many colors."

Ah! there was his fatal error, the innocent occasion for open hostility: "And when his brethren saw that their father loved *him* more than all his brethren, they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him." That hatred which arises from envy is most bitter and malignant. No generous emotions mingle with it or qualify its intensity. It gangrenes the entire heart, and checks its better impulses.

Now Joseph had dreamed two separate, yet similar dreams, apparently prophetic of his future greatness, and without pretending to understand their import, in his guileless simplicity he related them. To his brethren, they conveyed a meaning. "And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words." The smothered fires of envy were now kindled to a flame, and they began to cherish the secret purpose of revenge.

They had been sent by Jacob, their father, to feed his flocks in Shechem. Many long days had passed, and he desired to know of their welfare. Joseph, ever responsive to his father's wish, and with no emotions of fear and no apprehensions of danger, said, "Here am I." Already have the trembling lips of the Patriarch uttered the oft repeated blessing, "God be gracious to thee, my son."

Behold now the lad, how lightly he trips over the earth and pursues the path leading from his father's tent, thinking only of pleasant memories and happy greetings. "And when they saw him afar off, even

before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him." It was not an unpremeditated impulse, but a nursed hatred, now forming itself into a most diabolical plot, for they said among themselves, "Behold this dreamer cometh, come now therefore and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, some evil beast hath devoured him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Scarcely had these words died away on their lips, ere the object of their revenge, with his face all glowing with the deep and earnest emotions of his heart, was in their presence, saluting them with their father's benedictions and anxiously inquiring after their welfare.

But how must his countenance have fallen and his young heart fluttered with fear, as he perceived no fraternal response, but rather the dark spirit of evil expressed in every look and action.

Still in this remorseless band, there was one heart that retained a spark of generous emotion, that throbbed with fraternal compassion, and would say, "Let us not kill him, but cast him into this pit in the wilderness," evidently cherishing the secret and honorable devise of ultimately restoring him to his father. This plea of Reuben prevailed. And immediately the poor trembling youth, regardless of the anguish of his soul, was stripped of his coat of many colors, and thrown into the pit. Their dark design being partially accomplished, with a kind of fiendish delight, "they sat down to eat bread," apparently unconscious of the cries of their innocent and unoffending brother. He had done nothing amiss, he was not responsible for his father's weakness, if such it might be called, in too fondly loving the child of his old age. For ought that appears to the contrary, he had borne his parent's preference and partiality with meekness, and ever treated his brethren with deference and affection. He had now visited them on an errand of love, and was anxious for their welfare. And his full heart must have been ready to burst with sorrow as he found himself tortured and deserted by those who ought to have been his guardians and friends.

How long he remained a prisoner in the pit, the history does not inform us. The deep shadows of night may have fallen upon him, and feverish and restless may have been his sleep on that cold, damp earth. But while men were working against him, God was working for him, and sent a company of Ishmaelitish merchantmen along that way with a train of camels, "bearing spicery and balm and myrrh from Gilead." Judah, moved doubtless more by selfishness than sympathy, said, "What profit is it, if we slay our brother? Come let us sell him to the Ishmaelites." His great idea was that of gain, traffic in the flesh and sinews of his brother, and this became the controlling idea of the

company—the idea of reducing their brother, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, to the miserable condition of a slave. Joseph is therefore taken from the pit, where he had doubtless cherished the faint hope that he might yet be delivered and restored to his father. But now slavery stares him in the face—a life of banishment from every early endearment, of degradation and bondage, with no heart of sympathy near. To be made merchandize of by those whom he loved, whom he looked to as protectors, for whom his heart beat with the warmth of youthful affection, this was so strange, so unnatural, so overwhelming! He appeals to them by every motive, by his helpless condition, by their common blood, by the grey hairs of his and their father. His tears, his entreaties, his humble, touching prayers call up no relents. They are callous to every appeal. There is that iron hate—the offspring of envy, which knows no pity. Joseph is sold for twenty pieces of silver, and the bargain is satisfactory to all save one, who is absent during this nefarious transaction. Had he been present, his fraternal feelings would have remonstrated, if not prevailed over such mercenary and unpardonable meanness. His deep-felt agony on his return to the pit shows the triumph of his better nature, however much it may have been perverted by the corrodings of envy. “And Reuben returned to the pit, and behold Joseph was not in the pit, and he rent his clothes, and he returned unto his brethren and said, The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?” This was noble—the natural outgush of a brother’s heart. But the deed was done, and could not be recalled. Joseph was a slave, and on his way to Egypt. One thing only remained, and that was to blind the eyes of their too confiding parent, and throw their own guilt beyond the reach of suspicion. Evil is ever fruitful in devising falsehood. It is proposed to kill a kid of the goats and dye the favorite coat, *that fatal pledge of parental affection*, in its blood, and exhibit it as the evidence that Joseph had fallen a prey to some wild beast. The devise is adopted. But where, in the mean time, is Jacob? We left him in the door of his tent pronouncing his benedictions upon his departing boy. Often and anxiously had he looked towards Shechem for his return. Deep and fervent had been his prayers for his safety. Night after night closes upon him, and he presses little Benjamin to his throbbing heart with aching solicitude. Strange presentiments of evil haunt him. I seem to see his venerable form moving to and fro, with a troubled heart, anxiously looking for the return of the loved and the absent. At length, through the dim haze of the evening twilight, he descries in the distance a company of men, and soon his inquiring eye recognizes them as his own sons, and his heart leaps for joy. But as they approach, all his fears and anxieties

are revived, as he perceives that Joseph is not with them. Silently, at first, they uplift the blood-stained robe, and the appalling conviction flashes upon him that his son must have been the victim of beastly violence, and, for a moment, he is dumb with sorrow. He listens, in agony, to their tale of falsehood, until at length, the silence of grief gave way to the phrenzy of despair, and he exclaimed, "It is my son's coat, an evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And he rent his clothes and refused to be comforted, and said, I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Where now is Reuben, who formed the noble devise of releasing his brother? Has his manly courage fled? Will he not reveal the plot and expose the wickedness of his brethren?

They doubtless had threatened him, and put the seal of secrecy upon his lips. How easily might he have taken the coat, which they had presented as the proof of their innocence, and used it as an argument against them. Would the coat have been left whole, and with no marks of violence save its being stained with blood, had the lad been devoured by wild beasts? But the too fondly confiding father dreamed not of hypocrisy and guilt. He would not suspect his children of violence or crime. He felt that the light of his household was now extinguished,—his favorite son was no more. He mourned for him as one mourneth for his only begotten. Twenty long years pass by—the dark cloud is rolled away from the shepherd's tent—the mystery is solved, Joseph reappears, and we shall then "see what will become of his dreams."

In the mean time Joseph had been taken as a slave to Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, a man of some rank, an officer of Pharaoh, a captain of the guard. With such urbanity, fidelity and integrity did he deport himself in his menial relations, that Potiphar elevated him to be the steward of his entire household, confided all to him, so that "he knew not ought that he had, save the bread that he did eat." "And it came to pass, from the time that he made him overseer in his house and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake, and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had, in the house and in the field." The gloom of his captivity begins now to be cheered by a gleam of light. His earnest faith, his bright and happy countenance, make him as a light, a blessing, and a vision of gladness to that Egyptian household. Still his trials are not yet ended. The iron is to enter deeper than ever into his soul. He must rest under the imputation of crime, more galling to his spirit than a chain upon his limbs. He was now in the vigor and beauty of his young manhood, "*a goodly person and well favored.*" His mistress, struck with the

beauty of his person, fixed her admiring eyes upon him, and expressed, in the most enticing manner, the lustful desires of her heart. She doubtless anticipated no obstacle to the gratification of her wishes.—She had lived in Egypt, amid the fascinations of earthly splendor, and under the enervating influence of a loose and licentious religion, and knew nothing of the unbending virtue of Hebrew character. The pious sensibilities of Joseph were shocked, and his cheek crimsoned with mingled emotions of indignation and shame at the bare suggestion of wrong. Could he abuse the confidence reposed in him, and requite the kindness of his master, and above all violate his obligations to God by yielding to enticements to evil? He repelled, therefore, with a lofty disdain, the temptation by saying, “How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?” It would seem that this might have fallen like a thunderbolt upon the crushed hopes of his seducer, and effectually hushed the voice of the syren. But the temptation is repeated once and again with a strange and artful pertinacity, until we almost tremble for the integrity of our Hebrew captive. But he stands strong in principle, clad in impenetrable armor, and for him to be assailed is to conquer, because he acted as seeing *Him who is invisible*. Nothing on the page of history can be found more noble or sublime than this action of Joseph. In it, he manifested the elements of true moral greatness, elements that, under other circumstances, would have made him a hero or a martyr, that would have fitted him at a later age of the church to have acted the part of a Daniel, a Paul, or a Luther. Joseph is one of the few names that come down to us from a far off antiquity, fragrant with unsullied virtue. But where had he acquired these lofty elements of character? Not in Egypt; not amid the rubbish of a false religion; not from the oracles of a Pagan philosophy. He had been brought up in Canaan—he had worshipped at its altars—he had learned to reverence the God of his fathers, and the hallowed influences which had distilled upon his youth, had settled down into the solidity of moral principle. Hence he was unmoved in the day of trial, and rose superior to temptation. He did not change his religion, when he changed his condition and his country. He did not wear it as an outer robe, to be easily thrown off, as might suit his convenience, his taste, or the maxims and habits of Egyptian society. It had become identical with his moral being, a fixed fact, an all-controlling power amid the varying circumstances of life. Had his religion been of a more modern type—had his principle been no firmer than that of many young men, who emerge from the scenes of domestic piety, then he might have parleyed with the temptation and become at last a victim. He might have reasoned, “I have neither country,

home, nor friends. I am thrown out upon the world, an exile, without restraint, with none to care for me, with none to be affected by my action, and I will yield this once, I will quaff the enticing goblet, I will indulge the ungratified desire." But no; he reasons differently: "I am indeed an exile from man, but not from God; I have been sold as a slave, but I will not sell my conscience and become a voluntary slave to lust. I will not impose upon myself the shackles of a moral servitude. I will be a man, and walk among men with the inward consciousness of moral freedom." Thus principle operated and triumphed, and saved him from the snare set for his feet. Thus principle would save many a young man, whom splendor dazzles, beauty captivates and temptation ruins. How many hearts would be saved from self-reproach, from the pang of agony over hopes blasted and character ruined, if fortified with the religion of Joseph. Nothing else will shield us in this world of moral dangers, where gain is identified with glory, self-indulgence with pleasure, and worldly honor with the chief end of man.

Unless the heart be established in the fear of God, all other barriers will be easily thrown down by the violence of temptation. But those who have learned to set God before their eyes, whatever apparent profit or pleasure may be proposed by any forbidden indulgence, will be able to reply, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

But Joseph's integrity, while it saved him from the frowns of an abused and outraged nature, did not save him from persecution and reproach. She who would have cherished his embraces, who had been his tempter, became his accuser. The tongue from which had dropped honied speech became blistered with falsehood. Disappointed desire kindled into rage, and a charge is brought against Joseph of an attempt to commit the very sin he had indignantly refused. When a woman, and one sustaining the honorable relations of wife and mistress, became his accuser, and when she produced a fragment of the rent garment, which he had left in her hands, as the proof of his guilt, what chance had the poor Hebrew captive to establish his innocence? He must suffer under the unjust and cruel accusation, and as we view him now, the victim of rage, deprived of his situation, incarcerated under the imputation of the most detestable crime, with no friend in all that land of strangers to plead his cause, we are almost ready to unite with his brethren and say, "What will become of his dreams?" But there is a God in heaven who secretly works for him, and gives him favor with the keeper of the prison, so that he alleviates the pressure of his burden, and shares with him the honors and responsibilities of his office. It came to pass in process of time, that two principal servants of the

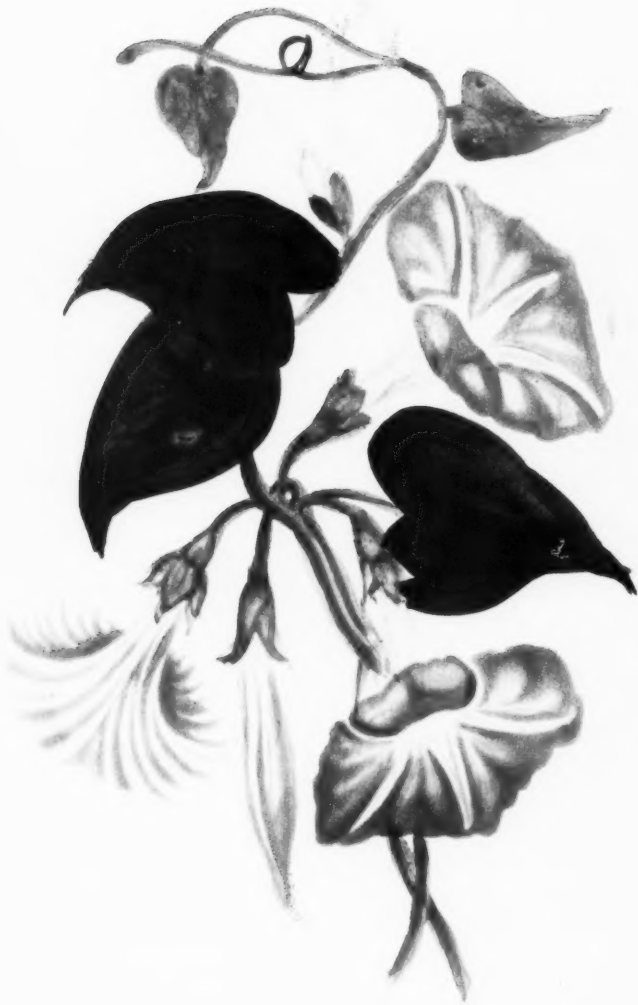
king, for some venial offence, were cast into prison. Joseph was appointed to watch over them and to supply them with their daily necessities. Doubtless from him they met a cordial sympathy and kind salutations. He still felt the iron that had entered his own soul, and he sympathized for those in bonds as bound together with them.—Hence on making his morning visitations to the cell of the chief butler and baker, he perceived that an unusual melancholy had settled down upon their spirits, and with affectionate interest he inquires, “Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?” And they said unto him, “we have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it. And Joseph said unto them, “Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them I pray you.” Joseph essentially asserts that he derived his knowledge of the interpretation of dreams, not from science, nor sorcery or magical arts, but from the inspiration of the Almighty. With troubled emotions, each separately relates his dreams, and with wonderful fidelity Joseph unfolds their meaning, declaring that in three days, the one should be restored to his office, while the other should be doomed to a miserable death.

As yet our Hebrew captive had suffered unmurmuringly, though unjustly; he had scarcely anticipated the hope of reprieve or pardon, but now he saw a direct medium of access to the heart of the king, and he delicately suggests a place in the remembrances of his friend—the chief butler, when redeemed from the horrors of a prison and restored to the pleasures of a palace. “Think on me,” said he, “when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me; and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house. For indeed I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon.”—Though every thing took place precisely as he had predicted; “Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgot him.” So uncertain and unreliable is human friendship! In the hour of depression, when a prisoner, he was thankful for the daily courtesies of his companion in tribulation, and perhaps a transient emotion of affection was kindled for one so kind, so young, so injured as Joseph. But the cords that had vibrated in his heart ceased to send forth the sad yet sweet music of a reciprocal sympathy, when the hand which had touched them was withdrawn. The hour of Joseph’s deliverance had not yet come; the days of his trial are not yet ended; for “two full years longer” must he pine away as a captive. A different scene indeed will soon open upon us, and we shall see this poor, persecuted, prostrate prisoner, in very different circumstances, but for the present we must leave him in the dungeons of Egypt.

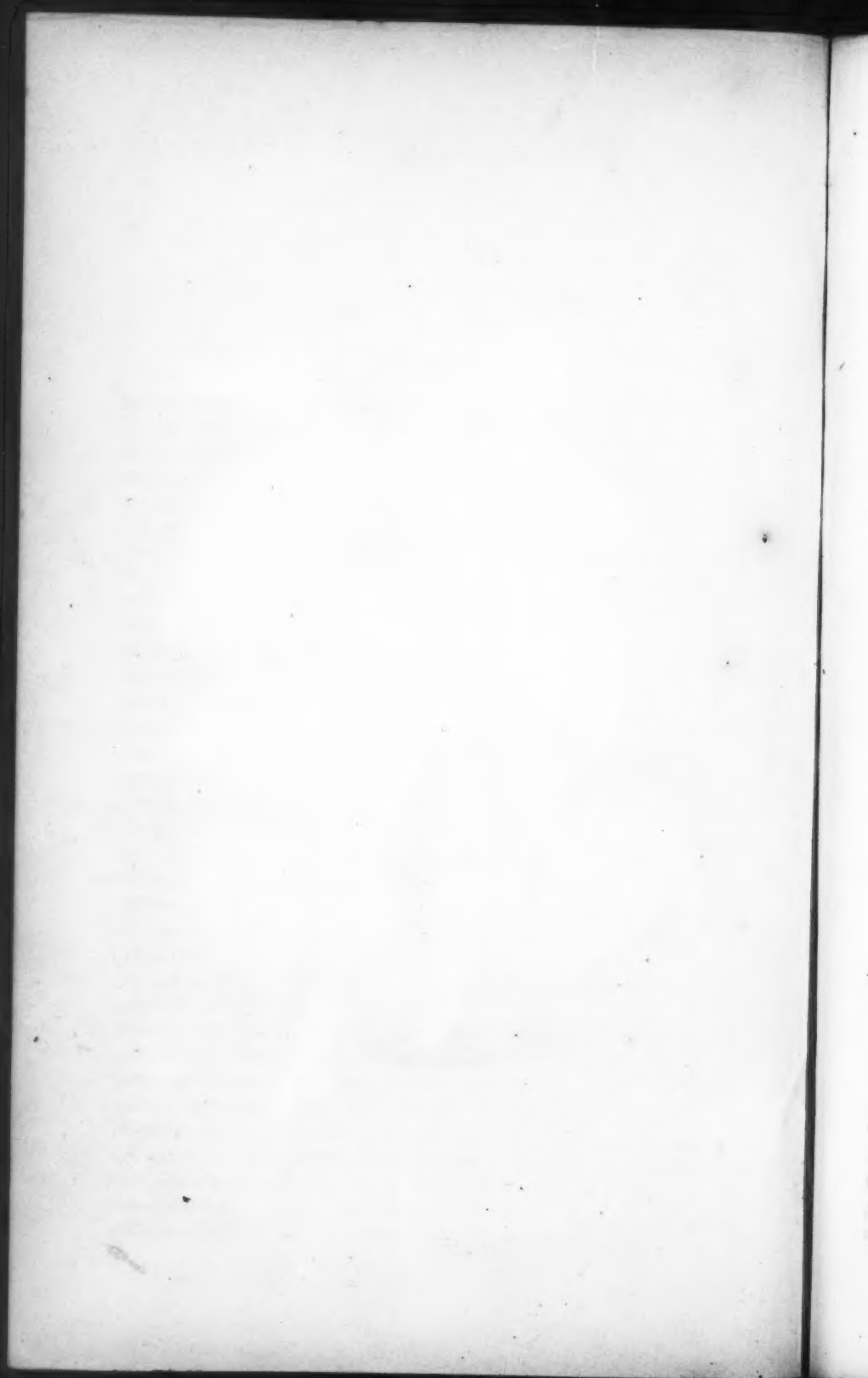
(To be Continued.)



Christina



Morning Glory



JOSEPH.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D.D.

(CONCLUDED.)

WE last viewed Joseph as tried, tempted, unjustly condemned, and imprisoned. We left him still a captive, human friendship having failed him, and a long and dreary confinement seemed to be his sad and only alternative. But though the chief butler, in his prosperity forgot him, he was the object of Divine remembrance. And Providence is about to turn the wheel of fortune and appoint to Joseph a different destiny. In the visions of night, God visited Pharaoh with a very remarkable dream, so that "in the morning his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof; and Pharaoh told them his dream, but there was none that could interpret it." His anxieties were great, for he seemed to have the presentiment that his dream was prophetic and apparently of evil. Now memory begins to do her long neglected work, and the chief butler thinks of his obligations to one, a prisoner, when his soul was in anguish, and he says to Pharaoh, "I do remember my faults this day." He relates the circumstance of his imprisonment, in connection with the chief baker, their dreams, their interpretation by a Hebrew youth, their literal fulfilment. In view of this representation, a messenger is immediately dispatched to the prison for Joseph, who washed, shaved himself, changed his prison-garments, and prepared to stand in the presence of Pharaoh. Though pale and worn by injury and long confinement, still his mildly beaming eye, his lofty brow, his natural grace and dignity, made a favorable impression on the mind of the king. He was before a heathen monarch, whose will was law, yet he condescends to no flattery, no concealment of the fact that he was a Hebrew, and still worshipped the God of his fathers. And when it was intimated that he, by his own peculiar skill, had the power of interpreting dreams, he frankly replied, "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." The dream, consisting of two separate yet similar parts, was related by Pharaoh, and immediately interpreted by Joseph, as signifying under the emblems of seven fat and seven lean kine, and seven good ears of corn and seven empty and withered ears, *seven years of extraordinary plenty, to be succeeded by seven years of most desolating famine.* In view of so remarkable

a visitation of Providence, Pharaoh is advised to select "a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt," who, by his diligence and forecast in laying up stores in abundance during the years of plenty, should provide against destitution and want in the succeeding years of famine. The counsel was approved both by the king and his cabinet, and the Hebrew captive, fresh from the school of discipline, was selected as one best fitted to occupy so honorable and responsible a position. Pharaoh recognized the superiority of his genius as well as the moral qualities of his heart, and he said unto his servants, "Can we find such a one as this is, so discreet and wise, a man in whom the spirit of God is?" Pharaoh had no piety to boast of, and no religion, save a combination of mystery and absurdity, yet he had the moral discrimination to recognize goodness as an essential qualification for office—a virtue not always appreciated even by a more enlightened people or practiced by their rulers. Joseph is therefore elevated from a prison to a palace, and conducted from the menial office of a servant to the captain of the guard, to the second chariot and to the second office in the kingdom. "See," said Pharaoh, "I have set thee over all the land of Egypt; thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou." We see him now arrayed in the insignia of royalty, in vestures of fine linen, and a golden chain upon his neck, expressive of dignity, and the ring of Pharaoh on his hand—and as he is thus charioted along in splendor, the acclamations of the multitude are heard, saying, "Bow the knee!" How sudden and sublime the contrast! "Surely it is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." "He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people." But sudden elevations are dangerous, and how does Joseph deport himself in these circumstances of unexpected prosperity? During the long period of his adversity, God had been with him schooling his heart into submission, and preparing him to take part in directing the energies and husbanding the resources of a mighty people:—We find him, therefore, not given to the sensual excesses of a court, not indolently reposing upon his newly acquired honors, but with disinterested fidelity traversing the land, preparing store-houses in every city, and gathering corn from the abundance of the harvest field, "as the sand of the sea, until he left numbering, for it was without number." Thus he continued during the years of plenty. The duties of private and domestic life also shared his attention, for in the mean time he had married a lady of distinguished rank, and been blessed with two sons, to whom he had given names expressive of gratitude to God for his

kind and wonderful interposition in his behalf. Thus his joys and cares multiplied, and he was a prosperous man, for the Lord was with him. At length the famine came, according to the prediction; private resources were soon exhausted, affluent families were reduced to want, the utmost distress prevailed throughout the land, and when the people cried to Pharaoh for relief, he replied, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do; and Joseph opened all the store houses and sold unto the Egyptians." The famine extended beyond Egypt, even to Canaan, and the family of Jacob began to be in want. His flocks and herds were famishing, and his sons looked despairingly one to another, beholding nothing but destitution and death before them. Already had the patriarch's form bowed beneath the weight of grief and care, and now sorrows thickened upon him at a time when tired nature needed repose. Usually, after a stormy and rough day, at eventide there is light; but the lower his sun descended, the darker was the cloud which gathered upon it. A numerous and dependent family, old age, infirmity, oppressive want—*these* are sad companions; and these were the companions of the good old patriarch. Something must be done, and he had heard that there was corn in Egypt, and ten of his sons are dispatched thither, but Benjamin, the only remaining pledge of his beloved Rachel's affection, is retained, as the solace of his loneliness and the only comfort of his declining years. They wend their weary way to Egypt—they anticipate not the evils that are to befall them—the name of Joseph had well nigh faded from their memories—their crime had sunk away in the dark oblivious wave of past time—they dreamed not of a hastening retribution. But they, whose hearts had known no pity and felt no relentings, who had sported with a brother's tears and met his pleadings with reproach, are now to see "what will become of his dreams." Their petitions must be made to the governor of Egypt, for "he it was who sold to all the people of the land," and I see them bowing in lowliest reverence at his feet. Time had left its impress upon them, and the haughty look of youth had softened into the thoughtful aspect of matured manhood; still his keen eye recognized them as the sons of Jacob, and the first fraternal impulses of his heart must have struggled for expression. But he had a sublime end to accomplish, which must not be defeated by an instinctive outgush of affection. Hence they were treated with coldness and apparent suspicion. They were accused of being spies, who had come to see the nakedness of the land. In vain did they assert their innocence or the purity of their motives. In vain did they plead that they were true men and the descendants of a pious ancestry. The iron must enter their soul, as it had entered the soul of their brother, not for purposes

of revenge, but as the means of chastisement, and subsequent and sincere repentance. Their pleadings were therefore powerless, and they were thrown into prison, and kept in quarantine for three days and then remanded before the governor. Their consciences are now probed to the quick—their sincerity is put to the severest test, by the painful requisition, that one of their number should be retained in prison as a hostage, a pledge of their fidelity, while the others should return and bring down their younger brother. True, there is the appearance of severity in all this, but whose heart does not respond to the wisdom and justice of the measure? Who does not rejoice at the active play of their consciences, which had slept for more than twenty years, their fears, their embarrassments, their painful and conflicting emotions, in leaving Simeon bound as the pledge that Benjamin, their father's idol, should return with them? All this was essential to that deep and heart-felt confession, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us; and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."—Had he, at once, made himself known to them, or readily forgiven them without one pang of remorse, their repentance might have been doubtful and superficial; or had he sent them away without demanding so costly a pledge for their return, his plans might have been defeated, and they, to bury still deeper in oblivion their former falsehood and crime, might have concealed the whole matter from Jacob, and kept ever at a distance from Egypt. To ensure their return and gradually to prepare the way for the removal of their respective families, and the ultimate planting of a nation, Simeon was detained and Benjamin demanded. Their sacks were filled with the corn of Egypt, and with heavy hearts they started for their father's tent; but how were their anxieties increased, and how utterly did their hearts fail them as they found each man's money in the mouth of his sack. This unexpected discovery seemed ominous of evil, and involved them in great doubt and perplexity. Sadly did they think of the long forgotten past—of that act which was now working out for them a terrible retribution.—They were now gathering the harvest of sorrow which had been maturing for more than twenty years, and the end is not yet. At length they reach their father's tent, but Simeon is not with them—and we tremble for the issue, when we remember that the heart, but partially healed, must be rent afresh with a new tale of sorrow. With strange and tremulous emotions did he listen to the narration of their trials, to their cruel reception, to their temporary imprisonment, to the detention of their brother, to the mysterious return of their money—but when they came to mention the stern and irrevocable demand for Benjamin,

he could restrain his feelings no longer, and in the excess of his grief he exclaimed, "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me! My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him by the way, in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

Poor old man! our hearts pity him. But the famine continued heavy on the land, and again they begin to feel the pressure of want. With many misgivings and regrets, Jacob was compelled to part with his youngest son, and Judah laid himself under the most solemn engagement to restore him to his father. With double money in their hands, and with many pleasant and precious tokens with which they hoped to propitiate the favor of the king, they started again for Egypt. The parting words of their father are truly affecting, as expressive of a pious, yet broken heart. "And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children I am bereaved!" Again we see them trembling and bowing themselves to the earth in the presence of Joseph, with presents from their father, and their younger brother Benjamin. "And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads and made obeisance." And when Joseph saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, he said: Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son." His feelings now overcame him, "and he sought where to weep, and he entered into his chamber and wept there." Having given free vent to the swelling emotions of his heart, he washed his face and repaired to the table provided with the luxuries of Egypt for Joseph and his invited guests. They were all served in abundance, but peculiar partiality was shown to Benjamin. "And they drank and were merry with him." When the repast was over, they began to think of home, and every man's sack was filled with food, and his money returned, and in Benjamin's sack was deposited Joseph's silver cup. And now with their number complete, and elated with their reception, and especially with the thought of delighting their father's heart with the sight of Simeon, whom before they had left bound, and Benjamin, with whom he had so reluctantly parted, they bow a grateful farewell to the governor of Egypt, little anticipating that a still heavier calamity, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, was to fall upon their so recently cherished hopes. They had not pro-

ceeded far on their way when the steward was ordered to pursue after them, and accuse them of stealing Joseph's silver cup. Secure in their innocence, they said, "God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing! Behold the money which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan; how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die and we also will be my lord's bondmen." Then the steward said, "Now also let it be according to your words. Then they speedily took down every man's sack to the ground, and he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest." And what must have been their horror and distraction when "the cup was found in Benjamin's sack"! "They rent their clothes and laded every man his ass and returned" in unutterable agony "to the city." They are brought before Joseph, and the theft is laid to their charge. What could they do? They have no means of proving their innocence, and they offer to become his servants. But Joseph said, "God forbid that I should do so, but the man in whose hand the cup was found—he shall be my servant; and as for you, get ye up in peace unto your father." This was the very climax of all that they dreaded, for how could they return to their father and their younger brother not with them? Then it was that Judah, with a nervous tremulousness that made every look and tone eloquent, came forward and pleaded for his brother, with all the deep pathos of distress, and in language so touching and with sentiments so filial and fraternal, that the heart of Joseph was taken captive, and he could no longer refrain himself, and he wept aloud, and cried, "Cause every man to go from me." The overwhelming crisis had come, and he said, "I am *Joseph*, doth my father yet live?" What a scene of silence and sublimity was that! "They could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence." All the guilt of their former act rushed to their remembrance, and stung them with remorse. But his fraternal forgiveness—his language of affection—his anxieties for his father—his message to him—his tender caresses of his brother Benjamin—his pious recognition of the overruling Providence of God; indeed, the whole scene is beyond the power of language to describe, and we feel like imitating the example of a celebrated artist, who, unable to delineate the agony of a father bending over the corpse of an only child, hid his face in the robes which veiled her lifeless remains. Suffice it to say that he furnished them with conveyances, with large presents for their father, with provisions in abundance for the way, gave them his appropriate and parting advice, "See that ye fall not out by the way," and commissioned them to return, bringing all their families

with them. Behold them once again upon their journey, but with feelings very different from those with which they first went up from Egypt, having left Simeon bound and with painful misgivings in relation to Benjamin. Now *both* are with them—the dark cloud has vanished, the deeper mystery is explained—they have strange and glad tidings to tell—the future is illumined with hope. With the abruptness of joy, they tell the tale of wonder, which ought to have been related with affectionate caution and by degrees: “Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt!” It was too much for the already shattered frame of the aged patriarch. The announcement was too sudden—the news burst upon him like a full-orbed sun from the gloom of midnight darkness. It was too strange—too wonderful to be true. “And Jacob’s heart fainted, for he believed them *not*.” But “when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, his spirit revived; and Israel said, “It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive, I will go and see him before I die.” We must omit the particulars of a journey, the fatigues of which were lightened by the hope of meeting his *loved*, though for years, *lost* son; but we cannot overlook the tenderness and filial affection of Joseph in going up to meet his father, and to bid him welcome to Egypt. The meeting, though related in Scripture in very brief and simple language, must have been one of deep and thrilling interest. Homer in his *Odyssey*, in narrating the discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus, has given a truthful description of the meeting of the Patriarch and his son.

“I am thy father, O my son, my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe: to endless cares consign’d,
And outraged by the wrongs of base mankind.
He spake and sat. The prince with transport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew;
Nor less the father pour’d a social flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.”

Now this prince of heathen poets, in his description falls infinitely short of the simple and touching narrative of Moses. “And Joseph made ready his chariot and went up to meet Israel his father to Goshen; and presented himself unto him, and he fell on his neck and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, that thou art yet alive.” Never did Joseph appear more beautiful than when weeping upon his father’s neck, or bowing in affectionate reverence before the hoary and humble shepherd of Israel. The *prince* was merged in the *son*, and not more honorable to him were his vestments of royalty, or his chariot of state, than his

condescending regard for his venerable and aged father. Herein was his true greatness of mind displayed. Unlike many who, on a sudden, are raised from obscurity to notice or from poverty to riches, *he* was not ashamed of his humble parentage or his poorer *relations*. He was anxious to introduce them to Pharaoh, the king, whose curiosity doubtless was excited to see the venerable Patriarch and his numerous progeny. And he spake kindly unto them and said, "What is your occupation? And they said unto Pharaoh, Thy servants are shepherds, both we and also our fathers." And he appointed their residence in Goshen—the richest portion of all the land of Egypt. To Jacob he said, "How old art thou?" And the Patriarch in answering his inquiry gave a brief and beautiful epitome of his life. "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." About seventeen years of tranquillity succeeded the storms and rendered serene the evening of the Patriarch's life. To the end we still perceive in Joseph the wise statesman, as well as the amiable and dutiful son; and when "the time drew nigh that Israel must die," he hastened with his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, to his bed-side, that he might testify his filial love, and they might receive the benefit of the prayers, admonitions and benedictions of the dying Patriarch. "And when he had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered to his people." Thus ended the strange and singular history of one of the patriarchs of the older church, and Joseph "mourned for his father with a very great and sore lamentation." Nor did his filial regard cease here. Having caused the body of his father to be embalmed, after the manner of the Egyptians, for the purpose of preservation and also as a token of respect, he followed in the funeral procession "with chariots and horsemen," and all the retinue suited to his high rank, and finally deposited his precious dust in the land of Canaan, in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a burying place of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamre. "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, there they buried Leah;" and Jacob's last wish was gratified to be buried in the grave of his father. Now that the days of mourning for their father were ended and the filial tie sundered, the brethren of Joseph trembled with apprehension lest he might requite them for the evil they had inflicted upon his youth. They therefore fell down in lowliest prostration before him, and said, "Forgive, we pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren and their sin; for they

did unto thee evil. Behold we be thy servants." "And Joseph wept when they spake unto him." He was grieved at their submission, and said, "Fear not, for am I in the place of God? As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive. Now therefore fear ye not, I will nourish you and your little ones, and he comforted them and spake kindly unto them." The sequel of Joseph's history is comprised in a few words. He continued his relations as governor of Egypt, discharging his numerous and responsible duties with pious fidelity, training up his own family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, showing kindness unto his brethren and nourishing their little ones. Thus he continued after his father's death for the space of fifty-four years. At length the period arrived when he too must go the way of all the earth, but nothing intimidated by this approaching event, he calmly gave commandment concerning his bones. The faith which had been the solace of his eventful life, shed its soft and radiant light around the valley of the shadow of death. With his spiritual vision illuminated, he seemed to anticipate the future history of the church; not only her deliverance from Egypt, but from the deeper bondage of sin, through the redemption of Christ. Having served his generation, and accomplished his sad, though subsequently sublime mission, Joseph said to his brethren, "I die, and God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old;" and his body was embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt, to be conveyed with pious care to the graves of his fathers. Thus ended the life of Joseph, the model man of Old Testament times, whose filial reverence, whose docility and meekness, whose patience in suffering, whose unbending purity and integrity, whose ready forgiveness of injuries, whose faith in God, it would be well for us to imitate, as they have embalmed his name in the memory of the church, and given him an inheritance among the saints in light.

It is a low view of knowledge, to make it an instrument to an end: knowledge of what is true and excellent is a substantive good, a blessedness realized without looking to further ends; it is itself its best end, and they do but make a trade of it who seek it as a means of gaining things below itself, or see aught in it but the body and glory of an unchanging good.

HAPPINESS.

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE.

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BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.  
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IF a man will be happy he must be the arbiter of his own moods. Nature will not help him to cheerfulness, if he is not ready to help himself. If a hopeful heart grows despondent, and weary of the loud battle of the world, a glance at the midnight stars will soothe him, with their eternal silence; and he will come from his sorrow, glad at the universal laughter of their glorious eyes. But a sad doubter, too deeply conscious of the unutterable deeps of human woe, will see, in every bright orb, only another lamp held mockingly to other worlds of misery and crime. Even so star-glorious looks our sun from their far spheres; and the white beauty of Diana's vest seems not so lovely here, as our poor earth must look to her.

The meaning of God's universe must find its answer in the human heart, before the heart shall read it in the things of the universe.—Those mighty orbs that roll so slowly in their immeasurable journey, lend but despair to doubt, while hope finds there a lesson of unresting energy, and fatality of success to endeavor.

The best of us have a habit of going into nature wrong-side out, and getting repulsed and discomfited, where we should have been delighted. A bright day is a "weather-breeder," a beautiful shower a perfect disaster, and flowers, those flashing gleams from the Everlasting Beauty, furnish more sighing morals for frailty, and fleeting bliss, than abiding lessons of the eternal Care that guards all life.

Would he not be mentally unhealthy or unwise, who only sighed that the breath should be so fleet which told him of a measureless good at his door? But we act with the like folly or weakness, when we mourn over fugitive joys or sweets. So they are flying away, they only come to tell us that God is round us with his infinite care, that gives recurring bounties, and is not so poor as to need continue old gifts in being till men are satiate with their monotony. While we forget the errand of His fleet messengers, and lament the passing of their beautiful garments, and the enunciative breath of their divine message, we earn the misery we suffer. In very fact no happiness is fugitive, for real happi-

ness is the vital result in us of the beauties and sweets that gave us pleasure. The man has not lost his dinner who has it soundly digested and incarcerated in his system ; neither is the lightest ripple of beauty and joy that ever danced through the senses of man into his soul, a thing which can be lost. If it does not make a man happy forever—become a part of the silent unuttered delight of his secret soul, then it never made him happy ; it only tickled him, and never reached through the thick hide of his senses to any vital sense in him.

THE RIVER.

BY MARY F. WILLISTON.

The summer sky was purely blue,
And brightly shone the noonday beam,
Where Austral zephyrs lightly flew
Above a winding mountain stream.
With noisy glee, o'er yellow sands,
It hastened on its seaward way ;
Or paused, to view the floral bands
That gaily beckoned it to stay.
All day, the sunlit water gleamed
With glory art cannot create ;
And through the starry night, it seemed
The source whence visions emanate.

The melted snows of distant hills
Were borne, to swell the river's tide,
By all its tributary rills ;
Until, resistless, deep, and wide,
It swept in fury through the land,
Inspiring all who saw with dread ;
And nought was able to withstand
Its giant strength, as on it sped.
Above the turbid flood, the sky,
With sable clouds was darkly hung ;
And winds, with sad and constant sigh,
The dirge of former beauty sung.

THEY who awaken jealousy, seldom pity it. The suffering they thus cause flatters their self-love, and they are too selfish to attempt relieving it, though it should be as much their wisdom as duty to do so.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

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BY HELEN IRVING.  
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I HAVE lately had my attention called to horseback riding for ladies, not alone as a graceful and elegant accomplishment, but as an exercise so invigorating to both mind and body, that I cannot refrain from saying somewhat concerning it.

In the free life of the country, more especially in the West and South, almost every woman becomes familiar with the art of riding, for it is often a necessity as well as a pleasure; but in our cities and large towns, it has been but little cultivated, from a variety of reasons, but chiefly, perhaps, from a want of appreciation of the indispensableness of exercise to health, and the advantages of this particular kind of exercise in expanding the chest, developing the most important muscles, and quickening the vital energies—it being perhaps better adapted to restore vigor to an enfeebled frame, and add a new zest to the powers of a healthy one, than any other.

In our cities, it often happens that horseback riding is a luxury too expensive for many to indulge in, and numbers, whose languid frames find little exhilaration in walking, must look with vain longing on the pleasure prohibited by their limited means. But there are, also, hundreds to whom its expensiveness is no bar, who never look to this means of health and enjoyment. Many are the delicate girls, undergoing the terrible process of "getting accomplished," who are allowed no relaxation like this; who do not know, and are never told by their merciless taskmasters, that the lithe, graceful figure—the beauty they so much prize, must be the sacrifice of such a discipline as they are undergoing—that Nature is jealous of her rights, and will not be slighted—that only to those who love her wild, free airs, and her glad sunshine, will she give the sparkle and the grace, for whose absence art has no equivalent.

One of the saddest facts of which we become conscious as life opens before us, is the general neglect of the physical training of the young—the cultivation of the mind, without regard, in connection with it, to the harmonious development of the body. We too often see the brain stimulated and the nervous energies taxed, while the unexercised muscles and feebly-expanded lungs grow weak from want of their rightful share in the work of life. It is sad to see the bloom fading out of a

young girl's cheek, because her proud lady-mother is fearful to expose her to the air, lest it should injure her sensitive complexion—to see her frame grow fragile and incapable of endurance, because "*it is not elegant or lady-like*" to be vigorous and active; to see languor mistaken for grace, and pallor for delicacy.

Says Spenser, in the days when knights were brave and proud in tournaments, and ladies fair with falcon on wrist, rode to the sport in the cloudy morning—

———"chiefly, *skill to ride* seems a science
Proper to gentle blood"—

perfection in this elegant art, presupposing the aristocratic leisure for early training and long practice. Ah, if it should only be thought a mark of "aristocracy" among our ladies, to ride well—if in the list of feminine accomplishments, graceful horsemanship were as indispensable as graceful dancing, what a reviving would there be of rosy cheeks and full, elastic figures—what a decline of nervousness and neuralgia!

It is this grand physical culture for generations, which has given to the English nobility their proverbially fine figures and lofty carriage; and, on English women, generally, their habitual vigorous exercise has conferred a physique much stronger and more enduring than ours.—Said an English lady, traveling in this country, to me, not long ago, "There is nothing seems so strange to me here, as to find how few of your women ride—I should feel as though I only half lived if I had not horseback exercise—there is nothing like it to drive away low spirits!"—and it is truly this healthy exhilaration of the mind in sympathy with the body, that forms one of its great recommendations.

Many persons raise objections to a lady's riding from the thought of danger; but let her be well instructed in the art, and there is little to fear; a delicate girl, with skill and practice would have more control over a horse, than the man who relied solely upon his physical strength. In the city, this instruction may be obtained in the riding-school, and in the country, where the advantages for practice are so much greater, there is always some kind father, or brother, or friend, to give the initiatory hints, and then the fair pupil has only to devote herself to learning this, as she would any other accomplishment, and she will soon ride in such a manner that it shall be always a pleasure.

And it is in the country, the genuine country, only, that horseback riding can be enjoyed to perfection; where with no precursory penance of a mile or two of noisy pavement, or dusty avenue, you may start from the green sward at your own door, down quiet roads, or pleasant shaded lanes, where the bright morning sun showers its golden light

upon you through the shifting leaves, and the birds sing cheerily to horse and rider ;—or when the warm summer moonlight makes a fairy land for you to rove in, and the soft evening wind goes gently beside you, keeping pace with you as you ride—where your way lies by the beauty of green fields and the fragrance of flowers, by forest streams and quiet lakes, and all the loveliness of nature comes flowing in upon your soul. Whether you ride alone, with your own thoughts and visions for your company, or with the friend, pleasanter than all visions at your bridle-rein, or with the group of companions beautiful in their exhilaration, making the air melodious with the sound of glad voices—there is always enjoyment, an excitement of mind and body, a quicker pulsing of the blood, a sense of power and delight, a welcoming in of all the brightest influences of Nature.

Schools for teaching the art of horsemanship are not numerous, it being practised by, comparatively, so few of the residents of our cities ; and perhaps some of my readers, living at a distance from the metropolis, may not be uninterested in a brief account of one which I had, lately, the pleasure of attending for a short time, in Philadelphia.

This establishment—Mr. Craige's—is, I have been told, the finest of its kind, and I can conceive of no more admirable system of instruction than his. The school has been long established, having passed from the elder Craige to his son, the present teacher, whose decisive, energetic, and, always gentlemanly manner, has placed him, in the estimation of some of the best judges, at the head of his profession.

The school, occupying an entire floor of the building in which it is located, is very large, one hundred and fifty feet in length, (judging from memory,) and proportionately wide, and so well arranged that twenty-five or thirty persons could ride in a class, without inconveniencing one another. The room is admirably ventilated by windows at the side and in the roof, and the tan, thickly covering the floor, and kept always moist, makes a safe and pleasant footing for the horses. An ample space near the entrance is comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of visitors, and for the pupils there is a large dressing-room, appropriately furnished. The horses are admirably trained, and suited to all stages of the rider's proficiency.

Here come daily, gay fashionables and sweet young Quakeresses, quiet matrons and timid misses—bright and picturesque in their varied costumes, and with the flush of excitement on their cheeks—to whom the school has become as a delightful play-ground, and the horses as familiar companions. Here come also, lounging in through all the hours of the morning, a group of visitors drawn thither by the presence of a child, a sister, or a friend, to whom it is a pleasure to watch the

various exercises and evolutions, and, as the case may be, to criticise or admire the fair riders.

First, as a matter of course, the pupil is taught to mount; an action peculiarly graceful when well performed, and which depends for its grace, as well somewhat on the person assisting, as on the lady mounting. A lady should always mount from the ground, disdaining the aid of horseblock or chair; a feat, appearing, perhaps, somewhat difficult to the uninitiated, but most easy of accomplishment when once properly understood. With her reins perfectly adjusted in her right hand, that her horse may not start while she is mounting, the same hand grasping the pommel of the saddle, she may, with the assistance of the groom or a friend, in whose left hand she rests her left foot, placing her left hand upon his shoulder, spring into the saddle with perfect ease. After this, rising in the stirrup the dress may be readily adjusted. We merely mention this, having seen some persons who professed to ride well, mounting in a very different manner.

While giving the reins properly into the hand, Mr. Craige, in his peculiarly clear and emphatic manner, gives directions for their use, and other instructions necessary for a first lesson. Day by day the pupil is learning something new, and various things which she would only gain in long experience, now come into her daily practice. By the time she has learned to use her reins with ease to herself, and best for the control of her horse, to sit erect and well-balanced in the saddle, all other things have come in, and she is a rider. It is desirable for the pupil to go occasionally upon the road with the master while she is learning, for the feelings of the rider and the action of the horse are different in the freedom of the open air, from what they are in the familiar routine of the riding-school. There, it is seldom that any thing occurs to startle and alarm the horse, and although the rider may know theoretically how to act in these cases, practice is necessary to give her confidence and safety.

There has been much controversy as to which side of the lady the gentleman should ride. Mr. Craige teaches, on the left; and demonstrates that there is the proper position for the greatest convenience of the gentleman in managing his companion's horse, and for the promotion of the safety of the fair rider. He reasons first from the fact of a horse being always approached on the left side—"halted, led, bridled, saddled, and mounted" from the left, therefore that it is more pleasant to the animal—an important consideration. The reins being, if the gentleman rides properly, in his left hand, his right, which is disengaged, is next the lady on the left side, to assist her; and without effort he can take her horse by the bridle, or arrange her dress if

necessary, without change of position, and in case of danger, aid her, or stop her horse, much better than with his left hand. The lady is also thus protected from horses and vehicles meeting her and passing on the right. It is very customary, I have noticed, for gentlemen to ride on the right, but I think there are more arguments in favor of the left.

To me, horseback riding is a newly opened source of enjoyment, but it reveals itself to me as a fountain of so much pleasure, such an invigorator and preserver of that health of the system, on which, proper mental as well as physical action so much depends, that I cannot withhold my little word of commendation. To all things that bring us into freer communion with Nature—to sharing her life, and garnering up her sunshine in our spirits, against the days of cloud that come to all of us, does my heart most “seriously incline.” And if any word of mine shall induce one reader-friend to take Nature for her physician, and try free air and exercise for the cure of her headaches and her languor, I shall feel a thousand times rewarded.

THE CONSUMMATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER. — BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

AMOS one day came to the house of his friend Bildad, and found him supporting his gray head with both his hands, and weeping bitterly; and Amos said unto his friend—“Why weepest thou?”

Then Bildad pointed to a bed that stood in the chamber, and upon the bed lay the dead body of a youth, Bildad’s only son. “See’st thou,” said Bildad, “there liest my hope, a prey to corruption.”

“Thy hope!” replied Amos, “but thy faith will soothe and overcome thy grief.”

Then Bildad answered and said—“My faith, alas, is weak and faint, since my love and hope have been thus sadly disappointed. Have I not diligently taught the boy, and stored his opening mind? And now, when my work approached its consummation——”

A flood of tears interrupted the words of the sorrowing father.

Amos was silent for a while. He then said to Bildad—“Thou art grieved that thou couldst not see the fruit of thy labor; and yet, Bildad, shouldest thou repine because everlasting Love, which gave the youth a noble mind and faculties, should consummate the work which it had begun?”

ELSIE LEE.

SEE ENGRAVING.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

HARK ! to the roar of the ocean ! Night and day its eloquent voice echoes along the shore, now in the earnest tone of passion, now in the soothing sweetness of friendship, and anon in the pitiful expression of wailing ; but always in the same mysterious language, which each listener must interpret for himself. To one it is a constant requiem over the lost buried beneath its waves, or the restless moanings of an unquiet spirit ; to another it is a perpetual song of praise going up to Him whose power alone can limit its swelling tides. Children who are born and reared in sight of its heaving bosom, and whose infant dreams have been suggested by its ceaseless lullaby, always seem to partake of the spirit of the scene. Their souls have more mysterious depths, the current of their thoughts is less restrained by artificial bounds, and they are more restless when the natural cravings of their hearts are unsatisfied, than those whose early home has been either in the crowded town or the peaceful country vale. They seem to possess in more marked contrast the union of opposing natures ; the *gentle* or *plastic*, which like the wave is sensitive to the slightest touch, and seems capable of being moulded into any form ; and the *passionate*, which like that wave in its resistless energy, when once aroused, will wear no curb upon its pride.

Such was Elsie Lee ; who was born, as her father and mother had been before her, upon the rocky coast of New England, almost within a stone's throw of the foaming breakers. A few miles inland, thick forests of pine were yielding to the woodman's axe ; near the falling timber a rapid stream first plied the busy saw, and then bore the fruits of its labor on toward the ocean. At the mouth of this stream, a little bay forms a tolerably safe anchorage for the many vessels that come for their freight of lumber ; and Elsie's father earned a comfortable living in piloting both the inward and outward bound through the narrow channel at its rocky entrance. Rodman Lee did not choose his home in the village at the head of the bay, but on the bluff which formed its outermost bound. Here he could catch the first glimpse of an approaching vessel ; and when off in his boat, and the wind was too light to run up to the anchorage ground, he could manage to thread his way among the breakers, and securing his craft behind a projectic

ledge, could spend the night with his family. The little circle which gathered at his hearthstone was all the world to him, and never was there a more loving family group. His wife was a sweet tempered woman, full of that patient wisdom, which performs quietly the duty nearest at hand, without borrowing trouble about the future. Elsie was the oldest child, and from her very birth had an air of witchery about her, which few could resist. As she grew up, the promise of beauty was amply fulfilled. Her cheeks lacked that ruddy glow which generally accompanies youth and health, but this seemed only to heighten the interest of her countenance. Her eyes were dark and full of ever varying expression; her hair corresponded in shade, and hung in clustering ringlets over her clear brow and snowy neck; and in every movement, whether rambling along the cliff, or engaged in some simple household duty, she exhibited an ease and grace peculiarly her own. She had one brother, born five years later than herself, who was a striking contrast to her in form and appearance. He had light flaxen hair, laughing blue eyes, and a restless habit of body and mind. He was christened Kenney, after the surname of his mother, and cost her a world of anxiety and watchfulness by his roving propensities, developed as soon as he could crawl from the threshold of his humble home. It was nearly two miles from this home to the village school, and thither had Elsie been year after year, until she was just blooming into womanhood; while Kenney, as soon as he was old enough to be of any use to his father, was allowed to follow his own inclination, and accompany him in the prosecution of his daily calling.

It was about the middle of September that the equinoctial storm, always terrible to the dwellers upon our North Eastern coast, was at its height. It had come a few days earlier than usual, and had now been raging fearfully for twenty-four hours. Dark masses of clouds came up from the ocean and poured their deluge of waters upon the land. The howling wind, like a spirit of destruction let loose from its prison-house, swept furiously over the face of the deep, heaving the waters into mountain ridges; and then leaping upon the shore amid the dashing spray, was followed inland by the creaking, and groaning and clashing of universal nature, until in some far peaceful vale it died away into a chilly breath, the first token of an early frost. Since the storm began, the pilot had kept, during the day-light, a steady look-out upon the sea, and when the darkness had shut out the prospect, he had, with unusual seriousness, commended those tossed upon the deep to Him who holdeth the waters in His hand, and to whom the darkness is as the light. It was near the meridian of the second day, and no sail had yet been visible from the rocky bluff. Mrs. Lee

was placing the chairs for their humble meal, while Mr. Lee and Kenney were straining their eyes to catch through the blinding rain that beat against the window, a view of the seaward horizon. Elsie had been assisting her mother in her household duties, but just at this moment she too had paused to gaze into the face of the storm. An exclamation from her drew the attention of the whole family, and deepened the interest of the scene.

"What is it, Elsie?" asked Mr. Lee. "I can see nothing in that direction."

"It is a large vessel trying to wear off shore."

Each one in turn followed the bearing of her pointed figure, but could distinguish nothing save the heaving waters, and the flying clouds. It was not the first time that Elsie's eyesight had pierced the distance where their more limited vision could not follow her, and therefore Mr. Lee called for his glass. After gazing for a moment, he exclaimed—

"Why don't they come in? 'tis their only chance!"

"What do you make of her, Rodman?" asked his wife in her quiet way.

"She's a full-rigged ship—a foreigner," he added after a moment's pause; "they are not trying to run out—I suppose they see it is hopeless, but they seem to be looking for a place to run in; and yet they are already too far down for our harbor. I do believe that they have overlooked us altogether: no—they are going about—Mary," said he, earnestly, laying down the glass, and turning to his wife, "I ought to go out to help them; I cannot, with a quiet conscience, see them run upon certain destruction."

The wife made no audible reply, but came toward him and leaned upon his shoulder, while her glistening eyes were eloquent with all which her lips left unsaid.

"Father," said Kenney, "you could never beat out in such a sea!"

"Not if my boat were at the ledge," he replied; "but you remember I left it at the point."

Again was every eye strained to watch the course of the noble ship, which was now more plainly visible as she approached nearer to the shore from which she was struggling to escape. Mr. Lee became more and more excited, as the danger increased, until he could endure his inactivity no longer, and fully rigged for the storm, he set out, with Kenney, for the beach. As he reached the point where his boat was sheltered, there was a momentary lull in the storm, of which he took advantage at once, and pushing from shore, managed to gain an offing sufficient to weather the point, and carry him, close-hauled on the

wind, in the direction of the vessel he was seeking. Fond eyes at home were watching his little craft, and as the storm again raged more furiously, and the boat seemed at times lost, as it sank in the trough of the sea, there were wild throbbings of heart at that cottage window. The look-out on board the vessel at length caught a glimpse of the boat, and bore up to meet them. In this change of course, being unacquainted with the coast, they came very near being dashed to pieces upon the breakers. When within a few cables' length of the hidden rocks, they became aware of their peril, by the roaring of the crest-broken waves, and again put about. Meantime, Rodman Lee held on his course steadily; his boat was a staunch one, but as she was running almost in the teeth of the wind, notwithstanding her half deck, and the sheltering tarpaulins, she caught many a dip of water, which kept Kenney busily bailing. Having got sufficient offing to clear the breakers, the vessel again turned toward the shore, and as the boat approached, the excitement on board became intense. Each one felt that the pilot was the only human instrumentality which could save them, but how could he board them in such a storm? Rodman Lee sat in the stern of his boat, with his tiller in one brawny hand, while the other grasped the boom of his main sheet which was hauled close in-board. He had calculated the chances of success, and comprehended fully the perils of placing his little craft alongside of the ship amid the heaving waters; still he was on the lee side, and the chance was not desperate. With unerring skill he watched the favorable moment, and put down his helm; the boat went round, and at the same time a rope was thrown from the vessel, which Kenney caught and made fast.— Had the man at the wheel possessed but a tithe of the pilot's skill, all would have been well; but supposing the danger over, now that the boat was secured, he allowed the ship to fall off, and the little craft was wrecked in an instant. At the same time the rope parted, and poor Kenney, who had clung to it, was drawn on board the ship, while his father was swept away without a chance of succor. One wild cry rang out above the howling of the storm, and the strong man was buried beneath the element which had been his companion from boyhood.

Satisfied that nothing could be done to save the father, the captain of the ship, who was a fine looking young man of five and twenty, turned to Kenney, and asked him where they were, and if he could pilot them to an anchorage. Proudly concealing the tears which he thought it beneath his manhood to shed, the boy explained to the captain briefly the bearings of the harbor, and offered to do his best to take the ship in. This offer was accepted, and after many narrow escapes, the task was accomplished; and just as the shades of night

gathered thickly about them, the anchors were dropped behind the bluff, where the ship could safely ride out the storm.

The night which followed, was passed hopefully at the cottage. Mrs. Lee and Elsie had watched the boat until it reached the ship, but had not witnessed the sad catastrophe. They had subsequently traced the course of the vessel, which they supposed held both of the dear ones, until it had disappeared within the harbor. They could hardly expect that Mr. Lee would return before morning, and they waited patiently for its dawning.

Poor Kenney walked the deck, meanwhile, in an agony of distress. He loved his father, but he thought less of his own loss, than of the grief which this bereavement would bring upon his mother and sister. Captain Morris sought in vain to soothe his anguish by praising his gallantry, and repeated for the fiftieth time his conviction, that but for him all on board would have perished. Fearing that Kenney was left desolate by this bereavement, he kindly asked him what relatives he had, offering at the same time to interest himself in his future career. The boy's reply was a key to his feelings:—

"I have a mother and sister," he said: "Mother can bear it, I know—but *Elsie will die!*"

The force of eloquence could go no farther; the daughter's passionate nature and clinging fondness for her father, were fully expressed in those words, uttered with a startling energy—"Elsie will die!"

The storm subsided, and the morning sun shone upon the sparkling waters, still restless from their two days' strife, as Captain Morris accompanied Kenney to his home, to break the sad news to the widow and fatherless. Even before they reached the house, Elsie's quick eye had discovered them, and her heart began to throb wildly, with its sad forebodings. She ran to meet them, but Captain Morris would not utter a word of his tidings until he had led her respectfully once more into the presence of her mother. She would there be no longer restrained, but interrupted his preparatory speech with the thrilling question, "Is father alive?"

"I fear not," was the sad reply. What more was added, she knew not, for the next moment she fell senseless upon the floor. Mrs. Lee, who had bowed her head to the stroke, without a murmur, ran to her daughter's assistance, and succeeded after various applications, in restoring her to consciousness.

As she turned her eyes toward Captain Morris, there was such a world of sorrow in their expression, as if the heart itself were broken and pouring its life out through their brimming channels, that her visitor almost felt as if it would have been a mercy had they never

opened again upon the scene of her bereavement. At last she found relief in words, and poured forth a torrent of bitter wailings for the lost, mingled with reproaches against those for whose sake he had undertaken his perilous task.

Captain Morris was an educated man, full of the courtesy of good breeding, as well as the natural generosity and kindness peculiar to the sailor. He allowed her at first to unburden her heart of its impatient murmurings, and then tried by earnest sympathy to console and comfort her. After a few hours she became more composed, and he left her, promising to return again. His vessel was an English ship, bound for Boston, and he could not be long delayed. He repeated his visit the succeeding day, and then bade her an affectionate adieu. At Kenney's request, he agreed to take him into his employ; and after making such provision as he could to supply temporarily the loss of the head of the family, his vessel sailed from the port.

For a few days Elsie bore up with seeming composure, but her grief returned, and with it more than her former impatience. She uttered severe accusations against those who had left her father in the boiling waters, without an effort at rescue, and in the wildness of her passion, even dared to murmur against Him whose arm had not interposed to save him. The yielding tenderness of her twofold nature, like the summer wave, was lost in the passionate heavings of her rebellious spirit. Day after day she walked upon the rocky bluff, stretching her gaze over the glittering waters, in the almost insane hope that her father would be borne in again upon the returning tide.

One bright afternoon, she fancied that she saw a small object floating upon the water, and she fixed her eyes intently upon it, for an hour or more, as it came slowly in toward the coast. Had her mind been less diseased, she would have recognized it as a mass of tangled sea-weed, but, in the mad hope which she cherished, her senses were easily deceived. While she was thus straining her sight, scarcely drawing a full breath lest she might miss the object of her regard, the scene gradually became shadowed and indistinct. She had not expected the night so soon, and she was more than usually impatient, and fairly wrung her hands with anguish. Her mother, fearing some new distress from her wild gestures, hurriedly left the cottage, and approached the cliff. But before she could ask her daughter the cause of her trouble, the latter exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, I had almost seen him, and now 'tis growing dark, and I shall lose him again!"

"What is growing dark, my child?"

"Why, the night, mother; but a few moments ago I could see

something there"—pointing toward the sea—"and now I cannot even see the coast. Why don't they light the lamps, mother?"

Who shall picture the anguish of that mother's heart, as she looked into her daughter's eyes and saw there no answering glance? The bright sun was still shining in the West, but to Elsie the night had indeed come, the night which was never to know a morning this side of the grave. Her sight had failed her in the intensity of her searching gaze; and from henceforth the shadow was to be unbroken!

Her mother led her gently back to the cottage, and with the patient control of her feelings so long habitual to her, kept down the swellings of her own heart, and tried fondly to hide, if but for a few short hours, the sad truth from her afflicted daughter. But the effort was in vain. Elsie would insist upon having a light; and then her mother, holding her the meanwhile in a loving embrace, told her gently that the night had come to her alone; that for others the sun was still shining, and the light of day undimmed.

She had expected a passionate outburst, but was disappointed.—Elsie's lip quivered, and from her darkened eyes came sprinkling down her cheeks, a few pearly tears, but she uttered not a word of passionate regret, or rebellious murmuring. Slowly she sank upon her knees at her mother's side, and laying her face, as a child, in her mother's lap, she said humbly—

"Mother, I have been very wicked and selfish in my sorrow, and God has punished me; pray for me that I may no more rebel."

How changed in an hour was her whole character and mode of life! The spirit of resignation and trust, like a refreshing stream, flowed over the desolate places in her heart, filling her with a sweet peace, and rekindling withered hopes. The world without was indeed dark, now like a summer twilight, and again like December blackness; but within, the light of life was burning upon the altar of devotion, throwing a halo over her whole being. Sometimes in the weakness of human nature, her sad deprivation would bring to her eyes unbidden tears; and when the physician forbade any hope of restored vision, for a moment her heart fainted under its burden, and she sobbed forth her grief. But He whose hand had laid this burden upon her, again strengthened her to bear it patiently, and thus to manifest to the world the power of His grace.

After a few months, Captain Morris returned to visit the afflicted family. He had not heard of this new sorrow, but his heart had yearned to comfort them under their bereavement. Elsie's fair face had haunted him by night and by day, with its sad, reproachful expression, and he longed to see her once more, and receive from her one

look of forgiveness. While he could not blame himself for the sad fate of her father, he still felt that his own life had been preserved at the expense of another, and that other, unlike himself—a husband and father. He brought Kenney with him, and as soon as he arrived in the village, hastened at once to the cottage on the bluff. Mrs. Lee met them with the same patient composure she had shown in parting, and led them to Elsie. The latter recognized her brother's voice, and the moment he touched her hand, threw herself into his embrace.—Captain Morris then turned to her, with his greeting, but met no recognizing glance. Her eyes were not disfigured, and there was nothing painful in their expression, save a certain fixedness, as if she were in a waking dream. The mother essayed to tell their visiter the story of Elsie's calamity, but could not finish it. Elsie herself was obliged to recount the sad tale, and she did it with an artless simplicity that made the strong man weep like a child. She did more; she spoke so sweetly and patiently of the uses of this adversity, the effect it had already had upon her heart, and the new hopes it had led her to cherish for that future where there shall be no dimness of vision, that his feelings were softened, and he thanked her most kindly for the lesson.

"It is true," she said in reply to his expression of regret that she could not see him, "I cannot look upon you as you are to-day, but I can still see you as you were when you wrung my hand at our last parting, and in all life's changes you will never grow old to me!"

There were many tender thoughts which sprang to his lips, but he would not utter them then. Day after day as he prolonged his visit, he saw something new to admire, and yet it seemed like selfishness to breathe one wish for himself to one who had suffered so much. One thing he was determined to do; and that was to provide a home for the little family, far from the treacherous waters which had engulfed the loved and lost; and whose alluring brightness had stolen the answering glance from the object of his affection. He found that the ocean was now Elsie's only terror. Its voice had ever for her a mournful tone; and when the storm lashed its billows into foam, and its roarings reverberated along the shore, he could see that she shuddered as if an enemy were knocking at the door. He sought out in the valley of the Merrimac a rural retreat, where the evening breeze is laden with the perfume of flowers, instead of the salt air of the sea; where the night is unbroken by the tempest-tossed waves, and the music of happy birds wakes the morning echoes. Thither he escorted the mother and daughter, and established them in a pleasant cottage, provided with every comfort which could attach them to their new home.

Her faithful dog has led her this pleasant day to her favorite seat beside the cool stream, but she heeds not its rippling murmur, and forgets that her hand holds his silken string. Her thoughts are with another, who has promised to be her guide, and who is even now hastening over the deep to call her his own. Happy are they whose only blindness is beneath the silken eyelash !

COME HOME, MY STRICKEN DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA A. ANDERSON.

Come home, my stricken daughter !
A sire in kindness said—
Now thy beloved husband
Is numbered with the dead.

Come home—and we will cheer thy heart
With fond affection's rays ;
Come, fill the place that was to thee
So dear in other days.

Here are the scenes thou lov'dst so well—
Here passed bright childhood's hours,
The purling brook, the woody glen,
Where blooms the same sweet flowers.

Here are the friends that kindly watched
Thy infancy and youth :
Who sought to fill thy tender mind
With virtue, love, and truth.

I know thy heart will not repine,
Though earthly joys are fled ;
And each glad thought and hope of thine
Lies buried with the dead.

Yet come—thy mother's tender care,
Thy sister's gentle love,
Will soothe thy wounded spirit here,
And point thy hopes above.

Then come, my lonely widowed one !
Thy father welcomes thee :
And while his heart with life shall beat,
His home thy home shall be.

Dayton Ohio.

IAMA-FI-NABA—THE FICKLE.

A TALE OF JAPAN.

BY WINFIELD SCOTT BELTON, LL.B.

PENSIVELY in her garden, sat Iama-fi-naba. 'Twas the hour of the Cock, and the setting sun was gilding with its lingering rays the miniature landscape. The tiny trees, which scarce measured inches in height, now cast quite lengthy shadows towards the East; and the thread-like stream of the waterfall glittered like a silver cord, as it dropped with gentle pattering upon the Lilliputian rocks beneath, with a sleep-inviting sound.

And yet sleep had of late been a stranger to Iama-fi-naba; and though often wooed, had coyly fled the maiden. Thoughtfully she sat, but the impatient movement of her fan from time to time, indicated the perturbation of her mind. Truth to tell, 'twas a question of mighty import which she was now debating within herself.

"Should she blacken her teeth, or no?"

That morning she had discovered affixed to her window frame a branch of the *Celastrus alatus*; and knowing well whose hand had fastened it there—a hand thus placed at her disposal—she hesitated to give the answer. The pearly teeth once blackened, she became plighted to Tomoya Toloisi, and her decision would be irrevocable.

It is a happy way the Japanese have of "popping the question," and an imitation of it by us—"outside barbarians," would be a long stride towards civilization. How many nerves might be spared, were the operation thus made a *mechanical* one; and instead of a set speech, uttered at best under circumstances of great embarrassment, a branch tied to a door knob could discourse symbolically of "breaking hearts," "magnetic needles," etc., with the touching pathos of verdant youth.

But our lady still waits in the garden, and the night air at Ohosaka—even in summer—is damp and chilling. Iama-fi-naba seemed to have meditated to some purpose, for rising with an expression of firm resolve upon her countenance, she entered the triangular sitting-room at the rear of the house.

Availing ourselves of the custom of the country, to pry closely into the affairs of others, we will follow her thither, and penetrating into her secret thoughts, endeavor to ascertain the cause of her recent perplexity.

She unquestionably loved the handsome youth, whose gallant offer had been the engrossing subject of her thoughts. But obstacles, seemingly insuperable, stood in the way of their union. Of these, difference in rank was perhaps the greatest.

No where is the line of demarkation between the various classes of society more distinctly drawn, and a *mésalliance* regarded with greater repugnance, and more cautiously avoided, than in Japan.

Iama-fi-naba was the daughter of an ancient house. From the time of Zin-mu-ten-woo, (the divine conqueror,) the first mortal ruler of the nation, her ancestors had been distinguished in war and council; and down to the farthest offshoot from the parent stock, all had been entitled to the distinction of wearing two swords.

Tomoya Toloisi, on the other hand, was an artist, who, though of a very respectable calling, was placed by the laws of his country in the seventh of the eight classes into which the people are divided, and four degrees lower in the social scale than the fair damsel whose love he had gained. His origin, too, was unknown to her. He had come to Ohosaka to pursue his avocation, but from whence, none had discovered. Employed by her father to paint a picture for the *toko*, an acquaintance was thus formed, which had ripened into love, and though highly esteemed by that very aristocratic old gentleman, he was regarded as too much of an inferior to suggest apprehension for the safety of the daughter. But the ways of love are the same in all lands; slyly he slips in, and does the mischief, mayhap in the very focus of the paternal spectacles, and yet escapes unseen.

Thus had it been in the present instance. Old Nim-po-ken was fond of his *Sakee*, and sometimes, after indulging more freely than usual, he would call upon Tomoya for a song. Upon such occasions, Iama-fi-naba was always present; whether he drank inspiration from her eyes or no, certain it is, that his voice lost nothing in sweetness or expression, while the skill and grace with which he accompanied himself on the *syamsie*, elicited unbounded applause from the father; and perhaps caused other chords to vibrate in the heart of the daughter.—How it happened that Tomoya could have so far forgotten the disparity in rank and position between himself and the daughter of his employer, as to have ventured upon a declaration, is somewhat unaccountable.

Iama-fi-naba was more discreet; or rather, was more sensible, as women always are in such cases. *The teeth were not blackened.*—Day by day, Tomoya watched for some encouraging glance; if only to indicate that the design was postponed, not abandoned. But there was no token of encouragement—and one morning Tomoya was gone—none knew whither. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

No one was more surprised at his absence than Iama-fi-naba. For awhile she clung to the hope of his return, but this at length yielded to the conviction that he had resorted to the *hara-kiri* ("the happy despatch.") Though she accused the unhappy youth of folly in permitting himself to love one so far his superior in birth and position, she could not acquit herself of all blame in encouraging his affection. She reproached herself, too, for being instrumental in his death, and this reflection was more poignant because unshared. She had no confidant to whom she could entrust her griefs; and the secret, locked up in her own breast, corroded the more. Her health suffered, and 'change of air' was found necessary for its restoration.

In the third year of the Nengo Kliponsi, on the eleventh day of the sixth month, the whole population of Miyako were turned out en masse to witness the grand procession usual on the occasion of the visit of the Ziogoon to the Micado. Amid the spectators—remarkable even in that brilliant throng for richness of attire and loveliness of person—was Iama-fi-naba. Her cheek was somewhat paler now, than when we first made her acquaintance at Ohosaka, and her brow wore a shade of sadness which ill became one so young. But the few months which had elapsed since the disappearance of the poor painter, though passed amid scenes of ever varied pleasure, had worn away like tedious years, bringing with them their full proportion of care and weariness.

The procession passed slowly on. The display was truly magnificent; luxurious palquinos and sedan chairs of most costly woods, richly carved and lackered; gorgeous coaches inlaid with pearl and golden plates, which sparkled in the sunlight like the most brilliant gems, and drawn by black bulls covered with silken nets; cavalcades of noblemen splendidly mounted, armed cap-a-pie, and accompanied by troops of guards, pikemen, and servants, (many of the latter bearing rain-cloak baskets)—altogether formed a pageant wonderful even in that Eastern land, and far surpassing any thing which has ever greeted our eyes. Yet attractive as was this pomp to the assembled multitude, Iama-fi-naba heeded it not. Her attention had early been drawn to one object, which beside her own, had claimed scarce a passing glance from the thousands around. This was a man of twenty-five, standing apart from the rest, with a listless air, as if his interest was only half awakened to the scene. His commanding height and well-formed figure were alone sufficient to have rendered him conspicuous; but added to these, features remarkably expressive of frankness and energy, and an eye dark and lustrous, whose restless glance moved rapidly from side to side, had succeeded in fixing the curious gaze of our heroine. Though she had watched him narrowly for some time, never

had those wandering eyes once met hers, or betrayed by their expression any consciousness on his part that he was the object of such scrutiny.

Much did our heroine speculate upon his appearance. His gown (start not! fair reader, for in Japan both sexes wear petticoats, and none, not even the women, ever assume the inexpressibles)—his *gown* then, was of coarse calico of sombre colors, such as is worn by the lower classes; his queue had been cut off, evidently as an expiatory offering, while the bristling hair upon the crown of his head—a spot daily submitted to the tonsorial operation, and never neglected for slight causes—characterized him as a sufferer. In what way? This was what Iama-fi-naba was dying to know. Numerous were the calamities she conjured up, as having befallen him; each more terrible than the last, her woman's sympathy becoming more and more enlisted in his case, until she found herself irresistibly drawn towards him by that powerful magnet. To sympathize with others in misfortune, is to pity them; and "pity is akin to love." We do not mean to say that our Japanese belle had actually progressed that far in her sympathy, but this we do know, that for the first time in many months, the poor painter of Ohosaka was entirely forgotten.

The procession had passed by, and the streets began to be deserted by the mighty throng which it had attracted thither. Iama-fi-naba was borne away in her *norimono*, carrying with her a vivid recollection of the sad expression of the pilgrim of Isye, for such in truth was the object of her curiosity.

A pilgrimage to the temple of Ten-sio-dai-sin at Isye, is a religious duty frequently performed by the pious, and incumbent at least once upon every true Buddhist. The pilgrim assumes the garb of a mendicant, and provided with a mat to sleep upon, and a wooden ladle with which to drink, undertakes the journey on foot, and purposely encounters hardships and privations on the way.

Had Iama-fi-naba but known that such was the character of the person in whom she was so much interested, much of seeming mystery would have been solved, while her satisfaction would have been greatly increased by the fact, that the humble garb of the stranger was only worn for the occasion.

After she had retired for the night, no event of the exciting day just closed, so much occupied her mind, as the appearance of the pilgrim. Do what she would, her thoughts constantly reverted to him; and every look and attitude were again and again recalled. Reproachfully would she strive to banish him, by recurring to the lost Tomoya and his melancholy fate. But the dead painter was no match for the living pilgrim, and after fruitless struggles, she abandoned herself to pleasant musing, and thus fell asleep.

Even in her slumber the same tall form was present, and with the strange inconsistency common to dreams, his acts were not always consonant with his character. At one time he seemed to have changed his rude garb for the rich attire of a prince, and with gay jest and courtly phrase sought to gain her preference; then again, he became an executioner, with Tomoya for the culprit, and having struck off the head of his victim, he substituted it for his own with wonderful facility, and Tomoya, in turn, was a queueless pilgrim. All at once her dreams changed to realities; but still most like to fantasy.

Dreadful outcries fill the air, and shrieks of *Finoto! Finoto!* are re-echoed by affrighted thousands. Stifling smoke and crackling flame have now invaded her apartment. Onward they come in unchecked rage, hissing in their fury and darting their fiery tongues at all that opposes them. And yet Iama-fi-naba sleeps. Wearied in body and harassed in mind, deep and now dreamless slumber paralyzes every sense. A portion of the outer wall has burned away, and a strong current of air drives back the smoke; but the flames still move onward. Thrice have they approached the very edge of the sleeper's couch, but each time drawn back as if relenting, and loath to destroy so fair a flower. At last, aroused by the heat, she suddenly awakes, and terrified and bewildered, half rises from her bed. At that moment the Pilgrim of Isye is before her; but she has not strength to escape, and falls back in unconsciousness. Seizing her in his muscular arms, he rushes through the burning passages. With unfaltering step he bears her to the fire-proof store house, which stands unscathed amid the burning town. Here Nim-po-ken, and the rest of the household had assembled; the former considerably injured in effecting his retreat. Our heroine recovered her consciousness, to catch the whispered ejaculation—"beloved, thou'rt saved!" and to witness, almost at the same moment, the disappearance of her preserver.

How changed the scene since the preceding day, when all was gorgeous revelry. One of those dreadful calamities, which from the combustible nature of the buildings, are not unfrequent in Japan, had nearly destroyed the beautiful town of Miyako. Save the fire-proof store houses—with which almost every dwelling is provided—scarce a vestige of its former magnificence remained.

As for Iama-fi-naba, she passed days in a sort of dreamy torpor, during which a mysterious voice seemed ever whispering in her ear, "beloved, thou'rt saved!" That it had ever been more real she did not believe; but regarded the whole as the effect of the extraordinary occurrences of that memorable day and night acting upon an imagination already influenced by bodily suffering. But this solution could not altogether satisfy her.

The presence of the curious personage who had previously so aroused her sympathies, at the very moment when she was about to perish, was of itself a source of much wonder. But this was no dream, since Nim-po-ken himself testified to the gallant manner in which her rescue had been accomplished. Iama-fi-naba freely confessed to her father, that she had felt an unaccountable longing to know something of his history. Nim-po-ken was not displeased to have his daughter's thoughts turned into a new channel, and gladly directed a search to be made for the missing hero. *Gobanyoses* and *banyoses*, the police of high and low degree, were employed to ferret him out; but all to no purpose. So difficult is it for the movements even of the most unimportant individuals to be kept concealed from the authorities, that his non-appearance could only be attributed to non-existence; and all declared that he must have perished with many others, who were known to have fallen victims at the great fire. As in the case of Tomoya, she was unwilling to admit so tragical a termination to this new episode, and did not for a time abandon the hope that he would return to receive at least her thanks for his generous conduct.

One of the most fashionable watering places in the empire is Tsuka-sake; which from the celebrity of its hot springs is a favorite resort of invalids. Indeed long before the time of Pressnitz, the hydropathic treatment was much in vogue there, and the bathing establishments of the Prince of Fizen were the ne plus ultra of convenience and neatness. Hither, upon the recommendation of the learned doctor Felo-kamon, Iama-fi-naba was taken for the recuperation of her physical energies. The sage physician accompanied his opinions with so many grave movements of the head, and learned phrases, that Nim-po-ken was thoroughly satisfied that implicit obedience to his directions could alone effect the restoration of his daughter's health.

The preparations for her removal to Tsuka-sake were made with all despatch. Borne in a magnificently laquered *norimono*, the journey was performed expeditiously, and without fatigue to the beautiful invalid. Their route lay through one of the most pleasant and fertile districts of the island. The roads, which were bordered with camphor and other fragrant trees, were carefully swept, so that with curtains drawn back the fair traveler could both inhale the balmy air and gaze upon the luxuriant scenery around, without the annoyance of even a particle of dust. At any other time she would have keenly appreciated the enjoyment thus offered; but now, with heart depressed, and thoughts continually dwelling upon her rescuer at Miyako, she paid but little attention to the passing scene, but remained gloomy and despondent. Once only before her arrival was she for a moment aroused from this semi-lethargic state.

Nim-po-ken, who was mounted, as became his rank, had reined in his horse to enable his groom to replace the worn-out straw shoes where-with he was shod, with new ones just purchased from a peasant by the road side. As his daughter watched the operation, as it were mechanically, from her *norimono*, she thought she recognized amid the surrounding group the tall figure of the missing pilgrim; but the half uttered ejaculation died on her lips, as turning his face toward her, she perceived that he had lost the sight of his right eye, which was concealed by a black patch, and that a queue of formidable dimensions, which was brought carelessly over his shoulder, hung down in front. His dress, too, though that of the working classes, was arranged with much neatness; and besides, he was evidently much older than he whom she sought.

Disappointed, she sank back in her *norimono*, and despite the efforts of her attendants, continued sad and silent, until they reached their destination.

(To be Continued.)

THOU ART NOT HERE.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Thou art not here, my earliest friend,
Thine aid and influence to lend;
And when the storm-cloud hovers o'er,
My darksome path, thy voice no more
Can waken hope, or banish fear—
Guide of my youth, thou art not here!

No more I see thy look of love,
Pure as the smiling stars above;
That look could nerve my heart to bear,
When on the verge of dark despair;
But now, when'er my soul is sad,
Thou art not here to make it glad.

Spring cometh, and its skies are clear,
But thou, my mother, art not here;
Thou, who didst show the creeping vine
Beneath my window where to twine;
Thou, who didst rear the blossoms gay,
Henceforth, forever, art away.

Thou art not here! amid the flowers
I see thee not, in twilight hours;
And yet, I sometimes think I feel
Thy spirit's presence o'er me steal,
Soft as the breath of evening air,
To calm my throbbing brow of care.

Webster, Michigan.

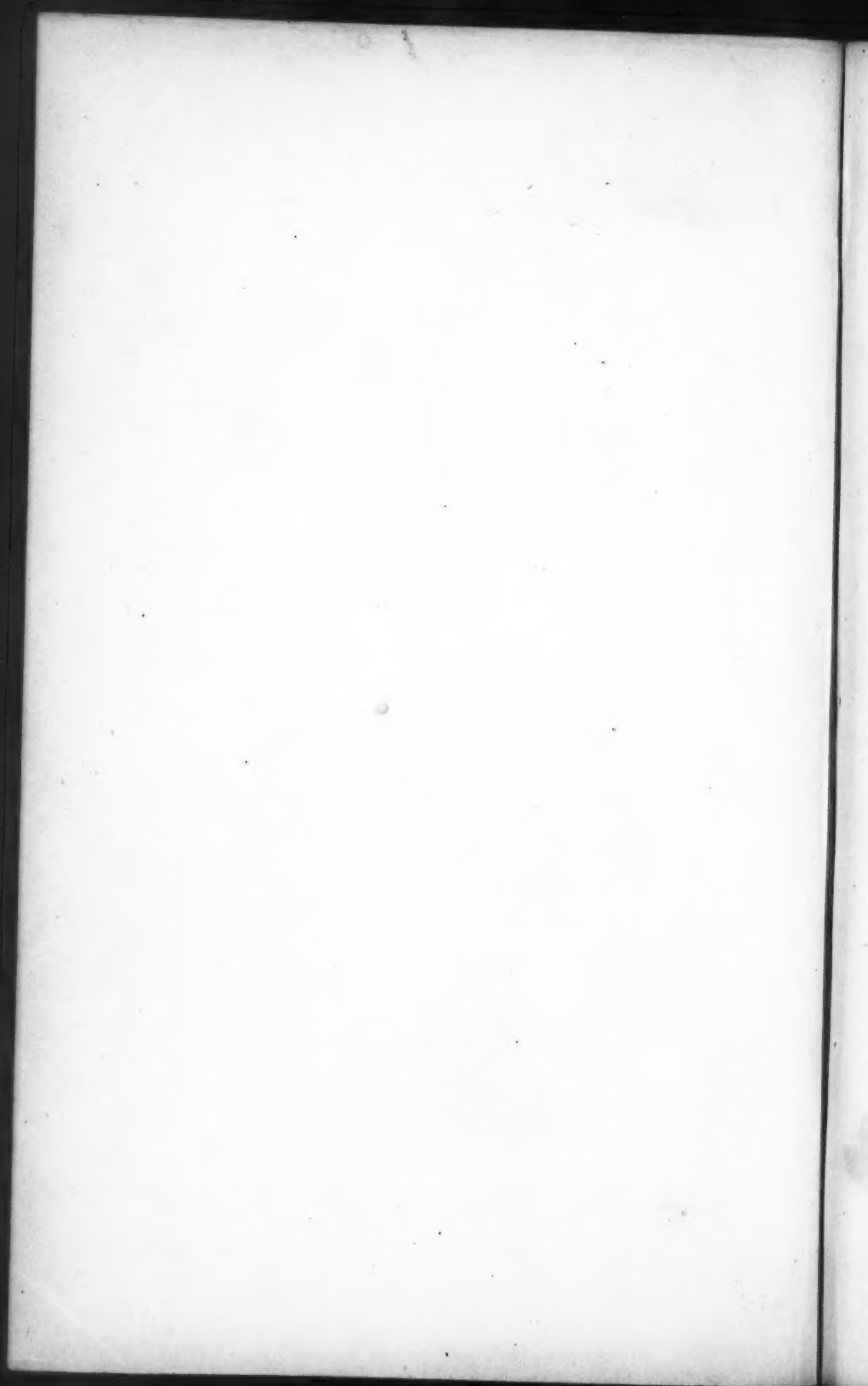


VIEW OF NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

WILLIAM D. B. N. A. P. L. 1855. A. N. D. N. B. 15 U. V. I. H. 1853.



Tulip Petunia-Tiger-Lily



AH! MEMORY!

Dedicated to S. G. White, Esq., of St. Francisco, California,

Words by M. F. TUPPER.

Music by G. F. PETTINOS.

ANDANTE.

DOLCE. CRES.

1. Ah! mem - 'ry, why re - proach me
2. Re - joice! O word of hope! I

TEMPO.

so With shad-ows of the past? . . The thrill - ling
may When those in - deed re - turn; . . For looks and

AH! MEMORY.

DIM.

hopes of long a - go, That came and went so fast? Ye
tones once passed a - way, In sol - i - tude I yearn; Let

COLLA VOCE.

APASSIONATO.

ten - der tones of that dear voice, Ye looks of those loved eyes,
oth - ers fan - cy I for - get The love of those dear eyes;

Re - turn, and bid my heart re - joice, For true love
I love, O how I love thee yet! For true love

nev - er dies.
nev - er dies.

IAMA-FI-NABA—THE FICKLE.

A TALE OF JAPAN.

BY WINFIELD SCOTT BELTON, LL.B.

(CONCLUDED.)

LIFE at a fashionable summer resort in Japan, is not exactly the counterpart of a season at Saratoga, though the points of resemblance in many respects are remarkable. There is the same love of display, and the same anxieties on the part of both belles and their mamas, which prevail in these latitudes. But these are, of course, somewhat modified by the peculiar customs and excessive ceremony of those highly civilized people, compared with whom, we *outsiders* sink into insignificance.

The delightful system of *espionage*, which is here only practised *con amore*, is made there a part of early education, is recognized and sanctioned by all classes, and is considered moreover one of the strongest bonds of political union; and as such, becomes a duty of the highest importance. The old adage that "every body's business is nobody's business," there loses its force, for every body's business is every body's business. Even the smallest hamlet is subdivided into five households, the head of one of which is duly appointed to watch the remainder, who must each keep the same watch in their turn. The prototype of Paul Pry was undoubtedly a Japanese.

Under these circumstances one would suppose that mysteries could not exist, yet in this atmosphere they flourish best. At Tsuka-sake, from the great caution practised by each visitor to conceal his plans and motives from the motley herd around, curiosity is kept constantly on the *qui vive*, and speculation has an ample field for action.

For some days after the arrival of Iama-fi-naba, various stories were told in regard to her past history, and she was made the heroine of a score of adventures as imaginary as any which have emanated from the pen of the novelist. Gossip had been so busy with her name, that ere she was sufficiently recovered to appear in public, she was pronounced a heartless coquette, who had caused innumerable suicides, the last of which was of a most worthy young man, who had thrown himself into the flames at Miyako, before her very eyes.

Heralded by such a reputation, it was not strange that she produced

no ordinary sensation, when pale and dejected, but lovely still, she first unveiled her beauty to the assembled élite of Nippon.

The young men were of course enraptured, and pronounced her incomparable, and tacitly admitted that (aside from Nim-po-ken's wealth!) she was fairly entitled to their homage.

Among the most agreeable of the male visitors, was a young officer of the *samlai*, who was exceedingly popular with the belles; perhaps chiefly because of his insensibility to their decided tokens of preference. The young soldier was an invalid, and report said was there to recruit his health. His languid gait, and haughty reserve, so unlike the generality of his class, confirmed the truth of this assertion; and soon attracted the notice of our Ohosaka maiden. Though they often met in their walks, he always seemed to avoid any thing like an interview with her, and had sedulously evaded the many opportunities offered for an introduction, which had been so eagerly embraced by others.

Now our heroine, though amiable, was still human; and not to admit that she felt piqued at this ungallant conduct, would be doing injustice to her sex. The more frequently she saw him, the stronger became her desire to overcome his apparent indifference, which she shrewdly attributed to some other motive than mere caprice.

However, as time wore on, and she saw no probability of an alteration in his course, she began to examine more closely her own feelings. The result of this inquiry was a candid admission to herself, that she felt an *interest* in the poor young man, and that she was anxious to withdraw him from the fits of moodiness and abstraction in which he indulged, and which assuredly retarded his recovery. She believed herself fully equal to this task, for the evident favor with which her sallies were received by her numerous admirers satisfied her as to the extent of her conversational powers. The oftener she looked at Mabi-ka-simo—for so he was named—the stronger she was impressed with certain points of resemblance between him and the unfortunate Tomoya; and with this resemblance she justified her own heart in its new attachment. Oh, woman, how subtle is thy logic!

The anniversary of the birth day of the Ziogoon was approaching; and the current topic among all circles at Tsuka-sake was the magnificent entertainment to be given upon the occasion, by the Prince of Fizen; then in high favor at the court of Yedo. Every one of any note was expected to be present; and as absence at such a time would be considered disrespectful, both to the prince and to his sovereign, lama-fi-naba secretly congratulated herself upon the probability of at last bringing the misanthropic soldier within reach of her batteries.

The day at length arrived. Never before had so brilliant an array

of wit and beauty, talent and fashion, graced the princely villa. There were valetudinarians of every degree, from the wealthy *kok-syoe** and *kie-nient* of the land, down to *kasseros* and *ottonas*,† all of whom were playing the parts of *metsukes*,§ or “steady lookers.” But there were many who had congregated there for other objects. Learned doctors of law and physic—sage philosophers and renowned astronomers—here met, as a congress of wisdom, to discuss mooted points, and to gain instruction from the scintillations of collected genius. The morning was spent by the various classes in the extensive grounds, according to their different tastes. Here a group surrounded a professional juggler, or story teller, who would delight his audience for awhile by retailing the gossip of the day, mingled with pithy jest and cutting sarcasm, ever ready to change his role and to rebuke—as was one of the duties of his vocation—the slightest breach of decorum; and to enforce the observance of its rules, both by precept and example. In another spot were numbers of both sexes of less frivolous dispositions, engaged, according to custom, in a debate upon the merits of some new work. Among these was “the fickle damsel of Ohosaka,” as she was now called by her envious rivals.

She seemed to have studied her toilet carefully, and seldom had she appeared to better advantage. Her outer robe was of dark blue silk, almost covered with golden embroidery of the richest description, with spacious sleeves nearly reaching the ground, and seeming almost to embarrass her movements by the weight of their costly decorations.—In the arrangement of her hair she had exercised elaborate skill, as if to weave a mesh to entrap the hearts of men, or at least that of Mabi-ka-simo. The luxuriant tresses were so adjusted as to form a turban, and decorated with a great number of long rods of highly polished tortoise shell. This is the usual style in which the women wear the hair, and is the principal distinction—as to costume—between the sexes: the elegance of the whole being considered as in proportion to the number of the tortoise shell rods.

In days gone-by, the harmony of the good people of the empire was much disturbed, and indeed almost destroyed, by a dispute as to the color of the devil—black, white, red and green, each having its zealous advocates. This question, which bid fair to sever friends and families, upon being submitted to the *Micado*, was summarily disposed of by his affirmation, that all parties were right, as his satanic majesty was of every hue. Though of less importance, a difference had arisen among certain disputants in the circle in which was *Iama-fi-naba*, upon some

*Princes. †Noblemen. ‡Inferior magistrates. §Spies.

abstruse point, relating to the *manyokana* and the *yamatogana*, which are two of the four sets of characters used in Japanese writings. Words ran high, each party being tenacious of its position, when the dignified Mabi-ka-simo appeared, and was chosen arbiter of the knotty question. He could not well evade this appeal, and thus was at last brought within the immediate influence of our heroine's attractions. It was to no purpose that he interposed his fan to screen himself from her eyes; look whither he would, he *felt* the effect of her gaze. He was embarrassed, but nevertheless delivered his opinion with so much suavity, and with so modest a display of scholastic acumen, as to please all parties, while Iama-fi-naba herself was quite enraptured.

Japanese ladies, in general, are distinguished for the many virtues which elsewhere adorn their sex; while their minds are cultivated as carefully as are those of the men. This is fully proven by the literature of that country, which abounds in works of female authors—historians, moralists, and poets.

Nim-po-ken had educated his daughter as became her rank. She was really an accomplished woman; as proficient in all the "ologies" as any fledgeling just emancipated from the thralldom of *une maitresse d'école*, and she added to all a thorough knowledge of the almanac; a familiarity with the lucky and unlucky days as therein noted, being an essential part of a young woman's education. Her head was indeed full of learning;—as for her heart, that was untutored, except by the experience of a few brief months, which availed her nothing. In conversation, she was piquant and vivacious—qualities which are generally pleasing to the opposite sex.

With such a companion, Mabi-ka-simo's fate seemed inevitable; and all his efforts to avoid it fruitless, for she was too well satisfied with the meeting to allow him easily to escape.

We will now accompany them to the reception and banqueting rooms of the prince—of course doffing our straw shoes at the portal—when we will endeavor to do justice to the entertainment.

The host was in the midst of the forms and ceremonies which constitute Japanese etiquette, when the Ohosaka maiden and her new lover entered the hall. After the usual interchange of compliments—of which Mabi-ka-simo seemed to receive more than his rank entitled him—coupled with the requisite number of bows and ejaculatory "*he, he, hes,*" the guests were ushered into the apartment where the feast was spread.

According to the most approved style of dilettanti tourists, we should sketch minutely the costume of the reigning belles, and enliven the picture with occasional glimpses at their fortunes and—failings. But

a wider field is before us ; yet appalled by its vastness we enter upon it reluctantly. Could we succeed in conveying to our *fair* readers but a few of the many marvels of a Japanese cuisine, our ambition—if not their appetites—would be fully sated.

The tables exhibit no lofty pyramids of fragile frosting to attract the eye ; but in their stead, with gilded bills and legs, stand numerous representatives of the denizens of earth and air. Beasts and birds, of kinds unknown to our epicurean research, by their variety of flavor and preparation prove the perfection to which gastronomy has there attained ; while innumerable dishes, with untranslatable and unpronounceable names—rejected by our unskilled artists—are served up on this occasion, and relished as the choicest dainties. No massive plate with armorial quarterings is here displayed, but magnificent lacquered ware—far exceeding it in costliness—is substituted ; and no compliment so well pleases its owner as inquiries in regard to its price. But the most important and conspicuous dish of all, we have yet to mention.—It is not the delicious “*paté de foie gras*” of France, nor the more *recherché* haricot of nightingale’s tongues—and still, without it, no entertainment could be complete ; nor is even a gift presented to friend or lady-love without this accompaniment. *Dried fish* is the viand so highly esteemed. This, not indeed on account of its own savor, but because of the antiquity of the custom, which requires it ever to be present, as a memento of the frugality of their early ancestors. Of the great variety of food offered each guest, nothing can be passed by untasted. The host himself attends at the board ; placing from time to time a delicate *morceau* in the bowl of some favored one. Rigid etiquette requires, too, that nothing shall be left ; accordingly we see the capacious sleeve-pockets of the company well filled with the remains.

But where are our friends ? Ah ! the fickle one has not neglected her opportunity. See ! he offers her a *bonbon*, which she receives upon her fan ; partially concealing his features behind his own,* he speaks, but in so low a tone that we cannot catch the words. *Iama-fi-naba* seems moved, for she withdraws from her bosom one of the neatly cut squares of paper which are used instead of *cambric* handkerchiefs, and after placing it to her eyes, as if to absorb a falling tear, she deposits it in her sleeve-pocket.

A score of times, that evening, had the shade of *Tomoya Toloisi* seemed to stand before her in the person of *Maba-ka-simo*. Gazing in his eyes, she would seem to doubt the reality of the present, and to live

* The fan is carried by all ages and sexes, and is multifarious in its uses, serving generally as a substitute for hats ; which are never worn except as a protection against rain.

in the past. But this delusion would be but momentary—for the soldier's glance evaded hers, while the eyes of the painter had ever sought her own, and seemed to mirror back her very thoughts. But she had traced many minor points of resemblance between her present companion and the object of her first love. The stately youth of Tsuka-sake spoke a different dialect—for Japan has its provincialisms—from the gay and volatile artist of Ohosaka; still there were tones in the voice of the one, which thrilled chords that had never awakened but to the low pleadings of the other. It was this which had so nearly unnerved Iama-fi-naba, and caused the display of emotion which we have just noticed. Hers was a curious disposition, and one not easy to analyze. To say that she was exceedingly *susceptible*, would apparently be doing her no injustice, judging her character from the incidents recorded in this veracious narrative; but perhaps the true solution is, that she loved the *ideal*, which she had seen more or less dimly portrayed in the several persons who had aroused her interest.

As for Mabi-ka-simo, despite his caution and reserve, he had been fairly made captive. A variety of circumstances had conjoined to effect her triumph. He had been enabled in a short time to judge of qualities which ordinarily would not have attracted notice. Her mind was certainly of a superior order, and opportunities had offered on this day, not only for a display of its powers, but also of several accomplishments, which, though useless in themselves, nevertheless contribute much toward the sum of merit. Her dancing, for instance, was the admiration of all beholders; and was not altogether devoid of grace, which is not an essential element in the native dances of Japan.

The men never dance, and as Mabi-ka-simo watched her movements, while with others of her sex she went through with a performance requiring more than usual skill and expression, her superiority was too apparent not to impress him favorably. It was not strange therefore, that before the close of the festival at the Prince of Fizen's, he should have been betrayed, as it were, into an avowal to her of a feeling, rather more decided than mere admiration; a confession which we must admit was not a source of much dissatisfaction to the lady.

After parting for the night with a promise of renewed intercourse on the morrow, Iama fi-naba retired to rest, with her mind filled with bright anticipations for the future. She had not slept long, ere there came upon her dreams the soft notes of a *syamsie*, accompanying a melancholy love ditty; the words of which had been familiar to her in days gone by, when Zomoya of Ohosaka was wont to sing them. But now they served only to change the spirit of her visions, bringing a motley assemblage of characters around her, in the midst of which

were Nim-po-ken and the painter as of yore; the one asleep over his *sakee*, the other playing the *syamsie* to the father, and the agreeable to the daughter.

Iama-fi-naba was completely electrified upon learning on the morrow that the handsome young soldier was already upon the route to Yedo; having, as it was said, received unexpected and peremptory orders to present himself without delay, at the court of the Ziogoon. A threatened insurrection in some remote province, might have been the cause of this movement, but from whatever source it came, Iama-fi-naba could not but think it excessively cruel to be thus deprived of such an agreeable companion, without whom Tsuka-sake had become positively stupid.

After an interval of some weeks, passed in fruitless lamentations on the part of the daughter, the father at last yielded to her entreaties, and resolved to return once more to Ohosaka.

Great was the surprise of that worthy upon receiving on the very eve of his departure, a summons to appear at the capital, previous to entering upon the duties of an important office, to which he was graciously informed he had been appointed. He was further directed to bring his family with him. A deposit of the *fair* members of his household at the imperial city—beyond whose limits no female is allowed to pass without permission—being a favorite mode of securing the loyalty of an incumbent when on service in a remote region.

Nim-po-ken was permitted to proceed to Ohosaka, and make the necessary preparations for his presentation at the golden palace of Yedo. Many were the manifestations of delight at the return of our friends to their native city. Good fortune is ever appreciated, and cordial, if not sincere, were the congratulations offered Nim-po-ken upon his advancement. Desire for office is a predominant trait in the national character of the Japanese, and now that he was about to appear in a new and exalted position, all were disposed to secure a friend at court, in the person of the *Ziogoon's* new favorite.

We will not weary our readers with a narration of the thousand ways in which this feeling was displayed, nor enumerate the fêtes given in his honor; nor tell of the glorious revels at the tea-houses, where the health and prosperity of this rising sun was drank so enthusiastically in brimming cups, that the choicest teas of the country—finely powdered and beaten into a cream with boiling water—though usually so efficacious a remedy for intoxication, could scarce neutralize the effects of the potent *sakee*. Most lavish was the consumption of fish at this time, since the various presents made to the (now more than ever) charming Iama-fi-naba, whether consisting of costly lacquered ware, or more simple tokens, as books or paper, must, *more Japonice*, be accompanied by this national donation.

By virtue of his promotion, Nim-po-ken had added to the *length* of his scarf; for this too must correspond with the rank of the wearer.—And in as much as the ends of this badge of distinction—which is worn across the shoulders—must be made to touch the ground when saluting, this was no trifling privilege to one so often required to bend to popular demonstrations.

No wild stare and hurried nod will be received by those civilized people, as the payment of one tithe of the dues to politeness; but it is necessary for acquaintances when approaching, to halt at several paces apart, and gaze inquiringly into each others faces. After each is satisfied by a rigid scrutiny of the features, as to the health of his friend, the body is then bent so that the ends of their scarfs may touch the earth, and they thus shoot rapidly by, not resuming the erect posture until both are assured that he for whom this difficult manœuvre has been performed, is out of sight; to convince themselves of which, an occasional peep under the arms, is of course justifiable. Imagine this custom introduced into our great thoroughfares! How much would be gained in dignity, and how much unpleasant jostling avoided!

All is now arranged for the journey to Yedo; which is to commence the day after one of the yearly festivals that are celebrated with so much pomp and display throughout the empire.

The theatre at Ohosaka, which is of immense size, is crowded to its fullest extent. Several dramas are to be performed, not in sequence, as by barbarians, but with the acts of *each* alternating with those of the others. A large portion of the day has already been consumed in the representations, when Iama-fi-naba again enters in rich attire, having—as is common with the notables of her country-women—retired some seven or eight times for the purpose of changing her dress.

Scarcely had she taken her seat, when raising her eyes for the moment, she descried Tomoya Toloisi—not as the shadowy mist of a phantom—but substantial, real, palpable; neither etherialized by death, nor even wasted by disease. Surprise checked her utterance, and as she convulsively grasped the arm of her father, she could only whisper, “See!” But the object of her wonder was already lost in the crowd.

Though perplexed beyond expression by this re-appearance of one, almost forgotten as dead, she was relieved to think that despair at her seeming rejection of his suit had not driven him to the *hara-kiri* as she had supposed. The knowledge that he still lived, brought back with tenfold strength the early love she bore him, and gave rise to an earnest longing to throw herself upon his generosity, and while confessing her wicked folly in leading him to think her indifferent, to assure him of her unchanged affection. But this consolation is denied

the silly maiden. She may not even linger at Ohosaka in hopes of an interview, for the commands of the *Ziagoon* are imperative; and to-morrow's dawn must find them on the way to Yedo. There she is to remain as an hostage—a prisoner—during her father's absence in the service of his master.

Unenviable indeed were the feelings of our heroine, as she turned her lingering looks towards the city of her birth, now fast disappearing in the distance.

The scenery on the route to Yedo, as in almost every part of that luxuriant country, is beautiful beyond description, and endless in its variety. The road winding along a precipice, down which plunges in mad career an impetuous torrent, at one moment seems to threaten destruction to the daring traveler who pursues his way—but at the next, reveals to his astonished gaze some peaceful village in the glen, which is spread out like a garden at his feet. A thousand species of flowers there display their unrivalled tints, and charge the air with fragrance nearly overpowering. Here and there—conspicuous by its dazzling whiteness amid the dark green foliage—stands in some commanding position on the hills, a villa or a temple. But why should I tire the reader with a description of that which, even in its reality, failed to elicit one remark of admiration from the luckless Iama-fi-naba? This indifference to the beautiful, either in nature or in art, is not a trait usual among her nation, who on the contrary show generally not only a just appreciation of the proper objects of taste, but possess the quality itself, in no trifling degree.

An hundred emotions were struggling for the ascendancy in Iama-fi-naba's breast, and preying upon her spirits. An accident to her splendid *teao-binto*—or tea equipage, without which no person of distinction travels—failed to excite any symptoms of anger usual with her sex on such occasions. Unmoved amid the crash, she gazed complacently upon the ruin caused by the awkwardness of its bearer, permitting him to escape without even a reproachful glance. This serenity indicated plainly the dangerous apathy into which she had fallen, and Nim-po-ken resorted to every means in his power to withdraw her from it. Consulting his guide book, which was as complete a work of reference in every respect as any from the press of Galignani, he would search out every object of importance or interest, and endeavor by dwelling upon its attractions, to divert the mind of his daughter from the sadness which clouded it. But his kind efforts seemed unavailing, and her thoughts still despondingly clung to the painter of Ohosaka; to her preserver at Miyako; and to the soldier at Tsuka-sake; neither one of whom was sufficiently individualized in her disordered brain to

preserve in it, for any length of time, a separate and distinct identity. —In this untoward state did she remain, until the train of Nim-po-ken reached the town of Aray, at which important point is stationed the great Yedo guard. Here all travelers are delayed until their passports have been carefully examined. A strict scrutiny is exercised, especially in regard to women, and none are allowed to pass without the written authority of a councillor of state.

Pending the completion of the necessary forms of this procedure, Iama-fi-naba was agreeably surprised by the greeting of Mabi-ka-simo, who represented himself as on duty temporarily at that post. The joy of Nim-po-ken and his daughter at thus meeting an old acquaintance was frankly expressed by both, though originating in different motives. The former hoped that an interview with the officer would restore, at least for a time, his child's wonted cheerfulness; while she hailed him as one who could dissipate by his presence, the chill which had so nearly checked the flow of every youthful feeling.

It was determined to pass the night at Aray, and not to cross the lake, upon whose banks it stands, till the following day; when Mabi-ka-simo would accompany them to the opposite shore.

The soldier played the part of host, himself providing for the accommodation of the party; nor did he lose an opportunity thus afforded of assuring Iama-fi-naba, that absence had not lessened his regard for her. The lady replied to this declaration by an admission that he had inspired her with feelings of warm friendship, but at the same time checked his ardor by an intimation that love for another would prevent any change to a stronger emotion. He bore this repulse like a soldier, and as if it were not unexpected; but still with an I'll-try-again air which told of any thing but total discomfiture.

The lake was crossed on the morrow, and the Ohosakians pursued their journey towards the capital, but with much lighter hearts than on the previous day. Nim-po-ken was delighted to find his daughter so improved in spirits, while she, far from being sad at the parting with Mabi-ka-simo, was looking forward trustingly, to a meeting at Yedo, whither he had promised soon to follow them.

With perceptions keen to every enjoyment, they sped merrily on their way. The Tenriogawa, with its rapid current flowing over a bed of golden sands, is first passed, and then the wild Oyegawa, whose impetuous torrent will permit neither bridge nor ferry-boat to cross its waters, compelling all who pass them boldly to seek their embrace.—This is a feat dangerous at first sight, but rendered more secure by the skill and watchfulness of the guides stationed on its banks, who are responsible for the safety of man, beast, and burden. The moun-

tain of Foesi, stretching its snow clad summit far heavenward, and looking down in frowning majesty upon the vast empire beneath,—its yawning crater, though an hundred years silent, still threateningly distended—now stood before them in all its gigantic proportions. But still two days elapse before they could reach its base, where at the village of Moitsiba, the hospitable peasant, bears to Nim-po-ken his favorite *sakee*, cooled with snow brought from its summit by the pious *yamaboesi*, who often perform the pilgrimage thither.

These localities are all as well known to every inhabitant of Japan, as is the great bridge at Yedo, called the Nippon-bas, from whence all distances are measured. They afford the poet metaphors for his verses, and the painter subjects for his easel, and Iama-fi-naba remembered well, some landscapes painted by Tomoya from originals now before her eyes. But these associations produced no sadness now, for Tomoya Toloisi still lived—and a spirit of hopefulness pervaded every thought of the future. Resting on the last night of their journey at Kawasaka, they recommenced their march at an early hour, and crossing the river Rokfgogawa, soon after entered Sinagawa, a suburb of the great metropolis. At this point, Nim-po-ken found messengers awaiting to conduct him to the abode which he was to occupy during his stay at Yedo.

Iama-fi-naba was almost affrighted by the noise and bustle of the great city, so unlike any thing she had ever before witnessed, even in the larger towns she had previously visited. Carried in her *norimono* along paved streets of extraordinary width, but yet crowded to excess, the bewildered girl was lost in wonder at their vastness and grandeur. Gilded signs were hung on every side, while noisy boys, standing beneath the awnings in front of the shops, proclaimed with loud voices the merits of the wares within. Now they passed the magnificent warehouse of the rich silk merchant Itsigoya, who has a shop in every business town in the kingdom, and whose wealth and munificence exceeds all computation. But finally their destination was reached, and wearied to exhaustion, Iama-fi-naba resigned herself to her attendants, to prepare her for taking the repose so necessary for the efforts of the morrow.

The next day was appropriated to the reception of visits of ceremony, and not till the third after their arrival was Nim-po-ken presented to the minister of state; when he received, in due form, his commission as governor of Kinsin. Upon returning from this ceremonial, he was accompanied by a young nobleman by the name of Takahasi Gopoitsin. This person was of high standing at court, and possessed of great wealth and influence; indeed the latter was said to be unlimited, and

no request preferred by him was ever refused by the high officers of state, or even by the Ziogoon himself, did its nature require that it should be submitted to that august personage. He was, moreover, represented to be a very eccentric individual, fond of adventure of the Harounal Raschid type, his success in which was believed to be the secret of his power, since he was often employed upon diplomatic missions, for which his peculiar talent in this respect most admirably fitted him.

It was not long before Iama-fi-naba became as much enraptured with this new acquaintance as she had ever been with Mabi-ka-simo, or even Tomoya himself. As time sped on, their intimacy increased, until finally each day found him in attendance upon her, beguiling the hours either with chess or some other intellectual game.

The fickle maid of Ohosaka had forgotten that Mabi-ka-simo was to have met her at the imperial city; nor did her thoughts scarcely ever revert to her first love, so recently discovered to be still among the living. Her father did not discourage the attentions of the gallant courtier; but on the contrary, like a wise parent, having an eye to a good match for his child, afforded the young lover every opportunity to prosecute his suit.

One evening, Takahasi, who seemed more thoughtful than usual, abruptly asked Iama-fi-naba if she had ever heard of Mabi-ka-simo?

"Yes, I have known him," artlessly replied the lady—"but why do you ask?"

"He was once an intimate friend of mine," replied her questioner, "and I have but to-day heard of his death!"

The cheek of his hearer paled, and her lip quivered as she turned towards him for an explanation.

"*Hara-kiri*," carelessly exclaimed Takahasi. "He had displeased the chief of the *Samlai* by absenting himself from his post, and when overtaken and arrested on his way to Yedo—there was no alternative by which to avoid disgrace—he ripped himself skillfully, and died quickly." Here we may mention, parenthetically, that suicide is reduced to a science among the Japanese, and the *modus operandi* is taught the boys at the schools, as one of the most important branches of education. The announcement of Mabi-ka-simo's death by his own hand, was therefore a matter of but little surprise to our heroine, and was softened by the compliment paid his skill. But nevertheless she felt grieved at his loss, and remained for some moments in silent sadness.

"It is strange," continued her companion, as if giving utterance only to his own reflections, "that I should have heard to-day of the death of my two earliest friends—Tomoya Toloisi——"

"Tomoya!" exclaimed Iama-fi-naba, "what of him?"

"Did you know *him*, also?—well, he was drowned in attempting to ford the Oyegawa!"

This was a severe shock for his lisetner; and despite her efforts at calmness, her agitation could not have escaped the most indifferent observer. But Takahasi Gopoitsin seemed to heed it not.

"These are themes too sad for tender hearts, and had I known of your acquaintance with the lost friends of my youth, would have spoken more cautiously of them"—saying which, he turned the conversation into another channel, and soon after withdrew.

Iama-fi-naba passed a restless night, her thoughts constantly haunted by the recollection of both the soldier and the painter. But on the morrow her gloom was somewhat dissipated by the presence of Takahasi, whose efforts to please her appeared to be more zealous than ever; and now being without dangerous rivals, he made fair progress in her regard.

The custom of the country requires not only that a child shall receive a new name upon attaining its seventh year, but also that an adult shall assume another cognomen with every change in office or position. In obedience to this law, our friend Nim-po-ken was now known as Felusi Gamoni.

There was quite a commotion in the fashionable circles at Yedo when it was first whispered confidentially among the "friends" of the parties, that Felusi Gamoni, governor of Kinsin, would before his departure for his post, bestow his daughter upon Takahasi Gopoitsin, the favorite of the Ziogoon. But such indeed was the fact, for the *teeth of the lady were already blackened!*

The marriage brokers had their hands full in arranging the preliminary settlements for this grand espousal; the task was however accomplished, and the *fickle* damsel of Ohosaka became the veritable bride of the most accomplished, eccentric, and influential personage in the kingdom.

We behold her now, with eye-brows carefully eradicated, notwithstanding her apparent inconsistency, the bride of her first love.

When the royal emissary at Ohosaka, in the guise of a poor painter, first won the love of the simple girl, he gained a prize well worthy of his care. When afterwards, as the pilgrim of Isye, he rescued her from the flames at Miyako, he preserved one who was destined to become his guiding star in many a dark hour of peril. When hovering about her pathway, and watching every step in her journeyings, he was but protecting the gentle guardian of after years. And when in various assumed characters he had sought to gain her love, he had thus

but proved her unchanging affection. Though her woman's wit failed to penetrate the disguise so skilfully thrown about the outer man, her spirit-eye was keen to discern the worth beneath, and she had never loved but the one ideal.

Thus through all her seeming fickleness, her heart was still faithful, and this faithfulness was finally rewarded.

TRUST IN GOD.

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BY ALICE MYRTLE  
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While the joys of youth are bright,
Dancing in unclouded light,—
While our path is strewn with flowers,
And our hearts scarce heed the hours,—
While but loving smiles we see,
Father! we will trust in Thee.

While our friends their tributes pay,
Brightly cheering all our way—
While our hearth is richly blest
With the loved ones, dearest, best—
When we would the gladdest be,
Father! we will trust in Thee.

Trust in Thee! without thy care,
Dare we hope to shun the snare
Sin has spread in Pleasure's halls,
Where innocence is lured, and falls?
Oh! then let our motto be,
Father! now we trust in Thee.

Selfish, cold, must be that heart
Trusting self till sorrows smart—
Spending life for silly gain,
Till in love God sendeth pain;—
Father! may we wiser be,
May we ever trust in Thee.

Independence of mind, freedom from a slavish respect to the taste and opinions of others, next to goodness of heart, will best insure our happiness in the conduct of life.

MICAIAH.

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 BY MARY F. WILLISTON.  
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BRIGHT was the sky above Samaria,
 And beautiful the summer's smile around.
 Shining expanses of green waving grain
 Covered the sloping hill-sides far away;
 Nearer, the olive's wealth of ripening fruit,
 The fig tree's ample leaves, proclaimed a soil
 Of inexhaustible fertility;
 And flocks and herds reposed in plenty's peace,
 Throughout the vale beneath the city's walls.
 Within the city, all was festive mirth;
 For Ahab entertained a royal guest—
 Jehoshaphat of Judah; he had come,
 From far Jerusalem, to form a league
 Of peace and amity with Israel's king.
 Daily the monarchs spoke of all their wealth,
 Of humble subjects, and of wide domains;
 But Ahab's grasping mind could never rest,
 Except new conquests brought him new renown.
 And thus he strove to move Jehoshaphat.—
 "Know'st thou that Ramoth Gilead is ours?
 Why stand we still, nor take it from the king
 Of Syria? Wilt thou go up with me,
 Unto the battle?" And Jehoshaphat
 Answered—"My people and my stores are thine.
 But first, inquire, I pray thee, of the Lord."
 The words of pious trust were impotent,
 To influence proud Ahab's hardened heart.
 He had forgotten God, and looked for help
 To Baal's shrine, and the unholy throng,
 Of lying prophets, who succeeded well,
 In quieting the oft-recurring fears
 That proved the royal conscience ill at ease.

The morning sun had tempered, with its rays,
 The zephyrs playing through Samaria's gate.
 Where, gorgeously arrayed in regal pomp,
 Jehoshaphat and Ahab sat enthroned.
 Four hundred prophets were assembled there,
 Whose counsel, Ahab deemed, might reassure
 The doubting courage of Jehoshaphat.
 But still he doubted; he had heard too oft
 The thrilling tidings, which the men of God
 Brought from the unknown future, by the power
 Of heavenly inspiration, to believe

The vain and flattering words of Baal's seers ;
 And anxiously he said, " Is there not here
 One prophet of the Lord, that we might ask
 Of him ?" And Ahab said, " There is but one—
 Micaiah, whom I hate, for all his words
 Are only evil when he speaks of me."

God had not left the proud idolater
 Unwarned or uninstructed. He had heard
 The stern rebukes, and eloquent appeals
 Of Imlah's son, till his vain stubborn heart
 Would hear no more ; and, writhing with remorse,
 Which his own guilty conscience had aroused,
 He banished the reprover from his sight.
 But at Jehoshaphat's renewed request,
 A messenger of state was sent, to call
 The holy man again before the king.
 The bearer of the royal word approached
 The dwelling of the prophet, and made known
 His errand, saying, " Let thy words I pray,
 Be promises of good, and thou shalt live ;
 But, if thou speakest evil as thou hast,
 Hope not for mercy from thine angry king."
*" As the Lord liveth, what He saith to me,
 That will I speak"*—The man of God replied.
 The pledge thus firmly given, was nobly kept.
 And, proud to be Jehovah's messenger,
 In such a trial time, Micaiah showed,
 With the prophetic vision's startling truth,
 The purposes of Heaven to Ahab's house.

The hour had passed, the prophet's work was done ;
 Nobly and bravely done. What though his days
 In dungeon darkness must thenceforward pass ?
 What though affliction's bread must be his food,
 And cheerless solitude his life-long fate ?
 God would be with him ; and the happy hour
 Would quickly come, when he should be released
 From earthly woe, to share the joys of Heaven.

Ages have passed, since the glad hour arrived—
 Ages of untold rapture, to the soul
 Who shrank not once from duty's thorny path,
 But onward pressed with undivided zeal.
 Brightly the record of that zeal sublime
 Illumines with its light the sacred page.
 And when God's ministers, in later times,
 With souls oppressed, and courage almost gone,
 Go to His word for guidance in their need ;
 From the dim darkness of the distant past,
 Micaiah's high example cheers their sight,
 And nerves their faith to conquer seeming ills,
 To scorn the dread of persecution here,
 And look for their reward alone in Heaven.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

SEE ENGRAVING.

"VEDI Napoli e poi muori!"—*See Naples and die!*—exclaims the enraptured Neapolitan, who fancies that his sunny home is a "piece of heaven fallen upon earth." And there is much in this beautiful city to excuse his extravagance. It is situated on the margin of a majestic bay, with the islands of Capri and Ischia on the left; while the smoke from Vesuvius, like clouds of incense from a mighty censer, floats far above it to the right—a perpetual monitor of the feebleness of man before the messenger of the Omnipotent. The city contains a population of nearly four hundred thousand, and although noted for its extravagance of architectural style, is full of palaces and churches, many of which are very beautiful. Of the latter there are one hundred and twenty-two, besides one hundred and thirty chapels, and one hundred and forty-nine monasteries. The climate is delightful, the heat being always tempered with a delicious sea breeze, and the streets are always gay, throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours, the inhabitants spending much of their time in the open air.

The base of Vesuvius is a mile and a quarter distant from the capital, and it stretches its summit like a vast pyramid to the height of three thousand six hundred and eighty feet from the plain. The crater is seen, as in the engraving, perpetually smoking, and almost annually, for the last fifty years, has poured forth its torrents of molten lava. On the 24th of October, in 1822, the shower of ashes darkened the light of day in Naples, so that candles were necessary, and even spread as far as Cassano, one hundred and five miles distant. The lava at the same time ran down the distance of a mile, in a stream twelve feet deep. The *trifling* annual eruptions, however, scarce disturb the festal groups in Naples. It was in the year A. D. 79, that the torrent from this crater buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii beneath a crust, which left even their site no longer visible. More than fifteen hundred years afterwards, Herculaneum was discovered in digging a well, and since that time various excavations have been made, bringing to light many curious remains, and introducing us to the very homes and fire-sides of the ancients. But this subject, like the scene itself, is enchanting; and our limited space warns us to be brief. If salubrity of climate, richness of soil, and variety of productions, could create a paradise, then might the torn heart turn to Naples for rest. But, alas! the fleecy cloud from Vesuvius warns us that even there, we cannot escape from the shadows of earth.

THE SAILOR'S BURIAL AT SEA.

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 BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.  
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SLOWLY—sadly, with slackened speed
 Our ship moved over the heaving ocean,
 With the stately plunge of a well tried steed
 When the race is near, and his foe in motion.

Dark clouds hung low o'er the surging deep,
 The cordage sigh'd like harp-strings broken,
 As the wind went by, with a mournful sweep,
 Like a funeral wail half wept—half spoken.

Then came the slow, dull tramp of feet,
 And over the trembling deck they bore him,
 Wrapp'd close in his canvass winding sheet,
 With the men behind and his chief before him.

We gathered around the prostrate dead ;
 Not a voice was heard—the wind seemed failing,
 While each sturdy seaman bared his head ;
 Then it swelled again like a spirit wailing.

And with the wind rose a full deep tone—
 A voice mid the tempest firmly reading—
 Which blent and swell'd with the ocean's moan,
 Till it rose to heaven, like an angel pleading.

A dull hoarse plunge—a smothered sigh—
 As we saw the sullen waves receive him ;
 And each seaman shrank with a mournful eye,
 From the watery gulf as we turn'd to leave him.

Then the tempest rose, with a wild sharp swell,
 And our ship rush'd on with a mighty shiver—
 On—on—we fled from the tempest knell
 That moans o'er that ocean grave forever.

Some persons fancy themselves demeaned, when their inferiors imitate them in dress ; but what does this prove but that all the distinction between them consists in an outward show ?

OF THE LAUGHABLE.

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BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.  
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To prove that anything is ridiculous does simply nothing towards settling the question of its falsity or truth. That is ridiculous which presents or suggests incongruous combinations; that is, generally, when it is *new* in our experience. This is not less true when the experience is one very terrible or very solemn, only we do not laugh till the feeling of terror or solemnity is past, leaving the incongruous element to act alone. Jests about the cholera are not wanting when the scourge is past, and the dry ribs of Death are poked irreverently when he seems distant, or the jester otherwise free from terror. Ridicule of the gravest religious peculiarities, is of perpetual occurrence, even where there is great respect for the peculiar sect; and personal appearance is an incessant provocative of laughter, when it differs from the accepted pattern. A Chinaman and an Englishman, meeting for the first time, laughed themselves into fits, at the mutual grotesqueness of their appearance, and a third person would have enjoyed the sight with a kindred mirth, without betraying any preference, or feeling any, in regard to their difference.

Let the thin-skinned take this comfort, that while laughter never pretends to settle the real merit of anything, it is often a secret sympathy with it, a meeting of it as hail-fellow, in a hearty way. The very worst things are stript of their terror when they are made ridiculous, and men cannot hate the devil, presented to their minds with horns and hoofs, and a switching tail. Mirth, without satire, is essentially sympathetic, a sort of jolly fellowship with its object; as may be noticed in the fact, which is not commonly perceived, that the finest delineators of pathos are the heartiest wits, and often their tears and smiles are so blended that they make an April of your heart and face. I need not fortify this assertion by names, for no one's experience can fail to prove it; when he calls to mind the author who has softened him with creations of the most tenderness, he has also named a subtle wit, who has drawn from him as many smiles as tears.

Even satire, when it provokes mirth, loses half its sting; for as much as we laugh heartily, we forget the venom of its shaft. To be effective in its own field, satire must only excite a rigid grin at most;

for we are ready to treat with its object on far more favorable terms, the moment our muscles relax to a hearty laugh.

Truth is beyond the reach of ridicule, for it pertains to the inward essence, while laughter aims only at the form and manner of things. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the grave manipulations of a mesmerist, trying to draw invisible wool over a man's eyes ; but the pathologic power is a fact as serious as any in philosophy. The puritans of old would make us laugh as heartily as the ungodly cavaliers laughed, in their time, but nothing in their appearance would lead us to forget the awful earnestness and grandeur of their character.

Then let no one think he has answered or settled, or begun to approach the answer and settlement of any question, when he has proved that it is ridiculous, merely. Yes, I will tell him, and I can laugh at that, as merrily as you can ; but *is it true ?* Understanding, and not mirth, must answer it, or the straining jester will only make a joke of himself instead of his subject.

CHIDE NOT.

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BY MISS M. D. WILLIAMS.  
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Oh ! chide me not ! crush not the flower
Already drooping low,
Which wilts beneath the storm's fierce power,
And winds that roughly blow :
Deal gently with me—like the flower,
My spirit droops in adverse hour.

But would'st thou have affection's smile
Illume life's rugged way ?
And love's soft, halcyon voice beguile
Thy soul in sorrow's day ?
Crush not, with harsh, unfeeling tone,
The heart that's truest to thine own.

He who unites the most extreme simplicity with the most artless and confiding affection, the greatest strength of mind with the truest reverence for whatever is beautiful or loveable in man or nature, is a model being whom we sometimes meet with.

THE SERAPH SISTERS.

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 BY G. FLAVEL CHAPIN.  
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I MUSED—a dream came o'er me,
 A waking dream and long,
 Of graceful forms before me—
 A trio—and a song:
 With either hand one held a sister fair as May,
 Lovely as Aurora beside the infant day.

Unrivalled raptures dawning
 Illumed Earth's open scroll,
 Whence glories of the morning
 Were mirrored on the soul:
 Though I was worn and weary with toiling through the year,
 I was no longer lonely, like Autumn cold and sere.

I read upon each forehead—
 Each colorless as snow—
 The types of graces storied;
 I heard a cadence low:
 One spoke in soft vibrations that linger round me yet,
 While in her signet's circlet Love's ruby gem was set.

Another all angelic,
 The sister of young Love,
 Unlocked a heaven-sent relic—
 The pearl of gems above;
 And radiating round, ten thousand lines of light,
 Proclaimed the seraph maiden—Truth, beautiful and bright.

But foremost 'mid these angels,
 One stands as then, for aye;
 She utters sweet evangels,
 And drives Despair away:
 Their ruby and their pearl those maidens offered this,
 Who signed the bond of Friendship, and sealed it with a kiss.

With heart and voice united
 They sang a lofty lay;
 I listen, glad, delighted,
 They sing as then to-day:
 E'en now from harp-like voices more sweet than fabled spheres,
 I hear Æolian voices that silence griefs and fears:

Sing on, oh Love! sweet maiden,
 Whose beauty never dies;
 Sing on, oh Truth! e'er laden
 With glory from the skies—
 And thou, Earth's angel, Friendship! kind guardian of our race,
 Like Love and Truth, immortal, in thy beauty and thy grace.

C O U S I N M A G .

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BY HELEN IRVING.  
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FOR the benefit of those who may not have the pleasure of my cousin Mag's acquaintance, let me say that she is a bright, piquant little beauty, with a world of merriment flashing out from her dark eyes, and dimpling around the curve of her delicate lips ;—ways arch and irresistibly winning, and withal a nature frank, generous, and confiding. And yet is Mag no heroine—all wonderfully perfect—only a sparkling, mischief-loving, earnest-hearted girl, with faults enough to prove her humanity, and sufficient of the angel for her to love and be loved with enthusiasm and tenderness.

Mag and I are fond cousins and most excellent friends—not precisely of the Celia and Rosalind order perhaps, but with a most hearty understanding and appreciation of one another, making ourselves exceedingly happy whenever it is our good fortune to be in each other's society. We have many tastes and pleasures in common, and Mag's eye is as ready to deepen and darken with enthusiasm and feeling, as to flash back to mine her instant recognition of whatever of the ludicrous crosses our path.

Although her home is in a distant city, we have been much together from our childhood, and the rare times that we have had, would there were some historian worthy to chronicle.

Mag was with me last year through the three bright summer months, and just as they were drawing to a close, and we had come to the conclusion that we liked each other better than ever—that the world was altogether a finer thing when viewed by us together—in short, just as we were on the verge of sentimentalizing, came a letter from Mag's father, with the announcement that he should arrive in a few days, for the purpose of escorting her into the country, to spend the month of September with a wealthy maiden aunt of his own—Miss Margaret Franklin—whose name, Mag had the honor of bearing, and from whom she had also "expectations."

This was too much for our philosophy—Mag cried outright. To going *home*, even in sultry September, she would have been reconciled—there was a sort of destiny about that—but to be mewed up for four long weeks in a little country village was a step beyond her resignation. She had not seen Miss Franklin since her early childhood, and had no

recollection of the lady whatever—but that she was upwards of fifty, and lived in lonely grandeur in the old homestead, she well knew ; and without doubt she was a solitary, sour old maid, upright and ungraceful as a Lombardy poplar, a pink of propriety and pattern of perfection ; who kept regular hours, and parlors unconscious of dust or confusion—who had a pious horror of marrying men, and a sublime pity for all Eve's daughter's not *singly*-blessed like herself.

Mag cried to her heart's content, and then reluctantly set about making preparations for her departure ; for though an often indulged child, she well knew that from such an arrangement of her father's, there was no appeal. A gloomy time we had of it, to be sure—I was far too vexed and sorrowful to administer consolation, and by the time Mr. Maitland arrived, Mag had wrought herself up to the conviction that no martyr of modern times surpassed her—firmly persuaded that she could not, and would not be happy, and inly determined to take no unnecessary trouble to render herself agreeable to the crabbed old relative, whose money gave her such undue consequence. That last night Mag and I, as in duty bound, cried ourselves to sleep—parted in the firm conviction that we were two deeply injured individuals, and promised to write to each other every week.

It was late in the afternoon, when they reached *R—. The last ten miles of a sultry journey had been performed by stage, a mode of proceeding by no means calculated to increase the serenity of Mag's disposition, and as they entered toward sunset, the principal street of the village, tears of vexation, weariness and apprehension, were actually dimming those usually merry eyes. The stage stopped—and it was some relief to Mag, to see that they were before a large and beautiful, though old-fashioned mansion—from which sloped down on either side a broad green lawn, studded with grand old trees, which seemed to have been rooted in the soil for half a century.

They were met in the hall by the hostess herself, and Mag's heart smote her as she looked up into the sweet face bent down to hers, and heard the earnest voice that bade her cordial welcome. At a glance she took in the gentle countenance of her relative—the calm pale brow, over which the brown hair just tinged with gray, was simply parted—the mild and pleasant eyes, the sunny smile. How unlike the picture she had drawn—how unjust had she been ! The revulsion of feeling in a generous nature like Mag's, is sudden and complete, and it was with impulsive and truthful fervor that she returned the welcoming embrace of Miss Franklin.

The spacious and luxurious old parlor, in which they rested for a few moments before being shewn to their rooms, was any thing but

stiff and formal, and when Mag found herself at length in the chamber which had been made ready for her, her face was fairly radiant with pleasure. The room looked out upon the west lawn, with its shady trees, and through the broad, open windows the yellow, sunset-light fell on the cool, white covering of an antique bedstead, a luxurious easy-chair, and well-furnished writing-table—landscapes in quaintly-carved oaken frames, and opposite the huge mirror, a portrait of her father in his boyhood. Altogether, it was, in school-girl parlance, “a love of a place”—charmingly suggestive of after-dinner siestas, uninterrupted novel readings and *ab libitum* letter-writings.

Mag felt whose was the kindness that had made for her so cheering a welcome, and again she gave a repentant sigh over her late wicked imaginings, and hastened to array herself in her most presentable guise, for the new relative whose sweet smile had been an open sesame to her most admiring love. Mag had yet to learn that the world holds many a loving and loveable “old maid”—many a one, the youth and bloom of whose heart has outlived the young brightness of her cheek—many a one whose soul neither solitude nor sorrow has had power to embitter.

Mag found tea awaiting them in a cool, large room—the home of Miss Franklin’s plants and birds. It is lamentable that I cannot tempt the reader’s appetite with original descriptions of the “snowy cloth,” “white loaf,” and “golden-hued butter,” the invariable accompaniments of fictitious tea-tables in the country, for they verily had only cream-toast and fruit-cake, with a choice of liquids between tea, milk, and cold water—and then Miss Franklin’s taste in tea-cloths was crimson. Nevertheless, a most cosy time they had of it—the hostess was so cheerful and affectionate, and Mr. Maitland smiled so approvingly on his daughter’s bright face, that Mag was in high spirits, and seemed to have very much changed her mind, as to the prospects of four weeks in the country. On adjourning to the parlor, her happiness reached its climax, by discovering, what had at first escaped her observation—a piano. Not an antiquated London thing, of birth coeval with its owner herself, but a genuine Chickering, whose tones ten years careful usage had only made more rich and mellow, for Miss Franklin herself played, and she had more than one pet friend, who did also.—Music was one of Mag’s passions—she played with taste and feeling, and the white keys yielded to her delicate touch that evening, sweeter music than they had ever given forth before.

The next morning Mr. Maitland continued his northern tour, fixing upon the last of September for his return, and Mag’s introduction to the life and society of R—— speedily took place. In a short time all Miss Franklin’s friends had called upon her, and although there were

among them to be sure a few "rare specimens," yet she found that here, as in all villages, were people of culture and true refinement, although they might not be dressed in precisely the latest Paris style, or *au fait* of the latest foreign gossip—and there were many whose simple earnestness and plain hospitality won fast on her interest and esteem. The fact was, her own genuine good-nature, cordial ways, and unaffected sprightliness, had impressed all hearts, and by a sort of tacit consent, all seemed disposed to unite in lionizing our fortunate heroine in the most satisfactory manner, and Mag found it very far from disagreeable. There were excursions, equestrian, pedestrian and aquatic, of which the "charming Miss Maitland" was voted the life and zest—she was pronounced irresistible at tea-drinkings by the old ladies, and fascinating at evening parties, by the young ones. She was the enthusiasm of one young mad-cap, the daguerreotype of herself, who lived just over the way, and a perfect treasure to two elderly blue-stockings in the neighborhood, whose rather misty ideas on some literary statistics, Mag cleared up to their manifest delight and enlightenment. Such as assuring them upon the best authority that Bayard Taylor and "Howadji" were by no means synonymous, but lions on their own respective responsibility,—that Grace Greenwood was a veritable woman, whose dark eyes and penchant for horseback-riding were no fiction, the informant herself having taken more than one gallop at her side, and seen the aforesaid eyes flash quite as merrily as her own.

As for beaux in the village, they were a somewhat scarce commodity. The college vacations being over, the few merry sophs and graceful seniors, who had brightened the summer, were gone back to their studies, and most of the home-keeping youth were unfortunately no exception to the Shakspearean proverb of "homely wits." There were two chevaliers, however, who would have passed unchallenged, as very respectable specimens of their peculiar genus. The first was a lively, light-complexioned, handsome young physician of about twenty-five, lately come into the office of old Dr. Middleton—the practitioner of the village for the last forty years. He was rather elegant, quite good-looking, very kind-hearted, and devoted to the ladies: and he had made himself a universal favorite, from the old widow at the corner, whose rheumatism he had cured, and "never charged her a cent"—to the minister's wife, who declared that "if Dr. Middleton *must* give up, there was nobody *she* thought could fill his place equal to Dr. Warner—and though old doctors had had more experience, young ones weren't so *set* in their way." Of course Dr. Warner was established.

The honors of his beau-ship were divided, (by no means equally, for

he was first favorite) with the lawyer, *par excellence*, of the village—Mr. Granger—a quiet bachelor of about thirty-five; in virtue of his bachelor-hood reckoned as a beau, though hardly as an eligible, by the pretty girls of the village. And Edward Granger was hardly the man to take a young girl's fancy. The dignity of his stately figure—the repose of his self-possessed and undemonstrative though kindly manner, would have won more admiration in the senate chamber than among a bevy of merry girls, who found him altogether too quiet a dancing-partner, and too careful and “fatherly,” on pic-nics and excursions.—His face was not handsome in the common acceptance of the term, unless a pair of darkly shaded grey eyes of remarkable depth and expression made it so—but it was intellectual and noble—only a trifle too sad. His hair was very beautiful, or rather would have been, so said the young ladies of the village, but that it was mingled (and the little barber down on the square confirmed the fact,) here and there with threads of silver—which threads of silver, by the way, ought to have shed a halo of romance about his head, if the story whispered of their origin were true.

Some of the notable matrons, who were blooming girls when he was a college-lad, would occasionally, when his quiet seriousness was commented upon, recapitulate their recollections of “Squire Granger's son”—would tell how “smart” and talented and full of life he was, and how proud his poor father (dead now,) was of his only boy; and how no money was spared on his education, and he was sent to college, and then away off to New-York to learn his profession, and how they expected him to be a great judge, or member of congress, or president, or something grand. And how he fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl, terribly in love, and was to have married her, but just at the very last, when the time had almost come for the wedding, she jilted him, and married somebody else—and how he came home so pale and serious, and persuaded his sick father to let him settle down in the old place, and succeed to him in his office,—and how every body noticed the great change in him, although it was a good while before they knew the reason—and how the next Sunday after he came home, Major Willis's daughter, who sat right behind him in church, told them as a fact that Edward Granger's hair was beginning to turn grey, and afterward no one doubted that it was all because the poor young man took the faithlessness of his lady-love so much to heart.

Romance however does not live much longer in the country than in the city, and ten or twelve years had much more than sufficed to wear away all that might have appertained to Mr. Edward Granger—and he had come to be looked upon merely as a quiet, gentlemanly, bookish

bachelor, beloved and esteemed rather more than he was admired; whose escort young ladies accepted with a most confiding (though somewhat unflattering) freedom; regarded by all as a friend, although nine-tenths of those who so called him, had an indistinct, undefined feeling, that there was much of his character and nature which they did not comprehend—that, although his serious manner was never cold or repelling, with all their familiar intercourse they did not know him deeply.

Perhaps no one knew him so well, at least with no friend was he on so intimate terms, as with Miss Franklin. He had been a pet of hers when he was a baby, and she a belle, and so, through his childhood and boyhood had continued; and now when in his mature and sober manhood, he had become like herself, one of the fixtures of the village, she had long ago ceased to fancy that he would ever marry, and had come to regard his seat at her tea-table two or three times a week, and his call nearly every evening, as much a matter of course as her house-keeping—and so did the villagers, who esteemed it a fortunate thing for any one to be the favorite of Miss Margaret Franklin.

Mag met the two heroes at her aunt's the second evening after her arrival, and alas! the handsome young doctor made, as usual, the most decided impression. His dashing, merry ways were after Mag's own heart, and a very short space of time served to make them very tolerable friends; and before they had parted that evening, a horseback ride had been planned for the next, and sundry shadowy sketches of excursions in the future marked out. Miss Franklin smiled pleasantly at Mag's emphatic commendation of the doctor after his departure, and seemed gratified when she pronounced Mr. Granger a very pleasant, kindly sort of person, to whom she did not wonder her aunt should be greatly attached.

In a village like R——, it often happens that the society is as united as it is limited, and at parties and all social gatherings one meets the same "set" to whom one has been first introduced. So that every where Mag went, among the rest of her new acquaintance, she met always the two notabilities aforementioned. Both these showed her attention. If she rode on horseback with Mr. Warner, her aunt's friend Mr. Granger also treated her to drives in his handsome phaeton;—if in their occasional cotillions she danced oftenest with the gay physician, at least one set found her with the grave lawyer for her partner—and although her escort might be oftenest her Esculapian friend, all due civilities were tendered her by the quiet bachelor.

Her liking for the handsome young doctor, who comprehended all her mirthfulness, parried her raillery and answered her wit in the most

delightful manner, by no means decreased, as she knew him better.—She found him always good-natured—always in spirits—always ready to be “at her service,” whenever the peremptory calls of his profession would allow; and Mag, utterly innocent of any thought of flirtation, of losing her own heart, or of causing any unlucky individual to lose his, found the time pass very agreeably, whenever the fates (in the shape of Dr. Warner’s inclination) threw them together.

For her aunt’s friend Mr. Granger, she had also much respect and regard, although she was sometimes annoyed to find his deep eyes fixed earnestly, and, as she thought, somewhat too gravely upon her, while she was gaily gossiping with the doctor, or playing to him favorite little French or Italian airs—but the vexation, if it amounted to that, was but momentary—his manner and words were always most kind to her, and she greatly delighted to listen to his fine, often poetic conversation. He had also the talent of fine reading, and on one or two rainy evenings, when at Miss Franklin’s request, he had read to them, the depth and pathos with which his usually calm, even voice, modulated to the expression of the poet’s thought, revealed the power and passion, slumbering or undisplayed, in his own soul—and as his fine intellectual face lighted with enthusiasm, Mag thought him almost handsome.

She also was gratified by his singular appreciation of her music. She had that peculiar consciousness, which a fine singer will readily understand, that he interpreted the spirit of her voice; that the outpouring of the finer part of her nature in song, met a sympathy and comprehension, undefined but sure—and although he seldom complimented her music, there was praise more than sufficient, in his simple, “I thank you, Miss Margaret”—and often, in his utter silence.

Few knew the far, rich depths in the sunny nature of the sparkling Mag, and it was the new feeling of having these depths at once recognized, which attracted her in a degree to the quiet and serious Mr. Granger. True, she talked but little with him, and but seldom freely, for she felt a sort of awe of his years and gravity, but his call of an evening was never felt intrusive and his presence never a restraint.

They met, almost daily, and Mag, as she learned to know him well, saw that his nature was truly as her aunt had said, most noble and pure, and she felt a regret for the sorrow that had so shadowed it—that had dimmed the bright promise of his youth—and saddened his outward life. To her fresh, young, glowing heart, the thought of a life so shadowed, was full of wonder and regret—and she felt a strange sympathy for, and a poetic interest in his story, such as it had awakened in few hearts. So she came, notwithstanding his grave dignity,

gradually into more free and unrestrained relations with him, though she was sometimes oppressed with the old feeling of distance and reserve, and turned with a feeling of relief to her ever merry friend, the doctor.

One delicious September afternoon, when Mag had been in R— some two weeks or more, it pleased the young men and maidens of the village to indulge themselves in a pic-nic—that *ne plus ultra* of rural amusement—not the *fete champetre* of fashionable parlance, but a genuine country pic-nic. The place selected, was not very far distant, little more than a mile; and they had decided to walk thither, Mr. Granger volunteering to send his “man” and wagon, with the various essentials contributed for the occasion.

Mag was in great spirits, and as she came out to meet the friends who called for her on their way, she looked pretty enough to have set palpitating the hearts of half a score of young physicians. She always dressed with taste and appropriateness, and she was fortunate in looking peculiarly bewitching in the half gipsy costume suited to a day like this. Her simple dress of grey linen, with its fanciful trimming of white braid, lightly belted round her slender waist, and the broad straw hat with its flying ribbons of white and green, tied down over her brown ringlets, were most gracefully becoming, and the life and good nature radiating from her happy eyes and glowing cheek, would have made her a pleasant sight to look upon, even had those eyes been less softly dark, and that cheek less fair in its delicate bloom.

It is doubtful whether such wise reflections were passing through the mind of Dr. Henry Warner, but at all events, he looked, as did some of the rest of the friends, most profoundly admiring; and as Mag, in her own merry way, was parrying his graceful compliment on her appearance, she met Mr. Granger's deep eyes fixed earnestly upon her, and at her glance instantaneously withdrawn. There was something in that look which deepened the color in Mag's cheek—she could hardly have told why—it was embarrassing, perhaps, to meet any look so intent, and particularly that of such a person as Mr. Granger, and unconsciously she found herself trying to interpret it. It was certainly very far indeed from reproving—it was not precisely, or merely admiring, but in spite of herself there came to her the same discrimination between that glance, and the doctor's praise, as she had felt between their commendation of her music.

But Mag entered too much into the spirit of the day, to be long wasting time in speculating upon a look—and she walked lightly on through the lanes and fields, where late flowers were blooming, and a few early-tinged golden leaves were blown across their path. The

warm September sunshine was full of gladness, and the fresh afternoon air of exhilaration, and never were the elements of enjoyment more happily combined than in and about the little party who sat down to rest under the shady trees of the pic-nic ground after their loitering walk.

(To be Concluded.)

EFFIE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

LILY-WHITE her skin—
 Blue as heaven her eyes—
 And their depths within,
 Love, the angel, lies ;
 Sweetly murmured words,
 Musical and low,
 Like the song of birds
 From her red lips flow.

How the love-light plays
 O'er her forehead fair !
 How the golden rays
 Glorify her hair !
 How the dimples small
 Twinkle round her face !
 How are fashioned all
 To the law of grace !

Syracuse, April 10, 1852.

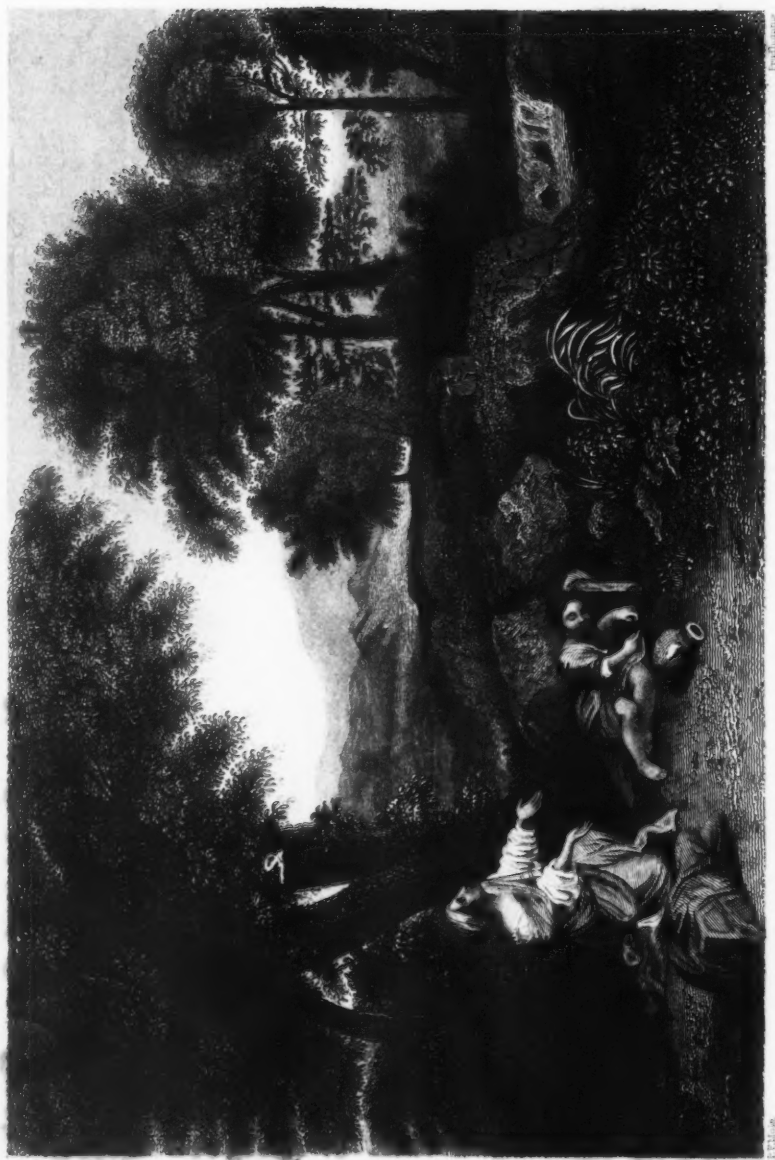
When my birdie's voice,
 With its glad refrain,
 Makes the air rejoice,
 I forget my pain ;
 I can better meet
 Sorrow, toil, and care,
 When her little feet
 Patter round my chair.

More can I discern
 In her guileless looks,
 Better wisdom learn
 Than from wisest books.
 God ! I owe thee much
 For the Angel given,
 With the pledge that such
 Are indeed of heaven.

If I had millions I should want to spend it to procure affection, and make others happy. It would not make me happy as treasure, and all it could procure for me that I value most, ought to be mine without it. Well and wisely acting, purely and justly loving, I ought not to want corresponding feelings in others ; and having these, I must be happy, and making others so, I should feel the need of nothing. I should have all the power and all the enjoyment that other things can procure when worthily used. The ends, therefore, to which we should devote things, as well as the demands of our nature, show that goodness and its affections are the only true riches.—*Hooker.*

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And the Lord of God called to Hagar, out of Heaven!

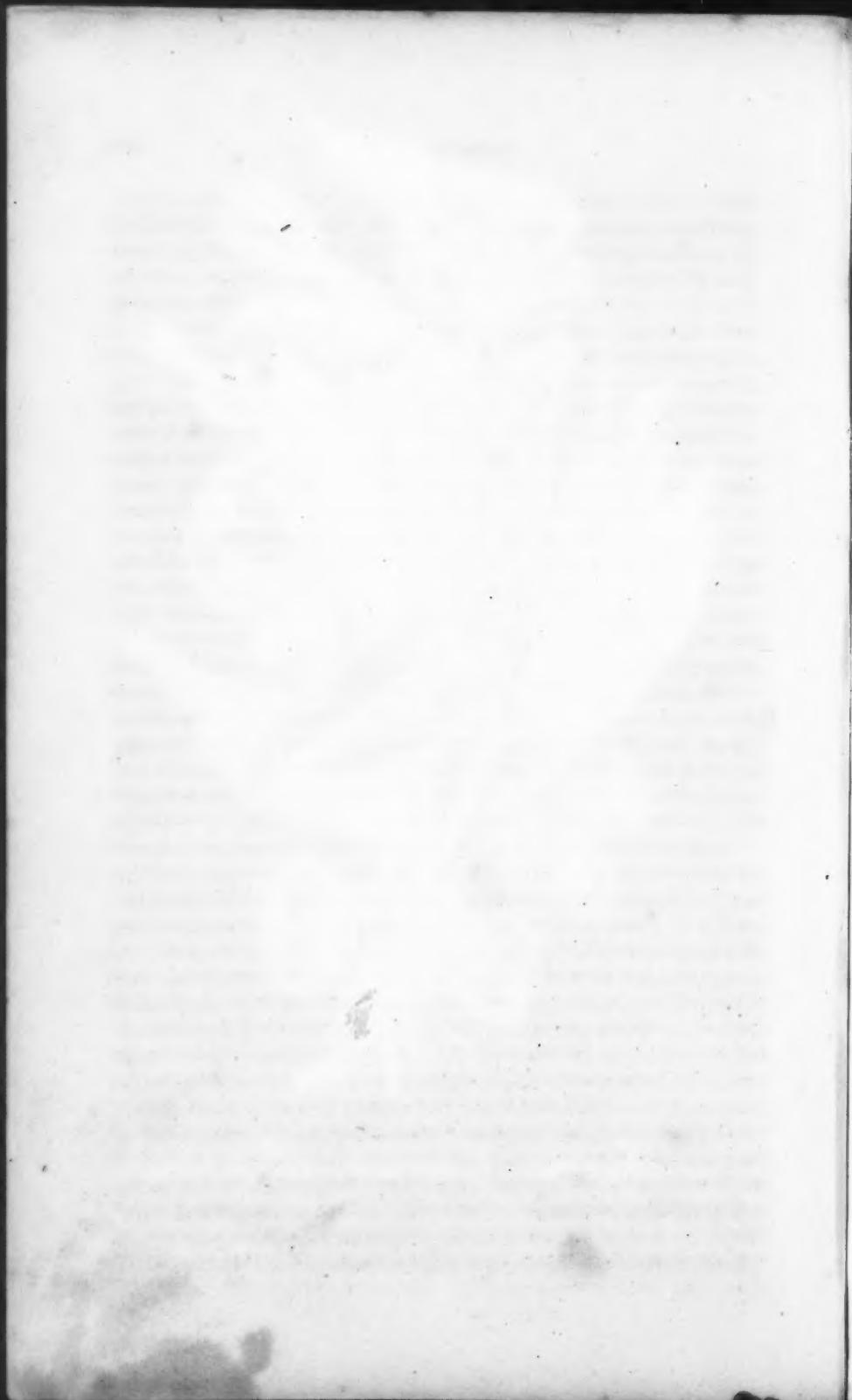
W. L. Gromady, Printer.

Little Church of God called to Prayer with of 1899

H. L. Ormby, Printer



Magnolia - Geranium - Pear Blossom.



COUSIN MAG.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN IRVING.  
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(CONCLUDED.)

THE place which they had chosen, and to which they were accustomed to come, was on the wild, abrupt shore of a broad sheet of water, which they called simply, "The Lake," studded with small, green islands, and beautiful with thickly-wooded banks. Here, where they rested, a grove of grand, old trees reached down almost to the water's edge, and spread out into deep woods, pleasant with streams and dells, and flowers, and fruit. Moored to the rock, by a simple chain and staple, was a little boat with oars, which floated there through the summer, the common property of the young people. Altogether it was a charming place for merry-making or musing, fun or flirtation, loitering or love-making; and its capabilities for the least harmful of these noted occupations was fully tested. There were groups strolling through the grove, or sitting on the rocks, and flinging pebbles into the clear tide; or gathering leaves and flowers, twining wreaths or hanging festoons from bough to bough to garland their sylvan dining-hall.

Mag's delight was in boating. It was a new amusement to her, and the enthusiasm with which she watched the regular dipping of the oars, and finally insisted on having one of them in her own white hand, which soon grew almost skilful in its use, was quite bewitching to see, especially to the doctor, who with her and a few other friends, had monopolized the little boat, quite to the exclusion of Mr. Granger, who in his usual quiet manner, occupied himself with friends on shore.— Oh, keenly Mag enjoyed the rowing, and the ripple of her musical laughter went back on the breeze, and the clear ringing of her voice as she joined in the chorus as her companions sung. It was pleasant to row, and it was pleasant to float along quietly with suspended oars, on the deep, swaying tide, in the cool breezes that were full of the life of the great hills about. In fact the rowers seemed in no haste to return, and it was only after repeated shouts from the land-party, and warnings that the sun was almost set and no supper served, that they turned the prow of the mimic cutter toward its rock-mooring.

Granger stood waiting on shore, to receive the ladies, and when Mag.

flushed with excitement and pleasure, sprung with a touch of his offered hand beside him, she met again that same earnest look, which had made her thoughtful before. It was but for a second—a sudden light illumining the sadness of those deep eyes, and he was again the calm, quiet Mr. Granger.

And now all was merry preparation for the feast. The loiterers in the grove had festooned with garlands the "supper-room" consecrated by the memory of many a previous pic-nic—the cloth was spread in true gipsy style upon the grass, and in the fantastically wreathed dishes set in order upon it, was served a repast, rivalling in lusciousness the supper which Milton describes our good mother Eve as having given to her distinguished guest Raphael, shortly after she and Adam went to housekeeping together.

They were soon grouped *a la mode orientale* about their table, and all the arrangements seemed to be exceedingly comfortable, except at one corner, where the setting sun began to peer most unceremoniously into the faces of two merry damsels, our cousin Mag and her especial friend 'Bel Winston, (a cousin of Dr. Warner's, by the way,) and threatened shortly to send a glare over the whole party, more brilliant than agreeable. All the efforts of Mr. Granger, under whose care the two ladies just then were, proved unavailing to remedy the inconvenience, until the suggestion from one of the party that poles should be laid across from branch to branch of the tree, and shawls suspended upon them for a screen. But the search for poles, or branches, the remnants of former pic-nics, proved unsuccessful, and nothing was accomplished till one of the number bethought himself of the oars, and bringing them up from the boat, the frame-work was ready. But alas, "the course" of pic-nics, like that of true love, never yet "ran smooth;" the space to be screened was a world too wide for the mantles and light shawls of the ladies, and the supper waited, while the inconvenience was all attributed to the loiterers on the lake, who had been the means of making the repast so late. Mag remembered, at length, her own large shawl, which her provident aunt had sent with her, and which, on getting into the boat, she had tucked safely under the seat. Off she started, like a young fawn, to bring it, 'Bel with her, Granger following, and coming up with them before they reached the boat, he stepped in first, Mag springing lightly after him. She tossed the shawl to her friend on shore, and remembering the pleasure of the afternoon, sat down for a moment rocking the boat to and fro, and descanting glowingly on the delights of her sail. Granger stood beside her, running his hands through his heavy hair, and regarding her with a look, whose import did not escape the observation of the lively Miss 'Bel. She felt

quite sure that the stately Mr. Granger was not wholly insensible to the charms, which had so completely won over herself and her good cousin Henry, and as she gathered the important shawl over her arm, into her wicked little head came the thought, "What fun it would be, to vex the doctor, by sending Mag off on a little impromptu excursion with his rival."

No sooner thought (oh, heedless 'Bel!) than done. Stooping down under pretence of picking up the shawl which she had let fall, she slyly proceeded to unhook the boat. But Granger had seen the motion, and remembering what the thoughtless girl had forgotten, that the oars were gone, sprang forward to prevent the movement. But he was too late—the chain was slipped and the impetus given to the boat by his sudden spring, had sent them, oarless and sail-less as they were, far out on the deep water. 'Bel clapped her hands right merrily as she saw the quick darting of the boat, but in an instant a shadow overspread her face, for she caught Granger's look of consternation, and comprehended the meaning of his hurried exclamation, "Good heavens, Miss Winston, what *have* you done!"

Ah! she understood only too well, what it was that in her foolish thoughtlessness she *had* done. The lake was large and broad, and in one part a current set strongly toward the outlet, which terminated in a broad, rapid stream. It was true they might float about there unharmed until aid could be procured, but unfortunately the simple assistance needed, merely a boat to go out to them, was not very easily to be obtained. On the shore of the lake was but this one little craft—scarce ever used for any other purpose than occasional pleasure-parties like that of this afternoon, and none could be procured, even on returning to the village. They must first go thither, and thence by another route away from this shore of the lake, down to the river, where they could procure one of the boats belonging to the fishermen, who found occupation a few hours in the day, some miles down stream. Poor 'Bel! full of remorse and consternation, she flew back to the group in the grove to give the alarm; Granger sat down in the boat, absolutely pale, while Mag, who by no means comprehended that there would be any trouble in being brought back to shore, broke out into her own most musical laugh, at the oddity of their position. She gayly declared it to be not at all unpleasant to float about in the gold of the sunset, in delightful uncertainty as to where the boat would go—whether it would take its way across the lake to the little island in the centre, or turn about of its own accord, and float back to its mooring, as a sensible boat should do, at night fall. And she turned such a bright, fearless face to the party who had run speedily down to the bank, that she even brought a smile to 'Bel's anxious and forlorn visage.

The doctor with a few friends set off at a rapid pace for the village, and the boat floated on, farther and farther away from the shore. Mag chatted and laughed gaily over their adventure, as she chose to call it, and Granger, who had not told her what he knew full well, how long it must inevitably be, before aid came, tried to smile and sympathize with her merriment. And true it was, that spite of all uncertainties and apprehensions, it was more pleasant to Mr. Granger, than perhaps he would *then* have acknowledged even to himself, to be floating about on that delicious lake with Margaret—to watch her unobserved, as she sat with the radiant sunset-light falling over her unbonneted ringlets, and her clear, truthful, beautiful eyes looking so earnest, and yet so mirthful. Somehow, there kept floating through his brain, the fragment of a song which he had once composed, which ran somewhat thus :

" Would o'er *life's* wave my bark might glide,
In the breath of love's sweet clime,
While to thy voice, my love, my bride,
The listening oars kept time !"

But that was nothing—and of course not very applicable to the present occasion, as there were no oars !

The boat floated gently about, sometimes resting almost still upon the quiet waters, and the rich hues which lingered over the sky after the sun had set, and the purple haze hovering about the hills made the atmosphere most dreamy and beautiful. The novelty of their position was a sort of spell around them—in that soft light, it was pleasant to talk of all things fair and bright in nature, and could the rosiness and warmth but have lingered, their involuntary voyage might have been altogether charming. But as the brief autumn twilight deepened, Mag began to look and feel somewhat uncomfortable. The air was growing chill, and as the shadows grew darker, it ceased to be very delightful to float and float at the will of the waves, with the landing on shore so exceedingly uncertain. To her anxious inquiry how long it would be before assistance came, Granger (he could do no less,) replied with the truth, and Mag received the information in silence, for even to her the matter had now become serious ; and the fog rising above the lake, and making the twilight still darker, seemed very cold to her, unbonneted and unshawled, with the exception of a light scarf which she now tied closely round her throat.

It grew darker and darker, and Mag shivered in the damp night breeze, while Granger grew even more restless and uneasy than she. She had peremptorily refused his earnest entreaty that she would wrap his coat about her to shield her from the cold, and now as the fog grew

denser and denser, she involuntarily shuddered, and tried in vain to grow warm in the folds of the light mantle which she had wrapped around her. They tried occasionally to get up a cheerful conversation, but the coming up of the fog had effectually damped all their enthusiasm, and in their restless and expectant mood neither could be expected to be very brilliant. So one hour and then another passed—it had long been too dark for Granger to look at his watch, and they could only give a dreary guess, as to how the time was passing.

Suddenly, Mag felt a quickened motion in the boat, it seemed to turn slightly, and then as though it had received some hidden impulse, glided rapidly on through the darkness. Startled and terrified by the abrupt change, and trembling perceptibly, she exclaimed—

“What is it! what is the matter! Is there any danger?”

Her hurried words betrayed her nervous fear, and Granger gently taking her hand within his own, said, impulsively—

“Do not, do not be alarmed, Miss Margaret—we are in the current, but if there be any danger, I can care for you—indeed I can.”

There was a subdued and involuntary tenderness in his tone, that Mag felt in her inmost heart. She sat without speaking, and the touch of the hand that so quietly held her own, seemed to calm her fear, though the boat still sped on, and at Granger's heart was a deadly faintness, knowing not what might happen to them. On they glided, for a moment safely—then there was a sudden but slight jarring of the boat, and Granger knew that they had struck, although very lightly, against one of the rocks near the outlet. The boat wavered for a few seconds, and went on, only to strike again, but lightly as before, so it fortunately happened, a few rods farther.

Mag was now thoroughly terrified—she trembled convulsively, and uttered a half-whispered exclamation of fright. But Granger pressed closer the hand within his own, and said, in a low, earnest voice—

“Margaret—*dear Margaret*—do not fear! I will protect you from all harm, and indeed you must keep courage, for our friends may reach us any moment now.”

Again, Mag made no answer, but sat with drooped head, while a strange indistinct feeling of danger, and yet of rest and safety, went dreamily through her heart.

Presently her ear caught a sound, and with a cry of delight she lifted up her head, exclaiming—

“I hear them, I hear them—I hear the doctor's voice,” and with a glad call she answered their shout. Nearer and nearer came the voices, and ever and anon, the welcome sound of the quick dip of oars. Splash, splash they came, nearer and nearer through the fog. The two

boats were in the stream—and with difficulty our oarless friends were neared. But close along side at length, the new boat came. The doctor flung an oar to Granger, and stepped quickly in by his side, and with a few vigorous strokes they were at the bank of the river. Mag tried to be her own merry self, but her voice was hoarse, and her spring on shore was hardly as light as that with which she left the little cutter in the afternoon. She was speedily enveloped in the shawls brought in the carriage by her bitterly repentant friend 'Bel, who received her with a burst of tears and a most remorseful tenderness.

They four—Mag, 'Bel, the doctor and Granger—rode home together. Granger had relapsed into his usual reserve, while the doctor, whom Mag's delighted greeting had quite reassured, was full of anxiety for her health, and encouraging and pleasant sympathy.

The next day was dull and rainy, and it found our gay Mag, as might have been expected, seriously ill with a cold. Her throat and lungs were greatly affected, and it was necessary for her to keep her own room; and in great anxiety her aunt summoned a physician.—Ah, happy Doctor Warner! Mag *might* float about three mortal hours with Mr. Granger, if it brought him the privilege of holding that white hand in his own, (professionally of course) of looking so earnestly (also professionally) into those soft hazel eyes, and of experiencing the delightful consciousness of being so decidedly essential to the lady of his admiration. Mag was ill for several days, too ill to leave her room—and morning and evening the kind, good doctor devoted a goodly share of his time to her recovery, and if prompt and constant medical attendance were the *sine qua non*, it was to be presumed that Miss Margaret Maitland was in a fair way to recover her health.

Alas for poor Granger, who could only be admitted to the outer vestibule of the temple which shrined the goddess. He called every day, as in duty bound, to receive from Miss Franklin the bulletin of her niece's health—to leave his regards, and always a choice bouquet of such rare flowers as no garden in the village but his own could boast. Surely it was very kind of him, and he showed his high respect for Miss Franklin, in being so generously attentive to her niece.

As for Mag, in the quiet of her own room, in the silence which her sore throat and hoarse utterance imposed upon her, she had pleasant thoughts and reveries of her own—more interesting than her kind nurse and physician were altogether aware. By a sort of pertinacity of their own, her thoughts seemed to be gathering up every little incident that bore reference to Mr. Granger—and there was a strange pleasure—upon which she did not dare to speculate, in remembering that impulsive, half-checked exclamation, "dear Margaret"—which had

escaped him at the time of her alarm, that evening on the boat. Somehow, the depth and strength of his nature, his simple truthfulness, and the hidden tenderness that now and then glanced out in his words, seemed to be quite a fascinating subject of contemplation for Miss Margaret. It never flashed across her mind that she might be the least bit in the world *in love* with her stately friend. The quiet regard—I had almost said affection, which she felt for him, was too unlike *la belle passion* as she had read of it, in poetry, to cause her alarm, and the conscious gladness with which she looked forward to the day when she should be again in her old place in the parlor, and see him when he came, seemed only exceedingly natural. And so it was, to be sure!

Finally, after four or five days had passed away, Mag, at her earnest entreaty, was declared quite ready to be a well-cared-for occupant of the parlor. So one bright, cool afternoon, she was gracefully enthroned upon the sofa in readiness to receive her friends. How pleasant looked the room to her that afternoon, after the sounding of the equinoctial rain against her chamber windows for three days of her illness—the sun-light glancing in through the changing leaves, and a smile of welcome not less bright, on every face that chanced in to greet her. Mag was in excellent spirits, and looked exceedingly pretty in her soft rose-colored cashmere wrapper, and it was astonishing how well the slight pallor, and the air of languor left by her illness became her.

Dr. Warner, greatly to his delight, as he assured her, found her thus reclining on the sofa at his usual call, which promised to be a tolerably long one, for he presently drew out the backgammon board, and quietly seating himself beside her, challenged Mag to a game.—They looked very cozy and comfortable to be sure, as they sat there, with the board on the prettiest of little chess-tables, between them—Mag with her elbow on the pillow of the sofa, supporting her head with her white hand, the doctor in the luxurious arm-chair, rattling of all the new oddities he had picked up since they last met. Miss Franklin, who was sewing at the window, looked up at them thoughtfully for a few moments, and then went on with her work, with a somewhat serious expression on her face—I cannot say why—she liked the doctor exceedingly.

They were sitting thus, when a quiet knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Mr. Granger. It was astonishing how serious his face grew as he glanced toward the sofa, after smiling most pleasantly a good afternoon to Miss Franklin. He might have been expected to manifest exceeding pleasure at finding Miss Margaret so far recovered, but certain it is that the first glance he bent toward her, was anything

but joyous, or likely to be considered by the lady as a warm reception for all the pleasant thoughts she had been lavishing upon him in the last few days. Unfortunately these serious looks of Granger's always had the effect of checking any enthusiastic display of feeling on the part of Mag, so that all the thanks which she had intended to express so graciously for his kindness were scared away, and quiet, almost cold words took their place.

It was evident that Mr. Granger considered her quite engrossed with the doctor, and altogether indifferent, beyond what courtesy demanded, to so mature a gentleman as himself. Perhaps had he seen the warm flush, which, before his entrance, followed her aunt's announcement of his coming, he might have been less serious and cold. Oh, love and life, how manifold are thy misunderstandings!

Mr. Granger outstaid the doctor—it was one of those afternoons on which he was accustomed to drop in to tea, and alas, for the young physician, he had patients who must be cared for. After his departure, Granger gradually grew more free—more himself. It was impossible to resist Mag's sweetness, and chiefly because it was so unconscious—so utterly without a thought of winning Mr. Granger to be gracious. So that after all the evening was a delightful one, and poor Mag, when she laid her head on her pillow that night, began to realize that her life had become, how or wherefore, she did not attempt to question, sadly entangled in that of another. She went back again and again over all that had happened in the three weeks that were past, and felt a strange, unwonted heaviness at her heart, when she remembered that she had but one week longer—only one—to stay. These were not thoughts just suited to repose, and unfortunately Mag did not go to sleep quite as soon as was the intent of the goodly, soothing-powders left by Dr. Warner.

It might have been that a similar train of thought was passing through the mind of Mr. Edward Granger, but at all events, certain it is that when they met again next day, there was a restraint and reserve about the manner of each, which put them farther from one another than ever before, and the cheerful, cordial manner of the doctor was more forcibly in contrast with his rival's than ever.

The weather was now delicious, and Mag's convalescence most rapid, and every thing that kindness could suggest was done for her. All seemed devoted to her, with the exception of Mr. Granger, who shewed her less attention than before her illness. Perhaps had she known that he did not take her once to drive in his little phaeton, on these superb autumnal mornings, because he truly feared that it would be wearisome to her to ride with *him*, she might have felt less neglected.

Or had he known that she kept away from him, and scarcely lifted her eyes to his, lest he should see there the shadow of their coming parting, he might have felt less that she was utterly indifferent to him in her engrossment with another.

It seemed as if Mag did not wholly recover her old, elastic joyousness, but no one wondered, as she was not yet free from her illness—and no one dreamed what a drama was going on—least of all the parties themselves—no one but Miss Franklin, whose sweet eyes had lately been opened to the truth, and who looked very happy notwithstanding.

So day after day passed by, filled with varied incident, until came the evening, preceding Mr. Maitland's arrival. The day but one following they were to leave. The doctor had been up for a few games of his favorite backgammon, early in the afternoon, and had left when they were over, and after tea, just when the lamps were lighted, Mag sat alone in the parlor, Miss Franklin having gone to visit a sick friend. Her hands, which held a netted purse, in process of completion as a parting gift for her aunt, lay idly folded in her lap, and the shadows of changing thought flitted sadly over her face. The effects of that cold must surely have lingered much longer than they ought, for Mag was decidedly inclined, when left alone, to be out of spirits. She certainly did not seem to be in a very merry mood now, and just as something very like a tear flashed down among the shining beads of her purse, the door opened, and Mr. Granger entered.

Now it is very awkward for one to have one's eyes blinded with intrusive tears, just at the entrance of the very individual with whom one has a hidden consciousness they are closely connected. To be sure it was very natural that Mag should be saddened by the thought of leaving all her dear, kind friends, but somehow, the "all," when she looked the pronominal adjective in the face, wore very much the look of Mr. Edward Granger, and when the identical gentleman opened the door, a quick, warm flush dried up all tears, and it was astonishing how bright and merry Miss Margaret appeared. She had certainly no regrets to *show*, whatever she might *feel*, so a merry smile, and a somewhat nonchalant air, were visible to Mr. Granger as he advanced to the table on which the soft lamp-light was shining.

Mag chatted in a most lively manner, but there was about her a restlessness, unlike her usual unforced gayety, whose influence Granger felt, although restless and uneasy himself, he was unconscious of its effect. It was the first time they had been alone together since the evening of the boat adventure, and both felt the pressure of the feelings which had occupied them since. Yet although the thoughts of each kept coursing round

"The subject most at heart, near and more near,"

still their words were of things of lightest moment, trifles, that were such a waste of the time so precious to them both. They talked of all things but themselves, or their parting. Ah, if love's blindness had not darkened their eyes, this very avoidance of the central thought would have been to each a revelation. But no, they sat, vexatiously unmoved, apparently—Mag, netting diligently at her purse, and Granger near by, turning over the leaves of an illuminated volume, every now and then commenting on a fine view, or a beautiful countenance. His fine face was sadder than its wont, and his manner more abstracted, and greatly in contrast with the restless liveliness of Mag.

She saw him leisurely turning leaf after leaf, and when at length his eye lingered on a view of some grand public building near her home, she asked quietly—

"Mr. Granger, did you never visit my native city? It is very beautiful."

"Never," he answered abruptly, and half-abstractedly, and then as if following a sudden impulse he added, "but I shall indeed think of it as truly beautiful, since it is *your* home."

The words were ordinary enough—many might have spoken them, but there was that in their utterance which sent a strange thrill through Mag's heart, and the color fled from her cheek, as at the same instant Granger rose, and standing before her, said—

"Margaret, I cannot keep from you longer the truth, that the place made dear by your presence, would be to me the most beautiful spot of all the world—and that where you are not, must be shadow and sadness. I cannot hide from you longer the truth, that my heart's deepest tenderness must follow after you, and abide with you, wherever you may be. Do not start—do not be troubled. In all your youth and gladness I cannot hope that you will love me. I only tell you how beyond measure I have been blessed in knowing you. I do not ask you to love me—but—"

At that moment, Mag lifted up for the first time her face, all smiles and tears, and looking into his eyes with all the deep, beautiful, glad soul shining through her own—looking into his eyes with such child-like truth, and girlish joy, and womanly love, as no other eyes but hers *could* look, said softly—

"Then I must love you—since I cannot help it—*unasked!*"

It was Granger's turn to be startled and pale now.

"Margaret—Margaret, what are you saying?" he exclaimed earnestly, bending down toward her. At that instant the hall door opened, and a moment after Miss Franklin found her dear friend Mr. Granger

standing before her niece, holding both her hands in his, and looking down very earnestly and happily into her upturned face.

* * * * *

Mr. Maitland came, and though he lingered for a day or two, Mag's visit soon came to an end, and it was with genuine regret that she bade good bye to the many whom she had known and loved. She dashed tears from her eyes as she returned the farewell embrace of her bright friend 'Bel—she endured with exemplary resignation the kisses of the old ladies, and returned with hearty good will those of the young—she had a kind word and a loving smile for every body, so that in the estimation of all, "nothing became her life" in R—"more than the leaving it."

To *one* friend, however, no good bye was said. There was great wondering in the village when it was found that the quiet Mr. Granger had gone home with the Maitlands, and more stir than the little place was likely soon to know again, when it was announced that he went as the betrothed of the fair Margaret.

To tell the truth, the doctor was taken terribly by surprise, and *did* look a little blue for *a while*; but the remembrance of a pair of soft blue eyes in his native village, that were wont to smile very sweetly on him in his college vacations, and still drooped gently, when he met them in his occasional visits home, soon made him heart-whole, and he proved his allegiance to his early love, by shortly bringing a bride to brighten the home he had now chosen.

Of a later wedding with its orange wreaths and bridal favors, its bewitching bride and handsome bridegroom—deponent saith not.



THOUGHTS BY REV. H. HOOKER.

TRUE love is disinterested; it rests on virtue and looks to it; it springs and fires what is good and noble within us, and is ever drawing us to its likeness; it is no romance, and has no death in it as that has; it is life, full, sweet life, ever holding on its upward way.

The obstinate are generally ignorant. They would rather walk blindly than submit to the conduct of other minds. An angel's leading, though a guardian one, is resisted, something as blocks resist our course, because they are blocks, and have block heads.

The mind that has beauty in it and learns not to express it, is like iron that has a jewel set in it—it holds it for no suitable use, and is rust-gathering while it does so.

OUR WREATH.

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 BY LELA LINWOOD.  
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WE have a wreath of many flowers,
 And very graceful twining,
 Where wildwood dells, and garden bowers
 Are divers charms combining.

The iris, gay and proud is here,
 Whose petals, fairies meet on,
 And pink, and mignonette appear,
 The coronal to sweeten.

The myrtle with its leaf of green,
 From month to month unfailing,
 And patient violets are seen,
 Their incense-breath exhaling.

The woodbine and the jasmine wind—
 Their wish to climb resigning,
 In lowlier flowers, companions find,
 And think not of repining.

The arbor vitæ, with its stem,
 Supports the blossoms tender—
 The pale star flowers of Bethlehem,
 Their tithe of beauty render.

The roses—some with wealth of red,
 Full opened to their centres—
 And some more pale, whose sheltered bed
 The sunlight rarely enters.

Just in the centre of the wreath
 There blooms a lily royal,
 And every flower, her rule beneath,
 Is to our Helen, loyal.

He is not qualified for happiness or good companionship, who knows
 not his own faults, and cannot pardon and indulge the faults of others.

H A G A R.

BY MRS. E. NOYES.

"And the angel of God called to Hagar out of Heaven."

SEE ENGRAVING.

THIS call was Heaven's mercy in man's extremity—it brought strength to the failing, hope to the despairing, life to the dying. See that child of love and beauty prostrate upon the rocky ground, without strength or motion, its eyes closed by the languor of approaching death. Why lies he there so helpless and so still? And why has that fond and loving mother, who cradled him in her bosom and nursed him with proud hopes, and lofty aspirations, now cast him from her sheltering arms to die unclasped? And what was that abandonment of grief and despair from which that heavenly voice has just aroused her? Why sat she upon those burning sands and filled the air with her wailings? Let us recall her history. Hagar, a beauteous dark-eyed Egyptian maid, became a household servant in the family of the Hebrew Patriarch. And when Abraham left Egypt on his return to the land of Canaan, (from whence he had been driven by famine,) the Egyptian girl accompanied Sarah, her fair mistress, as her personal attendant. Thus was she transferred from a land of idolators, planted in a Christian household, and trained (as were all the servants of Abraham) in "the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom." What various yet most interesting scenes must have passed before her, as she followed her Hebrew mistress in those journeyings to the land of promise! The renewal of worship at Bethel's hallowed altar—the separation between Abraham and Lot, when because of their increasing numbers they could no longer abide peaceably together—the capture of Lot by the confederated kings, and his timely rescue from their hands by that speedy night march of Abraham and his followers—the heavenly visions, wondrous sacrifices and angel guests. How strangely solemn must these events have seemed to Hagar the Egyptian! But the time was now drawing nigh when her fate was to be still more intimately connected with that of this godly family whom she had so long loved and served. A new and most remarkably attested revelation from Heaven confirmed to Abraham (who in his eighty-fifth year was still childless) the oft-repeated promise of *an offspring* whose

seed should be "as the stars of heaven for multitude." With a simplicity of confidence, with an entireness of trust which ever characterized his reception of the Divine promises, and which has obtained for him the appellation of "the father of the faithful," Abraham received the pleasing announcement. But Sarah, who was now well stricken in years, evidently lacked faith to believe that the promise could be fulfilled through her. Still she was ardently desirous to realize the promised blessing: and despairing of becoming herself a mother, she unwisely sought to accomplish the divine prediction by giving to Abraham another wife in the person of her young bondmaid. Her foolish plan not only evinced her sinful distrust of the power and faithfulness of her covenant-keeping God, but resulted, as might have been expected, in misery and domestic strife. For although the hopes of Sarah were fulfilled with regard to securing a son for her husband, yet the event in which she rejoiced, so elated the Egyptian bondmaid, that she became vain and insolent to her confiding and hitherto indulgent mistress. Hagar, in her self-confidence and presumption, forgot her dependent position; forgot the respect due to Sarah, and thus brought upon herself a cruel and severe retaliation. But at length her pride was humbled, and there seems to have been a reconciliation between them. And when Ishmael the son of Hagar was born, he was reared in the family with tenderness and affection as the predicted seed and heir. We may believe that his childhood was fair and full of promise. His father seems to have loved him fondly and tenderly: and this obvious and acknowledged affection of Abraham for the boy doubtless inflamed his mother's ambition, and led her to anticipate that the Patriarch's vast possessions and vaster prospects would be entailed upon her offspring. That was a proud hope, a lofty expectation to the Egyptian bondmaid. Doubtless visions of future eminence, and of dazzling wealth were often present to her imagination. But alas! her star, which had so long been in the ascendant, was about to fall.—Neither she, or her mistress—nay, nor the Patriarch himself, had rightly interpreted the heavenly prophecy. The son of a heathen bondmaid was not the child of promise, the heir of the covenant.—Again the heavenly messenger was heard—and his words were distinct and emphatic: "My covenant will I establish with *Isaac* whom *Sarah* shall bear unto thee." Woe to the cherished hopes, to the ambitious projects of Ishmael's mother! For "the Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken."—"And Abraham called the name of his son which was born unto him whom Sarah bare unto him Isaac." In the birth of this child, Hagar must, have seen that Ishmael would be superseded in the inheritance

which she had so long regarded as his certain prospect: and bitter must have been her disappointment in the downfall of her ambitious hopes. But we hear no outbreak of jealousy and defeated ambition until the public and joyful recognition of Isaac as the lawful son and heir by the great feast which Abraham made in the day when he was weaned. This festival, in accordance with Eastern customs, probably took place when Isaac was about three years of age. At the sight of these rejoicings, Ishmael could no longer restrain his emotions of envy and rage at the cruel reverse of his situation and hopes: and Hagar doubtless aided and abetted him in this display of scorn and hatred. This conduct quickly drew the notice of Sarah, and brought summary retaliation upon their devoted heads. "Cast out this bondwoman and her son," was the language of that insulted mother; "for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac."—The Patriarch himself seems to have been deeply afflicted at this demand of Sarah. For although he doubtless saw that she had reason to be incensed, yet his long attachment to Ishmael, and probably to Hagar also, as the mother of his first-born child, created a conflict of feeling which filled his heart with anguish. "And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son." But here his Almighty Friend and Father (to whom doubtless he looked for help and counsel in this hour of trial) interposed for his relief and consolation. "And God said, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad and because of thy bondwoman: in all that Sarah hath said unto thee hearken unto her voice: for in Isaac shall thy seed be called." And knowing the tenderness of Abraham's affection for Ishmael, and his regretful yearnings over him at the thoughts of this banishment, the Lord graciously adds this consoling word of promise: "And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation because he is thy seed." Oh, how wondrous are the depths of that love Divine which understands our hearts, compassionates our infirmities, and condescends to our weaknesses! But Hagar and the boy must go. For the sake of domestic peace, which a rivalry of interests would necessarily embroil; for the sake of the proper training of Isaac, the heir of the promise; and of all those interests so dear and precious with which he, and (through him) the future Israel of God are connected, this Egyptian mother and her son must leave their home forever. Yet they were kindly sent away: the Patriarch himself ministering to their wants, and with his own hand securing upon the person of Hagar the provisions and drink which their necessities would require. But most bitter to Hagar must this banishment have been. And although this sad announcement was made to her gently and tenderly by her master

and friend, accompanied by many expressions of sympathy and kindness, still her woman's heart sunk under its weight of woe; and for awhile she wept passionately, 'refusing to be comforted.' And it was from her boy—the child over whose fallen fortunes she so bitterly grieved, that she received her first lesson of fortitude and endurance. He uttered no complaint—his eye, tearless and bright, gave forth no sign of woe—his cheeks paled not with grief—his lips quivered not with anguish—but with firm voice he checked his mother's lamentation, and clasping her hand tightly, led her forth with a lofty mien, and an unflinching step. But now where should they go? Where could Hagar hide her disappointment, her humiliation, her despair? She would not linger with her disinherited son in the vicinity of her imperious mistress, and be goaded to envy by her rival's joy and triumph in the establishment of Isaac as the heir of the covenant. No—but whither should she flee? She turned a longing eye to Egypt—the home of her childhood—perhaps there her anguished heart might find peace. The way to Egypt lay through the wilderness of Beersheba; and thither, Hagar and Ishmael bent their steps. This was a rocky and arid desert, almost destitute of water; and with only an occasional cluster of trees where they might find shelter from the fervid sun.—For days they wandered here on their weary way. And now it was that the boy, who at the commencement of their journey had seemed so brave and fearless, lost heart and courage, and sunk into despondency and gloom. While his mother, nerving herself to suffer and to bear, strove to sustain and cheer her sinking child. But at length their store of water was spent; and then commenced the deepest sorrow that Hagar had ever known. The dispersion of her golden dreams of wealth and honor—the banishment from her happy home—the sore privation of the comforts, and even the necessities of life which she now endured in her own person—all these were nought to the new and terrible affliction which now menaced her. Her boy, her beautiful Ishmael, weary and worn with wandering and faint with heat, *was now to perish with thirst.* Oh, this was agony which Hagar had not dreamed of—which her mother's heart could not endure! But there was no help: and the despairing mother feeling that she could look no longer upon the glazed eye and parched lip of her suffering boy, gently laid him beneath the tree where, in their exhaustion, they had stopt for shelter. Then retreating from him *that she might not see him die*, she threw herself upon the rocky ground, and filled the air with her "notes of woe." Meanwhile the fainting child, perhaps in remembrance of a godly father's prayers, sighed forth his feeble cry to Abraham's God. "And God heard the voice of the lad: and the angel of God

called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer."

THE NEW CREATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER. — BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A RICH youth had inherited from a wealthy kinsman, a wide extent of land near a village. But the land was marshy, unfruitful, and desolate. The new possessor drained the standing pools and marshes, and planted various trees and bushes therein, so that it became a pleasant garden, with a shady wood, which stretched even to the village.

After some years the teacher of his youth visited him, and the young man showed him how he had drained the unfruitful, miry ground, and had transformed it into a lovely garden.

This aged teacher beheld it all with pleasure, praised each separate part, and praised the whole. But the owner now informed him that he purposed to cultivate a still larger extent of ground, and to rear various beasts of the chase in the groves, and spoke of the gratification which this little creation afforded him.

Then his teacher answered: "Thou dost deserve it, since thou hast transformed the dead marsh into a dwelling place of life and of joy.— But one thing is still wanting to the perfection of thy work."

"And what may that be?" asked the youth.

"Dost thou not know," said his teacher, "that when God the Lord had created the garden of Eden, he placed man therein?"

But the rich youth was silent, and took these words to heart, and when in the following year, his faithful teacher visited him again, he led him around his fields, even to the extremity of the wood. Here stood two cheerful buildings, newly reared.

Then the old man smiled, pressed the youth's hand, and said: "I knew indeed that thy heart would understand me. Now Love has rendered thy work complete."

But the two buildings were, the one a school house, the other a home for orphans.

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

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 BY GENEVA.  
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WHEN the soft summer twilight o'er earth is descending,
 And hushed is the zephyr's low murmuring sound,
 When the last beams of day with the shades of night blending,
 Half obscure, half reveal the fair landscape around;
 When o'er woodland and sea Luna's pale rays are streaming,
 When in yon azure heaven the star-gems are beaming,
 When the glow-worm's light in each shady nook is gleaming,
 And the whip-poor-will's songs through the night air resound. -

'Tis then that gay Fancy around me is throwing
 Her spell of enchantment; she waves her bright wand—
 Lo! the *present* departs while the *past* with life glowing
 Before me appears, at her magic command.
 Again in the greenwood my playmates are straying,
 I see their fair forms 'mid the forest flowers playing,
 And I hear their sweet tones as they beckon me, saying
 "Come! come to the green fields and join our gay band."

Once more I behold the dear haunts of my childhood,
 The path "round the hill" 'neath the o'erhanging shade,
 With the brook by its side bordered close by the wildwood—
 The rough "rocks and stones" where our play-house we made.
 Oh! that was the spot where the brook flowed the clearest,
 And the songs the birds sung there were loudest and dearest,—
 That spot of all others seemed to Heaven the nearest—
 The path round the hill where in childhood I played.

Hand in hand, once again with my sister I'm straying
 Adown to the spring where the wild cherries spread,
 Where the light sportive winds o'er its surface are playing,
 While the water boils up from its clear sandy bed.
 I reach up to gather the fruit black and shining;
 I grasp the ripe clusters just o'er me inclining;
 When, alas! the vision fades! leaving me pining
 For my childhood's mates scattered—its happy hours fled.

He is well furnished for all conditions, whose resources in himself fail not; he is happy beyond all the experience of princes, who can always rely on himself for just and resolute action.

THE SON'S WIFE;

OR, THE REPURCHASE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.  
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NEVER before nor since the day when she had followed her husband to his grave, had Mrs. Holmes found herself so completely wretched as on the evening when her only son—Edward, was to bring home his bride. The lady, herself, did not except even that melancholy occasion.

"A living trouble is worse than a dead one, Stephen!" she said to her brother-in-law, who had chanced to step into her dwelling as she had just completed her preparations for receiving the young couple;—"when poor John died, I knew he had gone to heaven; with him all care and trouble had passed away forever, and I knew that every day, as it went by, would bring nearer the time when we should meet again. There were drops of sweetness even in that cup; but in this there is an unmingled draught, whose bitterness time will only increase. Oh, Stephen, dear as Edward is to me, I would far more willingly have gazed on him silent and cold in death, than have heard the words he uttered this morning,—'Mother, in every thing else I will obey you, but Mary Leslie shall be my wife!'" Mrs. Holmes could hardly repeat the words.

"Why, sister, what is the matter with the young woman?"

"Woman!" echoed the lady, "she is nothing but a baby; she is not even that, for then there would be some hope she might become something by and by. She is nothing more than a wax doll, just as senseless and as forceless, and she will need to be just as carefully handled. There is more force in Sally Barker, who every body knows was ready to die for Ned, than there would be in a world full of such as she is; and Sally, you know, will have a nice farm, one of these days, lying alongside of ours. I had set my heart on having her for a daughter, and now to see the place I designed for her, filled with this little thing, whose very wedding dress Edward has had to buy for her——. You smile, Stephen, because I speak of her poverty; if she was nothing but poor, I would not say a word; but the property, every cent of which John and I acquired by hard labor—it will not please me to see it squandered by an idle, proud, and ignorant thing as she is. My three daughters had but a hundred dollars apiece when they were married,

that Edward might have something handsome to begin life with ; and now see how the property will go ! and I, who have hoped to spend the rest of my days in quietness and ease, as I should have done if Edward had married the girl of my choice, will, without doubt, have to continue my charge of the family still !” Mr. Holmes thought she would not easily be persuaded to relinquish it, even if she might do so.

“ I have heard,” said the brother, “ that the young lady is well educated.”

“ Educated !” repeated Mrs. Holmes, “ and what good will an education such as she has got, do her ? If her poor mother had kept the few hundred dollars her husband left her, for her daughter’s marriage portion, and brought her up as I did my girls, she would have done something ; but every dollar they could command has been spent in paying her music and drawing masters, and in sending her to school to learn French, German, and I don’t know what other foolish stuff ; while her mother, feeble as was her health, did the whole work of her family until a week or two before her death. Educated !” she repeated again, and with more indignity—“ so much going to school is what has made her the little, weak, foolish thing that she is ; and see what her education has cost Edward already !” and Mrs. Holmes pushed open the door of her parlor. “ There, Stephen, look at those pictures on the wall—that is some of her work !”

“ Indeed,” said the brother, “ were those drawings executed by her ? They are very beautiful !”

“ Beautiful !” echoed the lady, “ those frames Edward paid fifty dollars for, half as much as either of my daughters had for their marriage portion—fifty dollars, that John and I worked so hard for ! and look here—this is a piano ! Edward brought it home yesterday ; and how much do you think this cost ? Three hundred and fifty dollars, Stephen ! think of that ! more than John and I ever laid up in one year in our lives. A piano ! it is in the very place where the spinning wheel used to stand. How many hours and hours have I spun there, often with a baby on my arm ; and the girls too, just as soon as they were big enough, and before, too. Don’t you remember, Stephen, when they first began to spin, how they used to stand on a thick plank to make themselves high enough to reach the wheel ? My girls have to spin now ; but Edward’s wife——”

The expression almost made Mrs. Holmes faint, but the sight of the new things about her soon recalled her to herself again.

“ And look at these books, Stephen ! you and I could not read a word in them ; plain English was good enough for our family ; but even this outlandish stuff would not answer for her unless it was done

up in gilt covers. Do you remember how this room used to look when dear John was alive, and the girls were at home, Stephen? It was as good then as we could afford; but—and you may guess what the other things cost by knowing the price of the piano and those picture frames. I really believe Edward thinks he has not fitted it up quite elegantly enough for her, for I saw him looking about it this morning with a dissatisfied air. A few weeks ago he brought the girl here, and while he had gone out, I gave her a hint she will not be likely to forget soon, unless she is more stupid than I think. I took her into the dairy and showed her how much butter I had made this summer; into the cheese-closet, and made her count the cheeses, (you know how much butter and cheese I have made this year.) I told her how many skeins of yarn and thread I had spun, and how much cloth I had woven; I showed her the turkeys and chickens—(the poultry has done uncommonly well this year)—I took her to see the pigs too, and I showed her the vegetable garden which I have taken care of myself this season;—and I said the woman's work was very hard in this family, and I was glad Edward was going to be married, for I was heartily tired of milking, and taking care of the dairy, the pigs, and the poultry;—I was glad, for now I should have all the care taken off my hands!"

"Poor little thing! and what did she say!" asked Mr. Holmes.

"Poor little thing, you may well call her so! She is as poor as a church mouse, and as little. I wish you could see her hands, Stephen! why I don't think the child could, to save her life, turn one of my cheeses; and she, my Edward's wife! Say? why, what could she say? She looked up in my face, and I saw the tears standing in her eyes; (I suppose she thought I should pity her,) and she said she hoped my son's wife, whoever she might be, would do every thing in her power to make him and his mother comfortable and happy. I was not frightened by her tears, as you may guess, and I should have told her roundly that it never would be in her power to make either him or me happy or comfortable; but just at that instant Edward came up to the door.

"Ah, there they are now!" continued Mrs. Holmes, as the sound of carriage wheels drew her eye to the window. "Now, Heaven help me!" and she sunk into a chair. "Oh, Stephen!"

Mr. Holmes peeped through the half-closed window curtain to catch a glimpse of the young couple. "Well, Edward has made a strange choice, certainly," he thought, as the tall, firmly-built youth, with a countenance not handsome, but beaming with health and exuberant spirits leaped from the vehicle, and almost lifted from it a slender, delicate figure clothed in deep mourning, and with a face, more beauti-

ful than sculpture ever carved, but white and wan as marble,—“a strange choice ; it is like the union of the young, sturdy oak with the fragile lily. Can there be a union of heart where the outward being is so dissimilar ?”

As the query passed through his mind, the young lady raised her eyes to the face of her husband, and Mr. Holmes caught their glance. How full of hope and faith was the expression of those large, dark eyes !

“ Sister !” said the gentleman, laying his hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Holmes, and speaking in an impressive tone—“ be a mother to that young girl so lately orphaned. There is nothing mercenary in her love for Edward, as you have thought. Be kind and gentle to her, if you would hope for mercy in your need !”

“ She comes here knowing my feelings !” said Mrs. Holmes, and though his words made her throw more kindness into her manner than she would otherwise have done, her appearance was still marked by cold and reserve ; and the brother-in-law, as half an hour later he left the house, sighed over the prospects of that young wife.

He was the only one, however, of her husband's friends, who felt any sympathy for her, though enough were found to condole with Mrs. Holmes. Her dislike to Edward's marriage was no secret to any body ; and the first Sabbath that the bride appeared at the village church, how many nods and glances were exchanged with the mother-in-law, and when the service was over, how many young girls, tricked out in their most showy finery, because it had become known that Mrs. Holmes was not well pleased that her daughter-in-law wore mourning for her mother, (though she had remarked to some one that nothing could be more suited to the occasion, for her—Mrs. Holmes—happiness died and was buried on the day when Mary had come to the house,)—how many young girls with plump forms, and round, rosy faces, and clad in their most showy finery, gathered around her to enquire particularly after her health, and to cast meaning looks at the bride.—Sally Barker, especially, in her new pink silk bonnet, which was trimmed with any quantity of flame-colored ribbon, and bright red, artificial flowers, bustled up to Mrs. Holmes and invited her to lean on her arm on her way home from church, for she looked very tired.

The lady very readily accepted the invitation ; and it was rumored that, during their walk, Mrs. Holmes whispered to Sally that it would not be a great while before Edward would want another wife ; and she guessed that he would have his eyes opened before that time, however soon it might arrive.

Dearer than her own life, had been her young and generous lover to the heart of Mary Leslie, and yet it had cost that destitute orphan a

severe struggle before she could consent to share with him and his mother, their home. But Mary had perfect confidence in the love of him who had won her affection ; she knew she could endure much for his sake, and she had great faith too in the power of kindness and forbearance ; and when the bride found herself in her new home she was as cheerful and happy as might be, with the loss of her dear mother fresh in her thoughts. It was not long, however, with all her endeavors, that she could remain so ; the greater exertion she made to overcome the prejudices of her mother-in-law, the more deeply did they appear to be rooted ; the more she tried to make herself useful in the family, the more useless did she seem.

Never, in the whole course of her housekeeping, had Mrs. Holmes found so much to be done as now. Washing, scouring, baking and brewing—not one thing at a time, but every thing together. It was strange that the woman, who had always been a notable manager in domestic affairs, should now have the whole house turned topsy turvy from morning till night, and from one week's end to another ; but so it was, and vainly did the young wife endeavor, by assisting in these labors, to have some cessation from what she thought, and what a more experienced housekeeper would have known to be, in a great measure, useless toil. Vainly, for every thing she did was so entirely wrong, that she made twice as much work, so her mother-in-law at length frankly told her, as she saved.

Edward, because he knew she would be much better pleased with the plan, and because Mary was very little acquainted with household affairs, had requested his mother still to continue her supervision of the family affairs ; Mary, he was sure, would soon become acquainted with her duties, and whenever his mother wished it, would take the trouble off her hands ; but after a few weeks had passed away, the young man, on his return home after a temporary absence, would find Mary sitting by the piano, or engaged with a book, while his mother was in the kitchen in a working dress, and laboring, though she seemed wearied and exhausted, as he had never seen her labor before.

Edward was not pleased with this state of affairs, but how could he reprove that gentle being, so pale and sorrowful did she look, until a glance at him would bring a smile to her lip, and a faint color to her cheek, though he believed she was neglecting her duties ? The expression of his mother's countenance told him that her prophecy was fulfilled, and Mary would not make him acquainted with the true state of affairs, for she had determined, before she became a wife, that cost her whatever it might, she would always strive to preserve peace between her husband and his mother.

Six months had passed away, and Edward, unknown to his mother or wife, had converted all his property, beside the homestead, and that he had leased for five years, into money, and had opened a store in a neighboring city. The distress of Mrs. Holmes, when he acquainted her and Mary with what he had done, cannot be described. She did not tell Edward so, but every body else knew that it was all *her* work ; she—Mrs. Holmes had expected nothing else than that the old house, however nicely her son might fix it up, would not be good enough for *her* to live in long. She had forgotten, very soon, where she had come from. She would never be satisfied, Mrs. Holmes was sure, until she had spent all of Edward's property.

As for Mary, she very much regretted the step her husband had taken, though she was confident it was for her sake alone that the change was made, because he was wholly unacquainted with the business he had entered into, and because she knew that if the result was other than was hoped for, the blame would rest entirely on her, notwithstanding she tried to convince her mother of her ignorance of the plan until it was carried into execution. She hoped, however, that she should feel more at liberty in her new home than she had before done, and so she indeed did, but the liberty was scarcely more tolerable than was the former bondage.

In leaving her old home, Mrs. Holmes seemed to have lost all the patience she had ever before possessed ; perhaps it was because she was no longer under the eyes of brother Stephen, whose reproofs she always feared—perhaps it was because she found herself, for the first time in her life, without active employment, for Mary, though she tried to do so, could not interest her at all in the affairs of the family.

The first year of her housekeeping was a period which Mary Holmes loved not to remember in after time. Her mother, in her endeavors to qualify the young girl, whom she believed would soon be an orphan and friendless in the world, for a situation where she might find a good support—had forgotten that she might sometime become the mistress of a family—and the first six months of her married life had learned her nothing of domestic affairs. Her keen-eyed servants took advantage of the inexperience of the young housekeeper ; her mother-in-law, though she passed over in silence every thing which was commendable, saw every mistake which was committed, without, however, pointing out how it might have been avoided ; and what was worse than all, though she strove so hard to become acquainted with her duties, her husband thought that the want of comfort in his house, and the poor-ness of his table, was owing to her neglect ; and though he never uttered a complaint, she sometimes read a reproof in his countenance.

Poor Mary! the months of her married life had made her husband more dear to her heart, or her courage would entirely have forsaken her; and sometimes when her mother-in-law, who restrained her feelings towards her in the presence of her son, poured forth a torrent of bitter invectives, she felt that she must sink under her burdens.

But patience and perseverance, especially when incited by love, will accomplish wonders; and by degrees the things which had seemed so difficult and mysterious to her, began to appear quite easy and simple; and Mary smiled to think how she had wept over what she found to be the merest trifles in the world. The young wife was just beginning to feel the consciousness of performing well her duties, and to enjoy the approving smile of her husband, when a new trial, the worst she had yet experienced, befel her. His mother's predictions were verified;—Edward had failed.

In the opinion of Mrs. Holmes, it shifted not, in the least, from the unhappy Mary, the responsibility of the disaster, that it had happened in consequence of the dishonesty of his partner;—she was the whole cause of it.

"I told you so," she exclaimed, and Edward could not restrain her, "I told you it would be just so—that she could spend every cent of your property—and your father and I worked so hard to earn it.—Your sisters had only a hundred dollars apiece when they were married, so that you might have something handsome to begin with; and where is it now? If you had married Sally Barker you would have been a rich man now; your farm would have been twice as large as it used to be; but now, now—and the old homestead gone too! We moved there when we were first married—more than thirty years ago. There was but one room finished in the house then, and there was but two acres of land for us to get a living off of. How hard we worked to make it a good home for ourselves and the children. The old homestead! how dear it was to me! There you and your sisters were born, there your father wore his life out in toil, and there he is buried; ah! I wish I was lying there beside him! but the strangers in whose hands the place will fall, may not be willing the old woman should be buried there. Oh, Edward! your disobedience to me has brought you to poverty, and it will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. But my curse shall rest on her forever!"

The young man carried his wife from the presence of his mother, but as he laid her almost fainting form on a couch, he said—"I do not blame you, Mary, for what has happened;—you were sorry when you learned that I had decided to change my business, and recently you have attended well to your duties; but if you had only tried to get along,

pleasantly with mother when we were first married, I never should have left the old homestead, and we had been independent still !”

“ Oh, Edward !” but Mary could say no more. A confession of the truth would in no way have lightened the heavy woe—it would not have relieved her own heart ; and she only wept in silence.

It was at this time that California began to be talked of as the land of gold ; and Edward, as soon as his business was settled, determined to try his fortune in that then almost unknown land. This plan almost drove his mother to distraction ; it might have quite done so, had it not afforded her a fresh cause of complaint against Mary ; but the young lady did not oppose his wishes.

“ Heaven grant you may live to return, Edward !” was all she could say.

“ And what will you do ?” asked the husband ; “ every dollar I have yet been able to raise, I shall need to take with me ; but——”

“ Oh, do not fear for me !” said Mary. “ I shall be only where I should have been, had I never seen you.”

“ But he is not where he would have been had he never seen you !” interrupted Mrs. Holmes,—“ had he——”

“ Hush, sister !” said her brother Stephen, who made his appearance among them at the instant, and had overheard their conversation.—

“ The young woman is not to blame for any thing that has happened ; you will confess it, some day. And you, Edward, don’t be troubled about Mary ! It is only a humble home I can offer her ; but all it can afford, she shall be welcome to, as long as she needs it.”

Edward set out on his journey on the same day that his mother went to reside with her eldest daughter.

“ Don’t weep for them, they don’t deserve it, child !” said the plain-spoken, old farmer.

“ Oh, uncle Stephen !” exclaimed Mary, passionately, “ Edward loves me still, though he has deserted me,—he loves me even though he thinks I have been a careless wife, and an undutiful daughter ! Does he not ? I cannot doubt it !”

“ He loves you well enough ; you need not doubt it !” said Mr. Holmes, drawing his hand over his eyes as he spoke ; “ but he was not half good enough for you, Mary ! he will find it out sometime, and so will his mother. But come, put on your things ; my wagon is at the door. They are plain, old-fashioned people you are going to live with, Mary, but they will be true friends to you, and you shall have all the quiet and leisure I know you love so well.”

“ I doubt it not, dear uncle !” said Mary, “ and you will know—for you understand me—how grateful I am for your offer. But just now,

I would not have leisure; it would kill me to sit down quietly and think. There are people in the world, beside yourself, uncle, who will think I can do something, and I have, within an hour, formed a resolution which I know you will approve of, and which, I feel confident, I shall be able to carry into effect."

The old man heard what that resolution was, with much surprise, but he could not tell her that her hopes were all too sanguine; and when he had made her promise that she would come to him whenever she should need a home, he bade her a reluctant adieu.

Mrs. Holmes, it has been said, went to reside with her eldest daughter. Betsey, next to Edward, had been her favorite child, and she was sure of her sympathy in her great affliction. It was a long day's ride to Mrs. Mason's, and she was obliged to travel half the distance in an old rickety stage coach, and she was very faint and weary as at nightfall she entered the dwelling of her daughter. The young woman met her just as she stepped over the threshold.

"And so you have got here, mother! and these trunks and band-boxes are all yours? Yes! that is exactly what I told Eben. We have been married six years, and you have never come to see us but twice before, and then you didn't bring us any thing, not even a plaything for my baby;—no, every thing was for Edward! but now, just as soon as the property is all gone, you come right here for us to maintain you. But, mother, it may as well come out first as last!—I told Eben that we didn't have enough from my father's estate to maintain any body else with; and husband said, 'No, it was as much as he could do to support his own family!' You can stay a few days and make us a visit, if you're a mind to, but it won't be worth while to carry your trunks up stairs!"

All this, and much more, was uttered by Betsey Mason, in a loud and angry tone, before her mother was invited, or could help herself, to a seat; and the consequence was, Mrs. Holmes' stay with her daughter was as brief as the latter wished.

The second daughter received her mother more cordially; but when Mrs. Holmes told her what treatment she had received from her sister, Nancy saw nothing more to condemn in her conduct, than did Regan in that of Goneril.

"Mother!" she said, "when we were married we had a very poor fixing out, you well know; we had very little beside what we earned ourselves; but our husbands, and we, too, thought that if we outlived father, we should have something handsome. It was all your doings, mother, that Edward had every thing. If the property had been divided equally among us, it would have been a different affair; but I

don't think now that you can expect our husbands will want to support you, though I am sure I am willing you should stay here, if Cyrus is "

Mrs. Holmes had seen enough already of Cyrus to know that he would not be willing ; and she knew, notwithstanding her assertions to the contrary, that Nancy would be glad when her visit was at an end ; but from the treatment she had received from her sisters, the old lady dreaded to go to the house of her youngest daughter. While she was hesitating, she received a letter from Lydia, urging her to come to her house.

She had three children, she said ; the youngest was but a few weeks old, and they were the crossiest, she believed, that ever lived, their father humored them so, though goodness knew there was no danger of her being spoilt by his kindness. She had to work like a slave, and there was nobody to lift a finger to help her, and she hoped her mother would come and take the burden off her hands.

Mrs. Holmes spent a year with Lydia, but it was a most uncomfortable life that she led in the disorderly family. The children were noisy and troublesome—between the husband and wife there was a continual bickering, and the old lady knew that though they were pleased to have her remain with them, it was more on account of the assistance she could afford them, than any thing else. And these were the daughters whom Mrs. Holmes had brought up in such an excellent way !

Edward's wife never would have treated her mother so. The old lady tried to banish the thought, but it would come again—Edward's wife would never have treated her so. Never, during the year and a half that they had lived together, had she heard from her an unkind word, or seen an unpleasant look on her pale face, though Mrs. Holmes now, when she thought over the past, could not help acknowledging how much reason she had given her for complaint.

The last few weeks that she spent with her daughter, were perhaps the most uncomfortable that the old lady had ever experienced.

In a little more than a year's time from her parting with Mary, whom she then hoped she should never see again, the mother-in-law was clasping the young lady to her heart, and pressing her lips to her brow.

"And are you sure you can forget all the past, my dear child," she said, "and live with me again ? I do not wish to be dependent on you, Mary—I have a trifling income, which, with good management, will support us both. I will take a small tenement, and—oh, Mary, it is hard to confess it, but it is true, and I owe you the confession—it is all my fault, and not yours, that we are not now living at the old homestead, and Edward with us, contented and happy ;—but that I shall never see again !"

"Yes you shall, dear mother, if I live, and the homestead shall be ours again!" said Mary, joyfully. "The gentleman in whose hands the place now is was a friend of my mother. In the hurried sale, and under lease, as it was, of four years, he purchased the place, he thought, for less than half its value. I went to Mr. Lyman to enquire if it was redeemable at the price at which he purchased it, and he told me if I would pay him five hundred dollars for four consecutive years, the place should be mine; and he promised me, if I wished it, he would procure me a situation in a young ladies' school, over which he had some control, where I should receive that sum yearly as my salary.—That would be less than what Mr. Lyman paid for the farm, but he said that he owed something to the daughter of Mrs. Leslie. Look here, dear mother!" and Mary put a paper into the hands of Mrs. Holmes—"the first payment you see is made; there is Mr. Lyman's receipt!"

"Mary!"

"Dear mother!" and the young lady laughed and wept too, as she put her arms around Mrs. Holmes' neck, "I did really seem to be ignorant of every thing useful, when I became a wife; and yet I have earned this, the past year, and by giving private lessons in music and drawing, have boarded and clothed myself beside; and I am promised my present situation as long as I wish to hold it. Mother, the homestead shall be ours again, and when the lease has expired we will go back to our home. Oh, if Edward only returns in health, we shall all be happier than we have ever yet been!"

News from her husband had been infrequent, and not very encouraging, and it still continued to be so. He had taken the overland route to California, and—but the sufferings of the early adventurers are too well known to be repeated; perhaps no one who reached the land of gold, endured greater hardships than did Edward Holmes. But Mary would not allow herself to be disheartened; his want of success only made her redouble her efforts to attain her desired object. If her courage had ever failed, it would have been renewed again by the smile and the words of affection with which her mother now greeted her, oftener by far than she had formerly done with her frowns and stern reproofs. Her patience and kindness were at length well rewarded—Mary knew there was not a being on earth whom Mrs. Holmes respected more highly, or loved more dearly than herself.

The four years had passed, and Mary put into the hands of her mother the deed of the old homestead. Mrs. Holmes folded the young woman to her heart, and wept like a child, while brother Stephen, who had come down to the city to see them, drew his great brawny hand over his eyes and exclaimed, though his voice was strangely tremulous:

"There, sister! what did I tell you?"

"Not half the truth about her," said Mrs. Holmes, "for had Edward searched the world through, he would not have found her equal!"

"Why, what has my little wife been doing?" asked an individual who had entered the apartment unperceived, and stepping forward, drew the now half fainting Mary from his mother's arms.

"Bought back the old homestead!" exclaimed Mrs. Holmes, before she could give a word of welcome to her son—"the old homestead, Edward, and she has paid for it all with her own earnings!" and the old lady gazed on her with as much triumph as if she had been a wife of her own choosing; but before many hours had passed away, though Mary tried to prevent it, her husband was made acquainted with all the injustice his mother had formerly done her.

Edward, after long ill success, had at length acquired a comfortable fortune; but it will be strange if he ever chooses another place of residence than that which his wife repurchased during his stay in California. The old homestead has been fitted up in beautiful style, and Edward and his mother seem to prize it twice as highly as they ever did before, and never was there so happy a family in it as it now contains.

A few changes had taken place in the village during Mrs. Holmes' absence. Among the most important was the death of Sally Barker's mother, and the marriage of the young woman to the son of a neighboring farmer. Sally was, for a year or more after her return home, Mrs. Holmes' next door neighbor, greatly to the old lady's discomfort; for as the coarse, slatternly woman (for Sally, after her marriage, found no time to array herself in her showy finery) made her appearance at her door or window fifty times a day, as she did, to threaten the little, dirty, ragged urchin, whose mischievous propensities seemed to thrive well under his mother's culture, or to scold her husband, whose passive nature and rather indolent habits were a great annoyance to her,—Edward, when her loud, angry tones reached his ear, would raise his eyes to the countenance of his mother, and a merry smile would play about his features. Mrs. Holmes, however, seldom observed it, for her eyes were, at such times, fixed intently on her knitting, but to some of her old friends, she did not hesitate to remark—

"Poor Jones! I fear he leads a sad life with Sally, she is such a dreadful scold, and so sluttish, too. I thought once she would make one of the best of wives; but it won't do to trust too much to appearances. There is our Mary now —"

But the reader is already acquainted with the story the old lady loved so well to repeat.

BIRTH DAY FANCIES.

TO EMMA F. LAY.

~~~~~  
 BY G. S. BURLEIGH.  
 ~~~~~

GIRL and woman—Summer, blooming
 On the Spring's exulting green !
 All thy vague loves deepening to the human
 Bless the maid of blithe NINETEEN.

Up the ladder, glad and gladder,
 Up on girlhood's latest round,
 Yet the future looks not any sadder,
 Nor less green the dasied ground.

Dandelions—cowslip scions,
 Sweet child blooms, are still in reach,
 With lithe-wind flowers that a meek defiance
 Of chill winter, humbly teach.

While rich pansies, graver fancies
 Shake into thy forward hand,
 As thy step to womanhood advances,
 Whose deep sky is soft and grand.

Life behind thee cannot find thee
 Any brighter spot than now ;
 For its white arms purely yet surround thee,
 Still a happy child art thou.

Life before thee is a glory,—
 A rich field in golden mist,—
 A glad-opening and well-ending story—
 A high tower by sunshine kiss't.

But I read ye, gentle Lady !
 Hills beyond that misty veil
 Rise up steeply, where a foot-palm steady,
 And such only can prevail.

Pages sorry in that story
 Will unmix and mar its plot ;
 Storms will shake that tower in splinters o'er thee,
 If the "Rock" sustain thee not.

Yet the present is made pleasant,
 Not in vain, nor for a mock,
 Joy's young blooms are Heaven's fruitage nascent,
 Fullest beats, the liveliest stalk.

BIRTH DAY FANCIES.

Heed her proffers, when youth offers
 Simple pleasure's mantling cup ;
 Left too soon, defrauded nature suffers ;
 Drink then all her gladness up.

Our young mirth is, what to earth is
 The wild glee of Summer rain,
 That in Autumn fields a sober worth is,
 A rich bliss of fruit and grain.

Twice 'tis given to touch Heaven
 With the white hand of our soul ;
 Once when childhood's beamy car is driven
 From the Morning's glittering goal,

And once more, as wheeled victorious
 To the sunset courts afar,
 Where its splendor flashes round and o'er us,
 From the gate just swung ajar.

In the day-spring on the spray sing
 Birds, and joy sings in the heart,
 Then hot noon melts every bubble play-thing
 Where her jealous eye can dart.

But the blushing eve comes hushing
 Day's tumultuous din of work—
 When anew bird-songs and bliss come rushing
 Clear through all the star-cleft murk.

The two twilights, are the highlights
 That with softened beams illumine
 All the darkness, and the fierce noon's sky light,
 Mellow, with thought, to slumbrous gloom.

We remember all Life's Ember-
 tides, for food of after thought ;
 Frailest spring-flowers gladden dull December
 In our souls as beauty wrought.

And the tripping fancies slipping
 Out of thy young brain to-day,
Will return when winter frosts are nipping
 Slowly thy brown locks away.

What is true to love and duty
 Then shall make thy life complete,
 Rounded to a whole harmonious beauty,
 Its cool sunset shall be sweet.





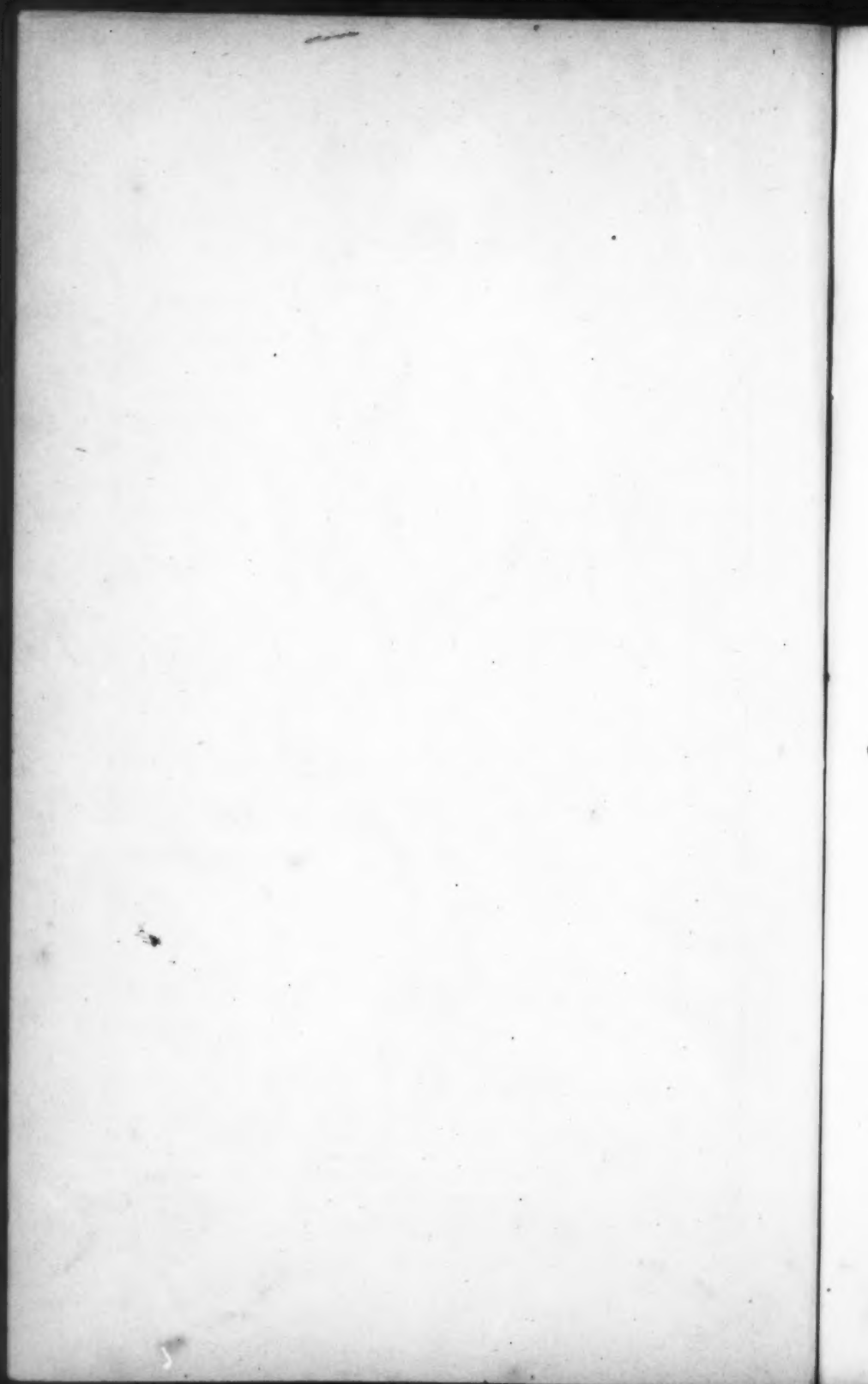
Eng^d by A. Robin

Amy Weston





Scilla - Spring Lily - The Flower



The Morning Walk.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

ALLEGRO.

f

1. He who would stroll with true de-light, Should greet the morn-ing

f

1. He who would stroll with true de-light, Should greet the morn-ing

ear - ly, Should greet the morning ear - ly; When still-ness reigns and

ear - ly, Should greet the morning ear - ly; When still-ness reigns and

dawn-ing light Makes grass blades look so pear - ly, Makes grass blades look so

dawn-ing light Makes grass blades look so pear - ly, Makes grass blades look so

pear - - ly, E'en the larks from slumber wake, While the
 pear - - ly, E'en the larks from slumber wake, While the breeze thro'
 E'en the larks from slum - ber wake, While the
 breeze thro' el - der brake, Its morn-ing hymn, its morning hymns sings
 hymn sings clear - - - -
 el - - - der brake, Its morn-ing hymn, its morning hymns sings
 breeze thro' el - der brake, Its morning hymn . . sings clear - - - -
 clear-ly, Its morn-ing hymn sings clear - ly,
 - - - ly,
 clear-ly, Its morn-ing hymn sings clear - ly, He who would
 - - - ly,
 He who would stroll with true delight, Should greet the morning ear - ly.
 stroll, Should greet the morn-ing ear - ly.
 Ho who would stroll with true delight.

AMY WESTON'S WEDDING.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

NEW ENGRAVING.

DEAR reader, did you ever partake of a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner? If you have, the festive occasion should be regarded as an era in your existence, for you will never see another such. Let me recall it to you, if your memory of it begins to fail; for *that* Thanksgiving came off years ago, when you were but a child.

Let us see! it was in the country, in your grandfather's house, I believe—that old, substantial farmhouse, which stood facing the noon-day sun; the ruins of years had washed away the paint from its front door, and from the mouldings about the windows; the clapboards were worn, and the roof began to be mossy; and the enclosure about the dwelling was here and there supported by a rude prop. But then how cheerful looked the old house, and every thing about it; how tidy was the door yard, and if the ground was covered with snow, what a wide, nice path had been shoveled through it; you could scamper up and down it without the least danger of getting snow in your little boots; how brightly shone the sun on those tall, narrow windows; how portentous of plenty looked those great barns! Don't you remember the hay which you frolicked over—how sweet it smelled; those great bins of wheat and bright yellow corn; and the big piles of wood in the shed, all ready for the fire? Don't you remember the pretty red cows, and the great broad-horned oxen, that grandpapa let little Josey feed with ears of corn, those white sheep which you teased grandmother to let you carry the beans to, and those proud, bay horses which you so longed to have harnessed in the great double sleigh, with the strings of sweet jingling bells about their necks; and the fowls that strutted about the barn-yard and crowed so loudly, as if it were on account of some superiority in themselves, that they had escaped the slaughter of yesternight?

And within the house—what stores of nice things were there! The floors were uncarpeted, and, likely enough, no more than one—"the best room"—was painted; the furniture was the same your grandmother had when she was married, fifty years ago, so of course it looked

very strange and old-fashioned to you ; but how cozy seemed those great rooms ; how clear and bright burned the fire in those wide chimnies, and how much at ease you felt there ! Aunt Lucy's elegant parlors were not to be compared with those old rooms, for there it was nothing but " John, don't drag your feet so over the carpets "—" Susy, come away from the sofa," and " Ellen, don't go near the centre-table ! " but here, your grandfather's smile—oh, do you not remember that smile which spread over his whole face, parting the lips which spoke such kind, gentle words, lurking in the corners of those deep blue eyes, and making almost beautiful as youth that furrowed brow ? that smile gave you a passport to every corner of the house, and invited you to enjoy yourself to your heart's content. And did you not do so ?

What fine places you had to play " hide and seek " in, up in the wide garret, among the sacks of wool and behind the great bunches of stringed apples, where, while waiting for your companions to find you, you could be filling your apron or pockets with chesnuts and butter-nuts, which you ate with such a relish when you ran down to grandpapa's room to warm your little, half-frozen fingers ; and in those closets, where—oh, if your grandmother had seen you peeping into the jars of sweetmeats ! Your grandmother ! you imagined her welcome was less cordial than grandfather's. You did not know that her thoughts were in the oven among those pies and puddings, and with those roasts by the great kitchen fire. After dinner was over, and every thing had gone off so well, you remember the dear old lady smiled on you as pleasantly, and seemed as glad to see you happy as did grandpa.

That dinner ! It is not worth while to say any thing about it, for I see you can remember that well enough ; for such nicely-cooked meats, so sweet and juicy, such plum-puddings, and above all such pumpkin pies you never ate before nor since. And the evening, you remember that well enough, too—the older people were so much amused, and Fanny and Lizzie blushed so much when you asked, so that all the company could hear, what William Prince and Alvin Kendree were there for, since they were no relation to grandpa.

Every body remembers one Thanksgiving day.

I wish you had been at grandfather Weston's that Thanksgiving evening which I spent there ! How much enjoyment you would have found there, and how well you would have remembered that occasion when it had long been passed !

Grandfather Weston was but very little related to any of us who called him by that name ; indeed among the host of people who were gathered about him that Thanksgiving day, there was but one who was his descendant, and she was his granddaughter.

Sweet Amy Weston! she had been an orphan from her earliest infancy, but never had a little feeble thing been loved more fondly, or nurtured more carefully than Amy had been by her grandfather; and her grandmother, though there was no tie of consanguinity between them, never caused the little girl to remember that she had been only step-mother to her father.

This training of the child was not always judicious, but Amy was not spoiled by indulgence; her feelings were impulsive and strong, but there was little selfishness in her nature; indeed she was too self-sacrificing; for on one occasion she came very near dooming herself to a life-time of misery, to ensure the happiness of others.

Grandfather Weston's home was in a valley among the mountains of New Hampshire. It was situated within the limits of a large and flourishing town, but his dwelling was remote from the "village," and there were but three families within the distance of a mile. Of these, the one which was nearest him, was the family of his wife's sister—the Raymonds. They were the wealthiest people in G—; and the brother of Mr. Raymond, who was the second of the three neighbors, was perhaps in as humble circumstances as any other man in the town. Between the two Raymond families there was little love or respect; and though the brothers, and their wives, too, had sense enough to keep up a show of friendly feeling, the contempt which they felt for each other, was fully manifested through their children. There was a constant war between the one petted boy of the rich man, and his cousins; and had the stronger party been ever inclined to have a cessation of hostilities, the proud, haughty, and overbearing Chester would not have consented to it. His insults to his high-spirited cousins would, most probably, on one occasion, have cost him his life, but for the intervention of the youngest member of his uncle's family—Charles, whose character seemed cast in a different mould from that of his brothers; and for this interference, Chester cherished for the boy a hatred, if possible, ten times greater than that he felt for his other cousins; and when the older brothers were sent from their father's house to find for themselves homes elsewhere, it was only that Charles was so much his cousin's junior, that Chester was ashamed to take vengeance on him for his former great offence.

Among a thousand, Chester Raymond would, in his eighteenth year, have been pointed out as a handsome youth. In his countenance was a fine mixture of red and white, his blue eyes had in them, sometimes, a sinister look, but he could make their expression frank and benevolent; dark chesnut hair curled about a fair brow, and his voice was full and sweet. He was tall and finely formed, robust and active, but grace-

ful in all his movements, and always perfectly self-possessed ; and, when he wished to please, courteous and affable. He seemed to understand intuitively from his earliest youth, the characters and dispositions of those with whom he had intercourse ; and he always pleased or annoyed, as suited his fancy or convenience.

"As likely a boy as a father was ever blest with !" was grandfather Weston's daily remark, respecting him ; "but that little Charles Raymond never will make anything, I am afraid ; the child is not well, to be sure ; his white, thin cheek, the brilliancy of his dark eyes, and his delicate form, show well enough that he is sick. But then he never seemed to have any spirit !"

"He was always a better scholar than Chester," little Amy would remark, "though he is not so old by three years. Charley is the best scholar in school. He used to show me every day about my lessons." Little Amy did not like to say why he gave her no assistance now in her studies.

"And who has wrapped his cloak around you, and brought you home from school so many times in his arms, for fear you would take cold ?" her grandmother would ask. "Who brings you such nice fruit, and such beautiful flowers ; and who carries you to ride so often ?"

"Well, I should rather walk through the snow if it was as high as my neck," Amy would think, "than be carried by him ; I can do without fruit and flowers, I do not like to ride, and I hate Chester Raymond !"

Amy only thought this, for long before she could understand why it was, she perceived that if her treatment of Chester was not perfectly friendly, he would be sure to do something to annoy his cousin Charles. The child always entertained quite a different opinion of the two lads from what her grandfather had done, and the riper judgment of the young lady confirmed her early impressions.

But that Thanksgiving day ! Well, I was saying that among all the guests assembled at grandfather Weston's, there were none present nearly related to him, but Amy. It was a wedding party which had assembled there ; for that night, the young lady was to be married.

Dear Amy, how little she looked like a bride ! We had not known that she had any thoughts of marriage till the invitation to the wedding reached us ; we had heard, three years before, that grandfather Weston had forbidden Charles Raymond his house, and we knew that since the young man had gone from his home—his friends could not tell where—that Amy had been greatly changed. The round, rosy cheek was thin and white, the dark eye had lost its careless, joyous expression, and had become thoughtful and sad, and the merry songs which had gushed from her lips constant and free as the crystal waters from an unfailing fountain, seemed all forgotten now.

We had guessed there had been thoughts of love once cherished, and perhaps fond words had been spoken; but Amy's countenance, for a long time past, had worn only a resigned, hopeless expression. There was in that fair face an agony, now. We could not think what had written it there. We did not know the scene which had been acted in grandfather Weston's parlor three weeks before, when that kind, gentle heart was bowed with a weight of sorrow, which it could not hope ever to throw off.

That night! it was a sweet, mild evening for late autumn. Amy had stood looking into the west, from which the sun had just departed, leaving a train of glory behind him which was tinting with gold the forest of dark evergreens, changing the blue waters of the rivulet to a stream of fire, and making the distant mountain peaks to glow like pyramids of flame. The scene spread out before her eye was bright and gorgeous; but the splendor passed quickly away, and darkness crept over the earth.

"Just as quickly," thought Amy, "passes away the sunlight of joy from the soul!" and tears gathered fast in her eyes. "Oh, Heaven grant I may never help to draw the veil of sorrow over a human soul!"

"You are not happy to-night, my child! where are your thoughts carrying you?" asked Mr. Weston.

"No where, grandpa!" Amy brushed away her tears and spoke cheerfully, as she sat down on a low seat by the old gentleman, and gazed into the face, which, for the few days past, had worn a very different look from its usually happy, cheerful expression.

"And what were you thinking of, Amy?"

"Oh, grandpa, I was thinking how much grief there is in the world; and I was wishing it was in my power to make some sorrowful being happy!"

The old gentleman was silent for a moment, and then he asked, in a scarcely audible tone—

"Amy, do you know I must find for you and your grandmother another home?"

"Another home? Why may we not stay here, grandpa? You would not be contented any where else in the world, nor grandmother neither. Why may we not remain here?"

"Because this place is no longer ours!" he replied, with deep emotion. "You know I have been in embarrassed circumstances the past year, but I have expected that the individual to befriend whom I wronged myself, would sometime restore me my property. He has recently died, and there is now nothing to hope for. In less than four weeks—the day after Thanksgiving, this place will be sold at public auction!"

"Sold, grandpa! and you turned out of doors? Oh, that must not be—it shall not be!" exclaimed Amy, "something must be done to prevent it. Somebody will let you have money; Mr. Raymond—no, not he; he is too selfish! Oh, grandpa, can I not do something to prevent it?"

"Yes, Amy, you can!" Mr. Weston spoke with hesitation—"You, and Mr. Raymond, who is not the selfish man you call him!"

Herself and Mr. Raymond! Amy's heart began to throb violently.

"As soon as the gentleman became acquainted with the situation of my affairs, he came to me to say that if you would consent to become the wife of his son, this place should be yours; he would put the deed of it in your hands the day you were married!" said her grandfather. "He is ready to start for B—— to-morrow morning to secure the property!"

"And Chester Raymond offers to buy me!" exclaimed Amy, springing to her feet, "he offers to buy me!"

"Amy, you wrong him, as I know you have always done," said Mr. Weston, drawing her back to her seat. "Chester knows nothing about it; he would have aided us, had it been in his power, without thinking of a consideration. He would not have suffered his father, so Mr. Raymond assures me, to make such an offer, though you cannot but see, Amy, it was a generous one!"

"Generous, grandpa!" exclaimed Amy, indignantly.

"Yes!" said Mr. Weston. "Had Chester been a less estimable young man than he is, instead of making known to you this offer, I would have spurned it with scorn; but you know, that though, in consideration of your obedience to my requirements, when his presuming cousin sought your favor, I have not endeavored to influence you in your conduct towards him, it has always been the first wish of my heart to see you the wife of Chester Raymond. And you know, Amy, that now, when I set before you the consideration of providing your aged grandparents with a home, it is a thousand times less for my own comfort, though I should be loth to part with the place—very loth, did I know I was to remain a while longer on earth, to think that but one more Thanksgiving was to be spent under this roof—a thousand times less for my own comfort, than to secure, as I believe it will, your happiness, that I wish you to comply with the young man's repeated solicitations."

"I am sure of it!" sobbed Amy; "but if you knew Chester Raymond as I know him!"

Mr. Weston would not hear the remark.

"To-day, I received a letter from the young man—you know he has been at B—— for the last three months. The last time he was here,

I requested him, his attentions seemed so much to distress you, to cease visiting you for awhile; I thought your feelings towards him might change; and he writes now to ask if I will allow him to come to my house, and if you will receive his addresses. Will you not read his letter, Amy? There are some things in it which I do not understand; perhaps you will better comprehend his meaning. I fear your treatment of him has affected him more than you imagine!"

But the young lady pushed the letter from her. "How soon must I decide, grandfather?" she asked.

"Early enough for your marriage to take place on Thanksgiving eve. The day after is fixed on for the sale of our home."

Amy retreated to her chamber, but her grandmother followed her there, and the pleadings of the old lady that she would accede to the wishes of her friends, almost distracted her; and when she again sought her grandfather, she seemed hardly the same being she had been two hours before.

"You may write to Mr. Raymond, sir," she said, "and tell him that my feelings towards him are unchanged, and that they will ever remain so; but—and you must name the consideration, or I would refuse him were the marriage ceremony half performed—I—I will consent to what he asks!" Amy gasped as she uttered the words: "and tell him I will not see him, nor hear from him till the hour has arrived for the fulfilment of my promise."

Poor Amy! we knew nothing of this; we knew not that aught but love—for she would never be influenced by any mercenary consideration—had led to that marriage; and we could not account for the change in her appearance. Many a merry, light-hearted being had been invited to grandfather Weston's, but they all seemed to have left their gay spirits at home. Mirth could not dwell in the presence of Amy. It seemed to the company more like a funeral that they had been invited to, and they looked very much like mourners. Mrs. Weston was as bustling and loquacious as ever, and she and the elderly dames discussed the merits of their pigs and poultry; and her husband tried, though with less success, to entertain his old associates; but the younger part of the company, who had anticipated so much pleasure in examining the *trousseau* of the bride, and fun in teasing her, found nothing with which to amuse themselves. Amy was dressed as plainly as if that Thanksgiving day was to be no extraordinary occasion; the hair which usually fell in beautiful ringlets over her shoulders, was put back from her brow, and confined in plain braids; and there was not a single ornament about her person. To the great annoyance of Mrs. Weston, who had procured her a beautiful wedding attire, and to the

vexation of the mother of Chester, she looked as little like a bride as any of the young ladies present.

The guests had all assembled, and even the clergyman had arrived, but Chester Raymond had not yet made his appearance. Amy's wish had been respected. The young man had not sought to have any communication with her, after the receipt of her grandfather's letter. He had only replied to Mr. Weston that the terms on which Amy would become his wife, should be complied with; and that, at four o'clock, Thanksgiving evening, he should expect her to fulfil her promise.

Amy was with the guests. The poor girl most likely thought she should suffer less annoyance than if she remained in her chamber, and that she there could better maintain her composure; but when the old clock pealed the dreaded hour, and a rapid jingling of sleigh bells was heard down the highway leading up to grandfather Weston's house, Amy put her arm in that of aunt Mary, who had kept as close beside her as possible, and faintly whispered—

"Lead me away; I cannot see him yet!"

And when the lady had carried her to her room, for Amy's strength seemed utterly to have failed her, she sank down on her couch in a state bordering on insensibility.

"Amy, my child!" exclaimed aunt Mary, raising her head and kissing that agonized brow—"what is the meaning of this? why this terrible grief? What will Mr. Raymond say if he finds you thus?"

The name recalled her to herself. "He will be better assured of what he knows already"—said Amy—"that I hate him!—that but to prevent my grandfather from being turned out of doors in his old age, I would a thousand times rather die than become his wife."

Aunt Mary was so much stunned by the words that she did not hear the door of the apartment open, and the footsteps of the individual who entered the room were stayed by her frantic words.

"His father has promised, that as soon as I become his wife, he will put me in possession of this place, which otherwise will pass into the hands of a stranger. Cheaply purchased, is it not, aunt Mary?" and Amy laughed wildly. "I have been thinking," and her eyes had in them a terrible expression as she spoke, "that when I have secured this property to my grandfather, it will be no greater sin in the sight of Heaven for me to—to die suddenly, than it would be to live with him, cherishing for him such feelings as I must ever entertain! Aunt Mary, forgive me—I will never commit this terrible crime! Heaven itself will take me out of the world, do you not think so?"

"No, no, dear Amy! He is not the man who should have been your husband; but he loves you, and you will learn, sometime, to return his affection."

"Never, aunt Mary, he knows I never shall, he knows I love another; and lest he should not be fully convinced of it, I will tell him so to-night; I will tell him how much I hate—how much I loathe him; I will tell him that my heart is entirely his cousin's, against whom he so poisoned my grandfather's mind; and to be revenged on whom, he is more anxious to make me his wife, than for any love which he bears me. Oh, I am maddened when I think that this man, through whose influence I was compelled so to treat Charles Raymond, is to be my husband! Charles," and tears, the first she had shed for many days, gushed from her eyes—"I shall never see him again, aunt Mary!—Chester tells me he is dead! I cannot believe it, though it is strange he has never written to me. Sometimes I think he has, and that Chester has intercepted his letters; but no, he never has thought of me with kindness since that last meeting. Oh, if he had known that my heart was breaking while my lips were so carelessly uttering those unkind words. If I could see him again—if I could ask his forgiveness for my seeming heartlessness, I could become the wife of Chester; but"—

"Could you, Amy? It is I, whose wife you have promised to become!" and Charles Raymond was holding the almost fainting girl in his arms.

Aunt Mary was looking from the window, and consequently heard not his first whispered words, but the young man spoke soon in a louder tone.

"It was myself who wrote that letter to your grandfather, requesting permission to visit you. I had before written to you, but my letters must have been intercepted. My careless signature was undoubtedly mistaken, by the old gentleman, for that of my cousin Chester; and as his reply was addressed to *C. Raymond*, his letter reached me. Do not be troubled by the character of that letter, dear Amy! I could not believe all its statements. I knew it was *not* only on consideration that I would redeem Mr. Weston's property from mortgage, that you would consent to become mine. I knew I could not be so indifferent to you as the old gentleman thought. I believed there was some mistake, and I determined to profit by it."

"Has my grandfather seen you?" asked Amy. "Charles, he will not"—

"Yes, he will consent to our union!" returned the young man. "My prospects in life are now such as he will not object to. I will go to him and inform him that this property is his own, and I shall acquaint him with some facts which will cause him, very willingly, to give you to me, rather than to Chester Raymond."

The young man left the apartment, and aunt Mary's niece was called into the room. How quickly we changed the appearance of dear Amy;

though not half so quickly as the sight of Charles Raymond had brought a different expression to her sweet face. She did not demur now when that dress of white satin, with its rich trimmings, was brought forward; and the pearl necklace which her mother had worn on her marriage-day, was put on her snowy neck; nor when that beautiful hair was freed from restraint, and suffered to float again over her shoulders in long, wavy ringlets.

Never was there a lovelier bride, never a happier bridegroom, and never, I am equally sure of this, was there a more joyous party. And that Thanksgiving supper—but I will not attempt to describe it! It is enough to say that Mrs. Weston had done her best. The dear old lady! she did not seem quite satisfied to see Charles, instead of Chester Raymond beside Amy; and she was sorry that the latter young man and his parents were not among the guests; but then their home, she never fairly understood how—was secured to them, and every body eat heartily of her supper.

But grandfather Weston—what a change had come over his features! There had been many hours during the past three weeks when the old gentleman half repented having persuaded Amy to a marriage with Chester Raymond; he had many fears that the contemplated union would not prove so productive of happiness as he had hoped; he was very sure now that the result would have been only misery.

"Ah, the young see better than the old!" he whispered to aunt Mary. "Who could have thought Charles Raymond would ever become such a fine looking man? He will make Amy a good husband. But his cousin—how I have been deceived in him! Why, Mary, that Sawyer whose notes Chester persuaded me to put my name to, was doing business for the young man, who seemed determined, by some means or other, to obtain possession of my property. His miserable agent repented on his death bed of his fraudulent dealings with me, and he endeavored to repair the injury he had done me. Mr. Raymond knew, when he promised to bestow this property on Amy if she would marry his son, that the young man had then money in his hands, paid him by Sawyer, to redeem it from mortgage. Charles, I have not yet learned by what means, became acquainted with the fact, and through his management Chester was obliged, yesterday, to take up those notes."

"Did Chester expect to marry Amy, this evening?" enquired aunt Mary.

"Yes! his father, as soon as I informed him that her consent had been obtained, went up to B——, where his son was, to acquaint him with the fact. Chester was very willing to comply with Amy's wish—not to visit her till the evening agreed on for the marriage; he was

afraid his base conduct toward me might be brought to light; and his father, too, for the same reason, most likely, remained at B——. They hoped that the marriage ceremony would be performed before I knew that the property was my own. I have heard other things about the Raymonds, to-night, which would astonish you, Mary! Dear Amy! how much misery she has escaped!"

"Come, girls!" continued the old gentleman, in a louder tone, looking on a bevy of rosy-cheeked maidens who stood beside him, "are you not going to have a *hop*, as you call it? Heaven give every body a grateful, happy heart this Thanksgiving evening!"

And repeating grandfather Weston's wish, dear reader, I bid you adieu.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A REMARK, AND DEDICATED TO ITS AUTHOR.

Tears from mine eyes! Ah, long, long years have sped,
 Since my proud heart first quelled the starting tear—
 And hours of pain—and watchings by the dead,
 And life-long partings with those near and dear,
 All, all have failed to reach that fountain deep,
 And roll away its stone, and bid me weep.

And tears are falling now—the heart-warm tears
 That gushed in childhood's transient hour of grief;
 But, oh! not now, as in those sunny years,
 Have they the power to bring me sweet relief—
 The sun smiles dimly through its heavy shroud,
 And where is hope's bright arch within the cloud?

A wilder chord of feeling now is stirred,
 That thrills mine inmost soul with sorrow's strain,
 My heart is melted by a "household word,"
 And tears like olden thoughts, are come again.
 And shall the drops that fall at thy dear name,
 My *Mother*, tinge my manhood's brow with shame!

My gentle Mother! tenderness and truth
 Are linked with childhood's memories of thee,
 And thou a guardian-angel blessed my youth,
 And cheered life's sternness with thy sympathy.
 Thy smile hath changed my darkest night to day,
 Oh! would my tears could now that love repay!

My soul hath kept through all the grief of years,
 Its sacred waters sealed from mortal eye,
 And now it yields its offering of tears,
 My sainted Mother! to thy memory.
 They are my heart's affection—pure and deep,
 Love's richest boon—then, Mother, let me weep.

New Haven, March, 1851.

LINA MORRIS.

TO MY MOTHER, LOST IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

BY C. C. TORREY.

How was I wont to watch thine earnest eye,
 To treasure up each look of tenderness !
 How on thy loving bosom sweetly lie,
 My pulses thrilling at thy kind caress.

While thy dear arms with tightening pressure closed
 Folding me to thee in more fond embrace,
 My tear-dewed eyes in slumber oft reposed,
 Or gazed in childish rapture on thy face.

How oft at twilight's solitary hour,
 When the pale stars were gathering in the sky,
 Thy gentle voice, with soul-subduing power,
 Spake of a better world—a home on high.

That glorious home, where the dear Saviour dwells,
 Where white-robed angels strike their golden lyres ;
 And joy in a full gushing anthem swells
 Unceasing from bright seraph choirs.

It had been sweet in boyhood's later years,
 In youth's glad hours, in manhood's early prime,
 To bear my joys, my rising hopes, my fears,
 For sympathy, to that dear heart of thine.

How should my soul have kindled at the thought
 That thou didst mark me with a mother's care ;
 Earth's proudest honors should have been as nought
 Might I the seal of thine approval wear.

One word of thine had stilled the raging war
 Of bitter passions—bade their tumult cease ;
 Thou shouldst have been my soul's peculiar star,
 To light my feet along the path of peace.

Nay, thou hadst been my idol—I had bent
 In true devotion at no other shrine ;
 But Heaven in love, in tender mercy sent
 To take thee home, that as a tender vine,

My heart's affections, disengaged from thee,
 Their only object, might more closely twine,
 Where thy pure heart is fixed eternally,
 About the Cross in love and joy divine.

Andover, Mass.

SALLY MARTYN:

OR BRIGHT GLEAMS IN A DARK LIFE.

~~~~~  
BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.  
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THE difficulties that beset the path of a featherless angel to the world of mortal flesh, are severe enough under the best circumstances; but these become absolute dangers when the gentlemen ushers and lady hostesses, who wait at the door of life's great inn, have at 'its bar' exchanged their wits for alcohol. Then the poor cherub-in-clay may expect to come off morally or spiritually maimed, with his wings of aspiration crippled in crowding them into sleeves of flesh. Lucky for him if only his clay vesture suffers harm, for too often the poor victim is stamped with inward monstrosity at his very birth. Where the better element is left with some vitality, it has still cost whole lives in the human form, to iron out the wrinkles which a soul has got at its incarnation, with the smoothing irons doubly hot in the fires of affliction.

In the young world there was a sense of holiness and deep joy at the birth of a child, but now a curse is on thousands, that they see no beauty, but only a woe and a burden, in this sacramental bounty of our bountiful Father,—the curse of poverty, often produced and doubled by the curse of vice. The inevitable trials of a clay-clod soul are enough; what then must that spirit feel, all tingling with the delights of the ambrosial airs of Paradise, to be greeted with the strong affluvia of *rum* at the very first snuff of-terrestrial air? Bad enough, without having a leg twisted hopelessly away by a drunken doctor, and then to be put in the arms of a drunken father, rolled off to a rum-bath, and nursed on *milk-punch* at the breast of a drunken mother.

Poor Sally Martyn stumbled into this world under just such untoward circumstances. Her mother was shrewish, and drunk strong drink enough to keep her cross; her father, kind by nature, but weak, and drank enough in self-defense, to make him silly; and between these whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis—silly and crab'dness if you will—Sally must steer her little bark; which, till she can steer it, must drive in peril among the breakers. When a living growing creature, gets crowded into an ugly corner, we expect it to grow crooked and ugly, and are more thankful for the slightest show of its harmonious nature than for whole tribes of beautiful favorites of fortune.

Her father's little farm-lot and miserable cottage were sadly involv-

ed and neglected, and his occasional earnings were more frequently found, at the week's end, in the *till* of Caleb Johnson than in the hands of the grocer; so poor Sally had no luxuries to make her infancy unhealthy; ah, no, not even the luxury of a hearty run in the grass to make it healthy, for when her years would have allowed, her crippled limb forbade it. When she came for love, by as natural an instinct as she came for food, to her miserable mother, she met more repulses than welcomes, and learned very early to loathe even the fits of affection that maudlin weakness occasionally offered. Doubtless her heart would have perished out of her young life, if God had not sent her a little brother. Can you believe it, that a babe in a drunkard's home can be a blessing? Ah, yes, though Jack Martyn's heart was past the touch of sunshine, and his wife's burned out, there was a little heart to feed, a sad little heart, in an ugly and battered tenement, that kept in its infant circlet some drops of the primeval blood, with its diviner wants.

It was a touching sight, a mournful sight to see the tattered child, weather-stained and bony—old age in infancy—with her rough brown skin, and nose unwomanly large; with thin long lips stretched over irregular spikes for teeth, and hair that knew no comb but the blast, no pomatum but winter sleet and summer rain; and not one inlook to her soul, but through the windows of her eyes, and those—ah, how human in how bruised a setting! To see that infant of months in her arms, which clung sharply round him, thin with five famished years, were sad, but to see too that her whole heart clung there, more famished than her frame, and that the unearthly lustre of her beautiful eyes was simple child-glee, looking strange by its strange surroundings—that was sadder; for it let you into the human heart of her, and told you how wholly she was akin to the fairest forms you love. When she was six years old, she felt as happy in her poverty as a princess in her wealth, for she had only to care for her "little Bobby," to teach his lisping lips their first words, and his tottering limbs their first steps. Out from her straggling locks her glad eyes shone like stars tangled in clouds, only through all, a sad shade stole—the forecast gloom of a great bereavement.

When her little Bobby had just conquered the sliding syllables of her name, and made its homeliness beautiful, God took him,—oh, that some gentle angel could have told her from what certain shame and woe, into what absolute glory and delight! then the hot, hot hand, which crushed the first buddings of her little heart, would have only been warm soothing to its growth. But the re-summoned angel-boy had done God's work, he had redeemed his sister from the fatality of

her birth, and planted the seed of power in her, which made it possible to be good amid such wretchedness, though the wretchedness was doubled by the lesson. We, too, are children, and know not what Heaven means in such afflictions if we murmur that it is so. To the besotted parents it was scarcely a grief, and the obvious escaping of one care, outweighed the little humanity they retained; but even in the agony of loss little Sally began to feel, not knowing whence, the leadings of her angel-Bobby's hand, for now their offices were changed. When her mother was unkind, she thought of him and wept, and the tears kept open a heart that would else have frozen.

When years crept off, and the pang was forgotten, the pleasure was left, almost the sole pleasure that had no sting, for her crippled limb made her a slow drudge if she sought comfort in solitary rambles; and her homely features, and miserable lot were added to make discount from social games; but sitting alone in the sunshine moulding clay images, or adopting forms already at hand, Bobby was a vitality in them all,—to him she talked, for him she shaped her creations, and patted the figures tenderly and called them "good brother Bobby," and when one by one they crumbled away, she made a little funeral, and arranged some for mourners, while she buried poor Bobby, with tears that were not grief's, but grief-touched love's. Thus the baby hand led her from the dark gulf of bitterness and iciness, along the verge of a softened misery, a wretchedness that had rays of red light from heaven across it, not lurid glimpses from below, as yet they might have seemed.

Another groping of the upward instinct appeared soon, a thirst for knowledge, an heroic resolution to get all that a free school would offer; for only a child-heart, timid and sensitive, can fully understand the trials she must conquer, to face the sturdy commonwealth of hale rude boys and bounding girls, all in a nobler and happier sphere of life, to her subdued and pained imagination. Without books, with a trembling heart, she placed her little ragged and lean form on a low bench in the village school-house, and kept her only beauty, her bright eyes, turned to the floor, and felt very happy, on escaping at noon, that she had not been noticed even by the teacher! She did not see the cruel fingers of Laura Johnson pointing derisively at her rags; no, nor what might have comforted her, the curl of indignation on the lip of a boy about her age—Willie Dawson, whose manly spirit alone prevented him from informing against the proud Laura.

But she was not long without notice, for after getting a little heart, by mere force of contact, she offered to join her school-mates in a childish play, Laura Johnson, with a scornful toss of her head, bade her "Begone, you little rag-girl, we don't want you here." A girl, who

was Laura's cousin, visiting her from the city, without a word to her, went up smiling to the poor child, and took her by the hand, saying kindly, "Yes, Sally, we *do* want you, come and sit here where you need not have to run, and be our enchanted queen, and little Minnie Gould here shall be fairy and disenchant you;" and Fanny Lee, though she scarcely knew Sally, led her to her throne, and made her happy again; for the quick eye of the fair creature had detected the depth of wronged humanity all tremulous in the fine eyes of Sally Martyn, at that unkind repulse; and though the poor child wept at the generous deed, she was happy, and drunk with gratitude. Laura turned off in affected disgust, and muttered—

"For shame, to take that beggar into the play, she's a ragged gipsy and her father is a drunkard!"

Fanny Lee heard nothing of this, but one not so gentle did, and retorted—

"For shame yourself, for your own father has made them so with his rum!" and the flushed cheek and flashing eye of Will Dawson put added stings to his words. For Sally this was another triumph in the very midst of despair, for while it made no less her wretched struggles, it brought her again to that side of the cloud which looked toward the sun. Her daily trials arranged themselves more level to her power of climbing over them, after that; and before the close of her three fortunate years of study, though toiling against poverty, ridicule, and the keen sensitiveness which made pangs of every ungentle touch or look, she had many opportunities to take honorable revenge upon Laura Johnson, having outstripped her in the race for knowledge, and won the prizes, that reluctant as they were, even habitual favoritism dared not to refuse.

Often had the generous-hearted, bashful creature stammered out falsely the answer that would have won precedence over Laura Johnson, to avoid at once the infliction of chagrin on her, and the mortification of exposing her own lameness and rags by going to her place.—Poor child! let only the very poor, or the deformed, judge if she were wise or not, in taking voluntarily a shame, that she felt conscious of power to shun, to avoid one from which she could not escape. The last incident of her school-life was one of those acts of devotion, and painful sensitiveness. She had fitted herself with unwearying toil for a public examination, in which the victor in the grammar class was to be crowned with oak, a new prize, which had excited the ambition of all. With painful stitching she had made her best garments look whole, and clean she always had them, since her own hands could wash them. She looked on the oak wreath with a flutter of ambitious hope,

as she saw the village clergyman place it on the desk of the teacher, and when the fateful trial came on, her heart flew with strange tremors, for the event, great to all the little rivals, was magnified by her nature and condition. From only one competitor would she feel any pain in winning the prize, for only one had any active hate for her, and her hope was that Laura Johnson would miss before they came to the single combat, as the order decided upon was to make each one withdraw as he or she committed any mistake. As if some evil genius were in it, Laura Johnson and Sally Martyn were the last to remain in the lists. Sally knew well, by study and experience, that there were breakers just ahead, which must wreck her antagonist, whose strength she knew, and that the path was clear to herself. But the image of the bright crown upon her own dull locks, and over her ugly features, and the bitter hate which glowed already in the eager face of her rival, decided her; she smothered her ambition by magnanimity, her shame at defeat by the keener sense of her appearance, and let the decisive moment go by in silence; while Laura snatched eagerly the word and the victory. A score of disappointed expectants came upon Sally, after school, with the same questions—"What did you let her have it for? you knew it; why didn't you answer?" She could only say, "Because she doesn't love me," and went away, secretly weeping, to her wretched home. Her answer was a mystery to all who heard it, and most of all to the subject of it, who came flaunting by, at the moment, tossing her tattered wreath from her with an air of proud disdain, exclaiming as she did it—"See there, now! I'm not going to carry my head in a crow's nest!" The petted child of wealth was as incapable of appreciating her honors, as to dream of the nobility which resigned them to her.

II.

A few years past, with no great change to Sally Martyn, only the growth from suffering girlhood without its pleasures, to suffering womanhood without its amenities, only the change from motherless indeed to motherless in name; for her school days ended but a short time before the wretched ending of her mother's life. She kept her father's empty house, which had long ceased to be his only by sufferance, and because it was worthless; and even for his little farm he now paid rent, in labor, to the wealth-swollen rumseller. Poor Sally! alone in the wide world, she had suffered very dark despondencies, darkened more by the fruits she had stolen from the tree of permitted knowledge, for her sottish father burned her books when they fell in his way, from the kind consideration that "they wasted her time and made her nervous."

An image of the angel Bobby had always remained in her mind, doubtless with few, if any, features of the real boy, but very distinct at times, and even to her consciousness more beautiful. Yet true to her humble instincts, she never thought she saw his likeness in the living, except among the poorest and most wretched. A miserable beggar's child was sure to be invested with some beauty, and watched with some tenderness by her, so firmly had the little hand of her beatified brother been clasped in hers.

Sally had acquired quite a little business, raising doves, rabbits, chickens and ducks, and gleaning the harvest fields to feed them. Her forlorn heart, deprived of human sympathy, clung to these, and so closely was the gripe of poverty upon her that mouth and heart must be content to feed scantily at the same table. She named her darlings—but now she never called them Brother Bobby, that name had grown too sacred—and it was painful to her to part with her glossy pets, who knew and seemed to love her. After a while they began to disappear, though carefully guarded against their natural enemies, and poor Sally was perplexed and pained anew, so that she had hardly noticed that as her old friends departed, her old enemy, drunkenness, came reinforced to torture her.

Returning from the village one day, she must pass the house of Caleb Johnson, where she saw Laura, coquetting with one of her many beaux, suitors for her shallow and proud beauty, and her father's more substantial wealth—and with her, some ladies caressing a beautiful dove. Sally lingered in her halting gait, yet not for an instant suspecting any thing, but only forgetting herself in her fondness for pets; when one of the young ladies, with a vulgarity which no breeding could unteach, pointed at her, and inquired with a low voice which yet reached the shrinking victim—

"What gipsy-hutch is that creeping under the fence, Laura?—see! see!"

"Nobody but Sal Martyn—they are dreadful mean folks—come away."

Sally shrivelled into herself with a shudder of agony, and moved painfully along to hide her deformity, dashed from her scarcely conscious vision of innocent pleasure, to the keenest consciousness of real misery, while hot tears drowned the sad beauty of her downcast eyes. In a moment she felt the fluttering down of a bird upon her shoulder, and a soft neck and bosom pressed caressingly against her brown rough cheek.

"Ah, Snow-Drop, *is it you?* I thought of you just now, and said you were dead or had forgotten me. But you haven't, have you, Snow-

Drop? *You love me, don't you?*" The bird fluttered, and nestled in her bosom, on her tenderly clasping arms, and tried by all his simple ways to say "Yes, darling!" and the more the happy bird tried to comfort her, the more the poor girl wept, but not so bitterly; the dove-wings had borne her up once more, to where the clouds had sunshine in them; and the bright tears fell on his glossy plumage like rain-drops on a lily. She quite forgot for a moment the vulgar finger, and the cruel Laura, in the welcome of her recovered friend. Her senses were recalled by the angry voice of Laura Johnson shrieking after her.

"Bring back my bird, you limping thief, or I'll have you complained of!"

Used as she was to brutality, the savage summons almost smote the poor girl to the ground. Laura had not forgotten the preference which, to tease her, or from real nobility, the boys in school had sometimes shown Sally at her expense, and now that the very bird had repeated the insult, her bitterness was all on fire. Sally retreated a few steps from her journey, and said timidly—

"The dove is mine, Miss Laura, and I know not how it was lost."

"I know how 'twas lost, it was sold to my father by Jack Martyn—so bring it back again!" was Laura's unblushing answer; though she knew well that Sally's father had no claim on her little flocks.

The trembling girl stood meditating some inoffensive form of reply, in doubt whether to yield her claim or urge it, while Laura rushed out to seize the bird, and her gentleman with a vulgar stare of idle curiosity looked on without interfering. He was the pretended sole heir of a rich foreign count, just traveling for pleasure, and what had he to do for a poor girl injured by his beautiful friend? it would soil his kid gloves to interfere. Laura made a hawk-plunge at the dove, just as Sally was about to yield it to her; but the bird, not so complying as his mistress, darted into the air and flew away, thus taking the matter in his own wings, and deciding it by rising. Laura had nothing left to do, but to abuse the innocent girl and retire, which she was not slow to perform.

Sally went sobbing to her home, too shocked and paralyzed to hear the threats of her enemy, or what followed them—the keen rebukes of a gentleman who had caught a glimpse of the scene, and met her at her own gate. It was not the prospective count, nor did he find it convenient to interfere in favor of his friend, any more than against her, though the hot vehemence of her rebukes might have tempted a chivalrous count to fling down his glove for her, and make a quarrel of the affair. When the sobbing Sally arrived at her solitary home, she was in no mood to answer the glad welcome she received from faithful

Snow-Drop, who came and nestled under the broad cape of her slouched sun-bonnet, and cooed a deal of pretty nonsense in her face; she only patted his sleek neck, and said half reproachfully—

“Naughty darling, you’ll get me into harm yet; poor fellow!”

He had got her into harm, all he could do; but he, silly bird, knew nothing of it; and his mistress could have scarcely been more wretched if she had known. The very next day, Jack Martyn was seized and thrust into jail for debt on an old unsettled account of Caleb Johnson’s, which might have been paid twice over, but no receipts or formal settlement had been procured. The tenement was cleared by a legal writ, and razed to the ground before night. Sally shrieked and moaned as she saw the fragments of painful decorations of her little chamber, given to the winds, and her frightened pets scattered to seek shelter in the walls and hedges. No man was found to interpose for the drunkard, and none dared to stay the ruin of the cottage, for the rich landlord could do what he would with his own; but some kind neighbors attempted to comfort the almost frantic girl, and offered her a shelter in their houses. She refused all aid, till too exhausted to refuse longer, when she was borne fainting to a neighboring house.

That night she was delirious, and now prayed for death, now called her birds, and again struggled with her watchers to escape and go and liberate her father, who she said was calling her, and promising to be sober and live for her. This fancy became the vision of her hot brain for hours—when at length her wild glare was softened to an unearthly peacefulness, and saddened love, and her very ugliness grew radiant.

“Yes, yes!” she said with her eyes fixed tenderly in the air, “yes, Bobby, I will; fan me with your white wings, and I *will* be calm, I *will* be cool. O beautiful brother—I didn’t know you were so beautiful! Your wings are whiter than Snow-Drop’s, and you know my name yet. Didn’t I teach it to you? O yes, I thought I did. Beautiful! beautiful Bobby!”

She sunk quietly away to a gentle sleep, whispering at intervals fainter and fainter, “Beautiful wings! Beautiful brother!” till all was still, and her relaxed watchers slept beside her.

The morning sunlight roused them, but to find no sleeper by their side; the bed of Sally Martyn was vacant, and not a trace of her could they find. That morning, William Dawson and his young wife Fanny Lee, called at the ruins of her hut to offer her a home, which they would have done two days before when he rebuked Laura Johnson in her behalf, but business in another direction prevented. He came now to find but desolation and ashes, and returned to his city home, sad with the mysterious fate of Sally Martyn.

III.

In a street frequented only by poverty, one night when winter hung darkly and coldly over the city, a solitary woman, ready to perish, led a child of four years towards the only light which appeared at that hour in that place. This issued from a basement, not many rods before her, but faint with famishing, worn out with woe, and stung by the bitter cold, she sunk to the pavement unable to reach the spot.

"Run child, and tell them I am dying," she gasped out, and the tattered little boy ran and knocked so faintly he was not heard; but seeing many little boys and girls through the window of the door, he opened and entered. It was a ragged-school, where the poorest, who sought a living as they could by day, came to learn reading by night. The matron of the establishment, seeing a stranger, said kindly—

"Well, my little man, do you want to learn to read?"

"No, marm. She's dying, out there!" sobbed the boy. The matron snatched a bottle of hartshorn, and ran inquiring "Who? where?"

"My mother—there," and the boy ran forward, wailing and frightened at the new strange sorrow. A gentleman, who fortunately proved to be a physician, was at that moment supporting the dying woman, and with the aid of the matron removed her to the fire. The school was dismissed, as it was her only room, and contained the bed of the poor teacher; and all attention was given to the sufferer. The mother sobbed as she looked on her boy—and murmured,

"It's too late.—I thought they would take *him*, if I could beg them to.—O, my God, it is too late! I must die, and he'll be lost and perish, too!"

After relieving her as well as they might, the physician, who by a glance saw the condition of the kind matron, said he would now leave, and call help to remove the patient to a hospital.

"Not to-night!" answered the hostess firmly. "She would perish on the way."

This the Doctor could but perceive, and leaving medicine, with a promise to return in the morning, he departed. The sufferer lay with face buried in the clothes, through an hour of imposed silence, while her little son was fed, and put to sleep warmly and sweetly on a broad cushion by the fire; then she roused and said half to herself—

"Yes, I must tell all, for I shall die—and it may be they will take *him*, poor boy!"

The anxious watcher promised a religious observance of all the patient desired, that was in her power to do or procure. The sick woman seemed to take no notice of these words—but continued vacantly,

"Yes, it must be, there's no use for shame here—now.—Woman!" thus abruptly she addressed her helper, "Woman—I was not *so* once! Six years ago I was rich, a belle—a fool! I believed—a villain. My father said he was such, but I believed it not. He was driven from our house—I followed him—married him secretly—was disowned by my father—O yes! I fled to Europe, was abandoned there by my husband, who died in a brawl with blacklegs—his companions. I've begged back to here, homeward, to give my boy to my father. He is a good boy who sleeps there—I never loved any one else. I would have taken him home and gone off to die—tell *him*—to take the boy if he hopes for God's pity in a dreadful hour!"

Exhausted she sank back in silence. "Tell who?" eagerly inquired the matron—lest the vital point should be lost, in the dying breath of the outcast. With a hoarse whisper she replied, "Caleb Johnson."

The watcher cast an instant's searching glance on the half-veiled face, whose eyes burned up again with a momentary fire, when both shrieked in one breath—

"Laura Johnson!"

"Sally Martyn!"

"O forgive! forgive!" murmured the dying woman.

"Yes, yes, as I hope to be forgiven—I have always forgiven you"—but her last words fell on senseless clay; that humbled soul had gone up with the pardon of a bitterly wronged and hated one, as a sweet pledge of hope at the shrine of Eternal Mercy!

The Doctor returned in the morning, with his wife as bearer of an offering to the poor school-matron, which his delicacy perceived would only be acceptable thus, and they brought therewith a new surprise for Sally, who saw before her, her old champion—William Dawson and the one time Fanny Lee, whose images she had kept sacredly in her memory, and refreshed by occasional glances, as she had chanced to see them. Night and a thick muffler, and hurrying cares had prevented a recognition of the gentleman before, and her long lost and care-worn face was not readily recalled to him, till daylight and her words brought it all out again.

They went to their task together, took the cold form before them and the poor orphan, and sought the country.

Old Caleb Johnson, without an heir, ignored the remains of his daughter, and though a proper certificate of her marriage was found upon her person, he refused a shelter to her child, who, to his credit, as decidedly refused to be left there, and clung to Sally Martyn like a little burr.

"No! no!" he said, "I'll stay with *her*. She cared for my mother, and she shall be my mother now, won't you?"

"Yes, darling, if you will be my good boy?" for she saw little Bobby in his beseeching eyes.

They returned to the city with the boy, whom Sally named for her angel brother; and Will. Dawson and Will. Dawson's noble wife, made no scruple to root up Sally's work of years, her penny school, and plant it in an airy, clean, light room, with bed-room, kitchen, and a little parlor adjoining, for her especial use; to all of which they introduced her one bright morning with no option to refuse.

There she flourished to her good heart's content; and her new Bobby grew to love her and be a blessing to her, a gift she said from the white-winged Bobby, to delight her till they met again in heaven.

When Sally's first home was crushed—and she so strangely disappeared, she had escaped in a fit of delirium, thinking to free her father. When she became entirely conscious of her actions, she was near his place of imprisonment—but only to meet his humble funeral on its way to the town of his nativity. He had died of delirium tremens, in the absence of his accustomed stimulant. She turned in despair to the city, fought against want with her needle, and set up her penny school, the more to feed her heart with good deeds and love, than her mouth with bread. Now the dark clouds had melted, and sunshine, warm and rich, repaid her struggling faith.

A few years later she received notice from a lawyer, that Caleb Johnson, on a death-bed of remorse, had made her foster-child his heir. By love and adoption his fortune was hers, for the boy grew worthy of her. Thus the wealth wrung from her father and a hundred wretches beside, returned to her a hundred-fold, to be henceforth a blessing to the suffering and the needy, who, through her marred and crippled form, saw only her beautiful soul, that light of her beautiful eyes.

A stranger, who shall go into a family and be very cautious in what he says, agree with its several members in all their opinions, and never express any of his own, will be thought a very modest, liberal, and sensible man; while he who speaks what he thinks, differs from them with respect, discriminates between the pretended and real merits of persons and things, will be feared, will be thought censorious, selfish, and self-willed; yet the conduct of the former is precisely that which one would adopt who had any design to accomplish; the conduct of the latter, that which would be natural to an honest man, who had no fear of himself, and no thought that his motives could be misapprehended. Thus is pretension honored, and merit punished.

SEASONS IN LIFE.

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 BY M. JULIET CRAMER.  
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Life in brightest phases seen,
 Is but gilded all,—
 O'er its fairest pages
 Shadows darkly fall.

Hours but few of joy we taste,
 Hope illumines the goal,
 Bliss we dream, but 'tis not this
 Can satisfy the soul.

Youth, the heart's best season,
 Is not free from care,
 Though it seemeth gladsome,
 Sorrow lurketh there.

And the beck'ning future,
 Visions sweet portray,
 Telling brighter morrow,
 Heedless of to-day.

Unborn thoughts of greatness,
 Slumb'ring hopes of fame,
 Winning for their votary
 True homage, and a name.

These the restless longings,
 Oft indulged by youth,
 Stealing from young life the bloom
 Of holy love and truth.

Manhood's sterner moments,
 Bustling hours of strife,
 Bear a deeper impress
 On the record, life.

Then ambition, waking,
 Knows no idle chain,
 And it listeth never
 Childhood's dream again.

But 'tis bearing onward
 With the sordid mart,
 Panting in the race begun,
 To act a glorious part.

How the heart grows worldly,
 How our fond hopes cling
 To the pomp of earthly power,
 Though no peace it bring.

And our days grown weary,
 Sadly sinks the sun,
 While our cherished schemes decay
 E'er the goal is won.

Far on boyhood's pathway,
 Strays our feeble mind
 And a friendly echo
 Breathes upon the wind,

Telling of the joyous past,
 The friends we loved so well,
 Above whose graves, long years ago,
 The tears of evening fell.

Hope wreathes no glorious future,
 To bid us long that sleep,
 From whose calm, sweet forgetfulness,
 None ever 'wake to weep.'

Fearful old age starteth
 If a shadow fall—
 Starteth at the memories
 Buried years recall.

* * * * *

Yet though shadows darkly
 Rest upon the brow,
 If above are treasures,
 Life is brightest now.

For we fast are hastening,
 Though earth's path we tread,
 Glad its sorrows come not
 To that city of the dead.

While in dreamless slumber,
 Soft a Saviour's hand,
 Guides through dark'ned valley,
 To that 'better land.'

THE AURORA BOREALIS;

OR, A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. HEMANS.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.  
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"Ah! well may sages bow to thee,
Dear, loving, guileless Infancy!
And sigh beside their lofty lore,
For one untaught delight of thine,
And feel they'd give their learning's store
To know again thy truth divine."

Mrs. OSGOOD.

It was a glorious autumn evening, and if the fairies had been assembled in their magic rings, they might perhaps have beheld one near their favorite haunts, as lovely, though not quite as diminutive as their fabled selves. A little child, unmindful of time and space, was straying alone at this late season, along the path which led through a grove of young forest trees, to an open, rocky space, terminating in a beach of clear, white sand, beyond which stretched the boundless and fathomless ocean.

The child was a little maiden of some seven summers, and so very beautiful was she, with her glistening ringlets, and clear, sparkling eyes, and fair complexion, that one who gazed upon her during childhood, remarked, very injudiciously in her hearing, one day—"That child is not born to be happy; her color comes and goes too rapidly." This remark remained long in the memory of the little Felicia, and often caused her young heart to beat with saddening emotion, and forebodings of evil. How very careful ought we all to be, that we say nothing in the presence of children, which will crush their buoyant spirits, or dampen their early energy! Many a person carries to his grave the remembrance of remarks, kind or unkind, pleasant or unpleasant, good or evil, which he heard in the sunny or clouded hours of childhood. And in all probability we carry into eternity the impressions thus made during our earthly existence. How important, therefore, that the reminiscences and influences of this earthly life, which is but the childhood of our eternal existence, be such as are holy and felicitous!

The little child, of whom I write, had just arisen from the bed in which careful attendants, who intended to be faithful, had left her.—Hastily dressing herself, she stole out of the house by an unfrequented

way, and, at the opening of our story, she was on her road to the sea-shore. Rapidly, yet with a keen appreciation of the pleasure of an evening ramble, tripping with a desire to reach the favorite spot, and not with haste on account of fearing aught of harm, she passed along. Pretty soon she stood upon the pearly sands, and the waves of old ocean were gently plashing at her feet. She gazed afar off over the expanse of waters. Here and there she could see a star reflected in the mirror-like surface, and Venus shone upon the verge of the horizon, leaving a line of quivering light upon the waves.

For a few moments Felicia gazed above and around. The stillness of the evening was not oppressive to her, for to her ear, already attuned to the melodies of nature, there was music in the low plashing of the waves, and she never knew an emotion of fear because human beings were not very near her, nor human voices mingling with the ocean's hymn.

She soon proceeded to prepare for entering the water, for it was partly for the sake of enjoying a stolen sea-bath, as sweet to her as to any of the visitants of Newport or Nahant, that she had dared to leave her home and bed without permission. She did it not from a desire to be disobedient, but from an unconquerable love of the ocean and her stolen bath.

Should we censure such a course? Perhaps not. It would certainly have been better to go with the permission of her mother, but, perhaps, better to go without asking permission, than not to visit the spot at all, at such an hour, for, perchance, the emotions awakened by such scenes were such as influenced her after-life, and enabled her so powerfully to touch the secret chords of sensibility in kindred human souls. But we will not anticipate.

To return to Felicia upon the sea-shore. Suddenly, as she was about to conclude her bath, she observed a singular appearance in the northern heavens. A long line of wavy light shot up from the horizon to the zenith, and then appeared flashes of red, undulating light.

"Oh, how delightful! Oh, how wonderful!" was the exclamation of the little maiden, whose poetic feelings were strongly excited, as she noticed the sublime and beautiful appearance of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights as in common "parlance" they are termed. This was the first time Felicia had ever beheld this phenomenon, and so deeply was she impressed with the bright, and to her surprising appearance of the evening sky, that instead of returning quietly and in secrecy to her chamber and couch, she felt that she must seek her mother, and inform her of what she had seen, asking her opinion of it. Her mother well knew that Felicia's window was not on that side of

their residence, which would permit her to view the Aurora Borealis from it, and therefore she must have left her own apartment. So she immediately questioned her little daughter, who artlessly and ingenuously confessed that she had been alone upon the sea-shore, and her reason for thus going. At her mother's gentle reproof she promised to seek stolen baths no more, and in return for so willingly yielding her own pleasure, her mother promised her frequent opportunities for sea-bathing, at those seasons which she deemed most suitable, and profitable to the mental as well as physical health of the intelligent and beautiful child.

Years passed away, ripening the budding graces of that fair child to brilliant maturity. Changes came with those years, yet Felicia fulfilled the rich promise of her youth. The harvest of well-earned fame followed the seed-time of early culture. Hope, love, and joy crowned some of those fleeting years with delight, while, alas ! grief, estrangement, disappointment, and bereavement, saddened others, and cast a gloomy hue over future prospects.

Great attention had been paid by her early guardians to instil right principles into her young heart, and to give her the elements of intellectual advancement ; but, after all, the true secret of her success, for success she attained, was in her own indomitable perseverance, and true genius. Perseverance and moral courage opened the path for the triumphs of genius, and ere the bloom of maidenhood had passed into matronly dignity, the little Felicia had become the world-renowned poetess—*MRS. HEMANS*. Her lays had been sung in many lands, and her poems had touched sympathetic chords in many, very many hearts, both of the aged and the youthful, in all classes and conditions of society. The grave, the gay, the joyous, the devout, bondmen and master, suppliant and prince, soldier and mariner, alike enjoyed her poetry, and embalmed her name in their hearts.

Across the broad Atlantic came a lover of the Muses, and he, too, paid devotions at the shrine of our fair poetess. He was a divine, celebrated alike for the purity of his life, as the eloquence and excellence of his discourses, but above all, he loved liberty next to his Father in heaven. He well knew that Felicia's poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," was received with enthusiastic regard in America, and he thus represented the fact to her on his visit to her in Ireland's celebrated Dublin. She informed him that "she had composed that poem in the glow of a burst of admiration, immediately awakened by the chance perusal of a part of some Plymouth oration (as it seemed to be) which she found on the scrap of an old newspaper." "'And I can tell you the portion of it we like best,' Dr. Channing remarked to her at that time,

"*They left unstained, what there they found.*"

'Ay, freedom to worship God!' she quickly subjoined; 'the truth was the best part of it, I know—I rejoice that it is so, and that you so understand it.'

Felicia's home had been for a long time since her lonely visit to the sea-shore, and vision of the Aurora Borealis, in a beautiful residence at Rhyllon, near St. Asaph in North Wales. Here in the pleasant society of her mother and sister, and her own five sons, she found ample employment for both mind and body, and from this delightful spot went forth very many of those lyrics and poems which have rendered her name immortal. Here she studied and labored, enriching her own mind with the varied lore of many lands, and imparting the elements of a superior education to her beloved sons. Far better, perhaps, had it been, if her husband, and their father, had been a coadjutor in her daily toils, but well was it for them that in their peculiar circumstances they had such a mother—one who, while their other parent was seeking health far in a foreign clime, was to them teacher and guardian from the fulness of maternal love, and the ability of true genius. Duty called her, after the lapse of these long eventful years, to revisit that portion of the country which had been her childhood's home. She did so with peculiar pleasure. She had never forgotten its scenes and delights, and her memory had treasured in its casket many a gem which it had gathered there. The apple tree which Felicia was accustomed to climb, and amid the seclusion afforded by its many-leaved branches she read or studied Shakspeare's plays with unbounded enthusiasm and delight, was long remembered by her when she bore another name than Bronne, and was widely known as an authoress of undoubted talent, and splendid genius.

In the course of her journeying, at the time of which we write, she came to the very sea-shore upon which she had so often wandered in childhood's happiest hours, gathering shells and pebbles with all a child's deep interest in their beauteous forms and colors.

Night overtook the travelers ere the place of destination was reached. The sun sank behind the mountains of Denbighshire, and twilight rapidly sped, leaving the secluded region with no light but that of stars to display "the romantic varieties of sea and mountain scenery so beautifully combined and contrasted" there.

Conversation had ceased for a while, for the fellow-travelers were weary, and Mrs. Hemans became thoughtful and meditative. The gay and joyous smile of her childhood was no more playing round her rosy lips, and dimpling her cheeks in beauty; but her calm and lofty brow

betokened intellectual vigor, and told a truthful story of her mental progress. She was no longer a child, but the recollections of her childhood were vivid, as if their scenes occurred but yesterday. Suddenly, an exclamation from some one of the party aroused her from the reverie she had unconsciously been cherishing, and there, before her, was the counterpart of the vision of her childhood.

The beautiful bow of the Aurora Borealis once more spanned the northern heavens ; its undulating flashes of light were again waving in sublimity and beauty before her. The awe with which she gazed upon them when alone, in childhood, upon that very same sea-shore, nay, on that very same spot, recurred to her memory. Quick as thought alone can fly were presented to her mind the succeeding years, with their manifold and various events, and in the fulness of her emotion, at such a rapid vibration of so many chords in her soul, touched by these associations, and giving forth the varying tones of joy and sorrow, she leaned back in her carriage, and shielding herself from observation, indulged in a long, silent flow of tears. Those who accompanied her knew full well that the associations of childhood were clustering around her. They perceived her emotion, attributed it to its true cause, and were silent, or spoke in subdued tones to each other only.

In writing shortly after to a friend, Mrs. Hemans herself remarked, "My journey lay along the sea-shore, rather late at night, and I was surprised by quite a splendid vision of the northern lights, on the very spot where I had once, and once only before, seen them in early childhood. I was almost startled by seeing them *there* again : and after so long an interval of thoughts and years it was like the effect produced by a sudden burst of familiar, and yet long forgotten music."

How very true it is that the memories of the scenes and incidents of childhood and youth are seldom erased from the mind by the changes and vicissitudes of after years !

Nantucket, Mass.

Did we only see the moon in its full, with all its brightness, we should be ignorant of its nature ; we should never discover its changes and eclipses ; we should think the splendor we admire in it to be all its own : and so, if we lived without crosses, we should be both ignorant of our own nature, and the nature of things around us ; we should know things as they appear, and not as they are ; their borrowed lustre we should look on, and be slow to learn what really shines of itself.

THE RAPIDS.

[The following Sonnets were the impromptu production of a celebrated New England clergyman, who visited Niagara, during the last summer, for the first time. A friend treasured them up for the WREATH, and we take pleasure in presenting them to our readers.]

With tramp and rush and wild commotion,
The Lakes are marching to the Ocean,—
Onward with swelling front and side!
Onward in green and crested pride!
Their spear-points flashing in the light—
Their tall plumes gleaming snowy white—
Their misty banners floating free—
Their wild steeds prancing gallantly—
And loud and deep from shore to shore,
The dull artillery's heavy roar.
They come with myriad flashing feet—
Before them drives the arrowy sleet—
And down the rocky pass they press,
Surging and strong and fierce and numberless.



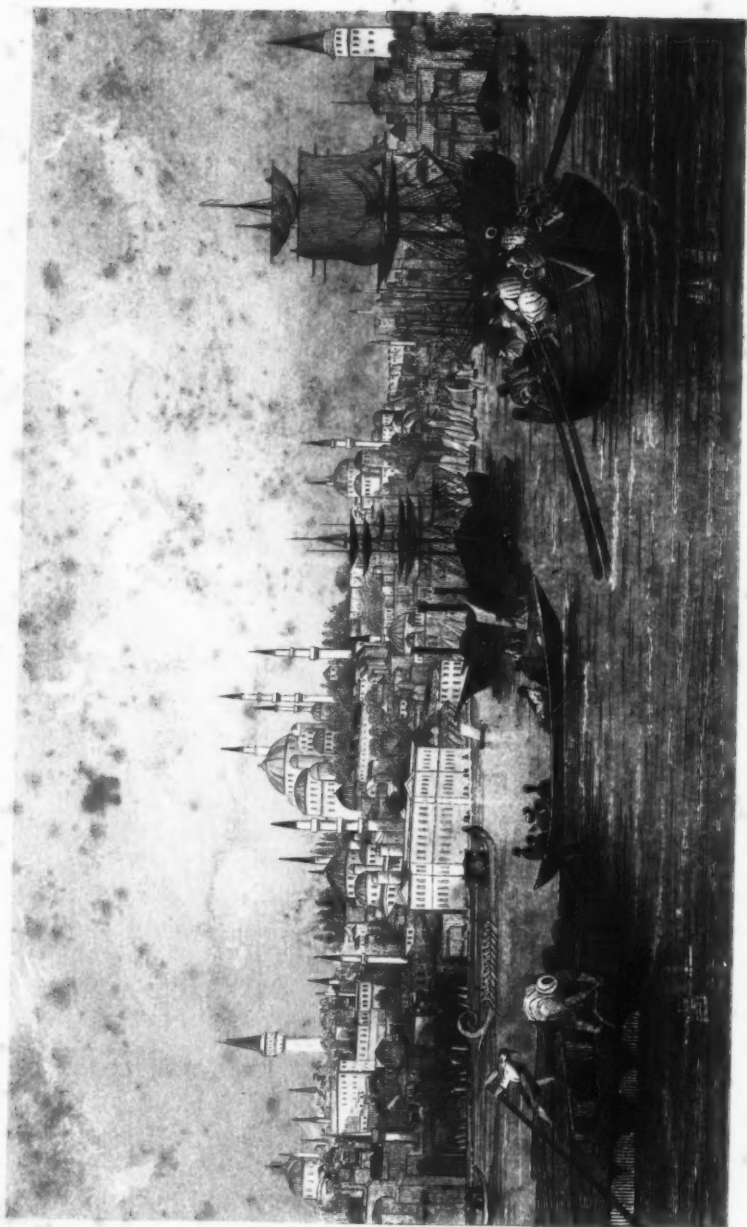
NIAGARA.

On, sound! oh, might! oh, majesty of rushing seas!
Mute are my lips with awe, when I would sing of *thee*—
Before thy "great white throne" I bend my willing knees,
And under clouds of incense worship silently.
I see the emerald crown hung on thy kingly crest—
Thy silver-streaming hair, thou ever ancient one—
Thy feet with flashing splendors bright as noonday sun—
The snowy-ermined robe thou foldst across thy breast,
While yet thine awful form is hid! Afar I hear
Above the roar of storms or battle thunder loud,
The *voice* thou liftest in thy presence-chamber here,
And in a silent reverence my soul is bowed.
This homage paid, *idolatry* I cannot deem;
Thou standest there a symbol visible of *Power Supreme*.

Niagara Falls, 1852.



An ardent sensibility to the impression of great virtues and abilities, accompanied with a generous oblivion of the little imperfections with which they are joined, is one of the surest indications of a superior character.



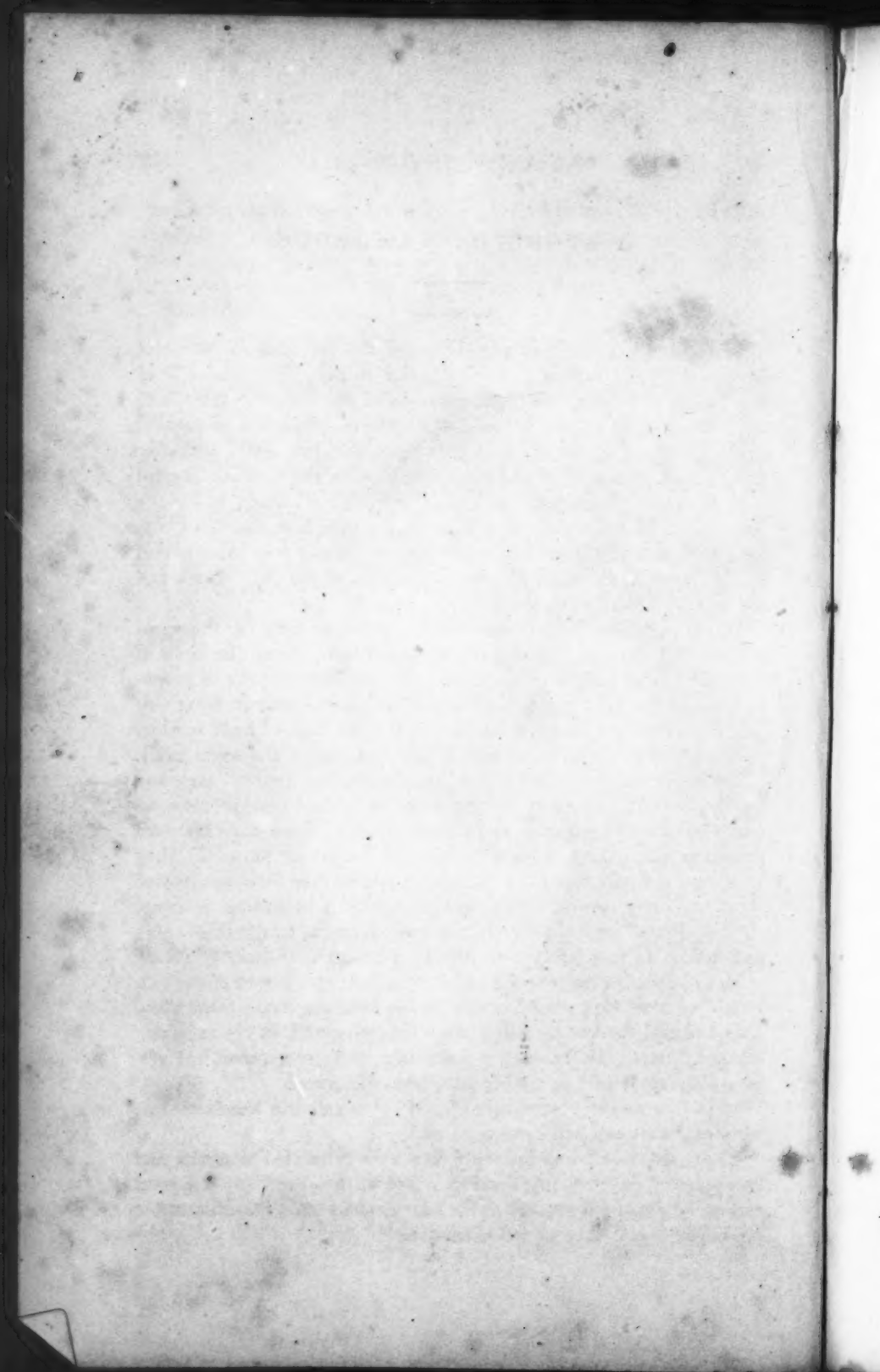
CONSTANTINOPLE.

From the entrance to the Golden Horn.

From the entrance to the Golden Horn.



Chilian Rose- Trumpet flower.



A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

BY M. M.

IN the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, the followers of Mahomet first troubled the repose of the Byzantine court. They issued from the deserts of Arabia, the sword in one hand, the Koran in the other; and, animated by a spirit of zeal and fanaticism, which has no parallel in the history of the human race, they penetrated into Syria, and, after desolating a portion of it and defeating Werdan, the Grecian general sent to oppose them, invested Damascus. The Saracens under the command of Kaled, a stern and successful soldier, inaccessible to pity, for a time met with a spirited resistance, the Damascenes being roused by the intrepid daring of Thomas, a patrician of the city. Such was the state of affairs when our story commences.

It was night, and the doomed city had a respite from the shower of arrows that through the day fell thick and fast. From the camp of the infidel arose at intervals a murmuring sound that spoke of preparation, and the light, rapid tread of the Arab horsemen patrolling outside the walls, was heard mingled with the low hum of audible whispering from the strong detachments placed at each of the seven gates.

Down the street that led to the gate Keisan, two figures—male and female—wended their way. Their obvious desire to escape observation, their hurried, stealthy steps, their glances behind, their frequent pauses as if to listen, bespoke a dread of danger or pursuit. They were near the gate when the sound of an approaching footstep arrested them, and they shrank from observation under a projecting doorway.

"Oh, Jonas," said the female in a tone of mortal fear, "this cannot end well. My poor father and mother! I have cruelly deserted them."

Her companion made no reply, but by a fervent pressure of the soft, trembling hand that rested in his, for the footsteps came nearer, and a man passed so close to their place of concealment that his garments touched theirs. Had the night been less dark, or the man less pre-occupied, they would inevitably have been discovered.

"I have a fearful presentiment," said the female in a low, tremulous whisper, "that evil will come upon us."

"Fear not, love," was the reply, in a tone calculated to soothe and encourage, "fear not, my Eudocia. Are we not together, and what evil do we dread but separation? Leave omens and presentiments to the infidel dogs. Are we not Christians!"

"Christians in name, Jonas, but are we Christians in spirit? An unbaptized infidel might leave his parents in anguish and his birth-place in danger, but does such conduct become children of the church? Oh, Jonas, dear Jonas, I never felt remorse till now."

The distress of the maiden was poignant and sincere, and her lover, for such he was, strove in vain to soothe her. But while she dreaded going forward, it was evident she shrank from returning, and this reluctance gave weight to arguments enforced with all the eloquence of love.

They emerged from their hiding-place, and in cautious silence pursued their way to the city-gate, which they reached without further interruption. Jonas had secured the connivance of the guard by a heavy bribe, and had stationed two fleet horses, fully caparisoned, in a grove of palm trees near the city. Once there, he defied pursuit. The gate was noiselessly opened—Jonas passed through, but Eudocia, before following, turned to gaze upon the sleeping city, still and tranquil as if no danger was impending over her home, her birth-place, the residence of all she loved.

"Pass through," said a gruff voice, "I must close the gate."

In an agony of grief and terror, she found herself outside the city alone—Jonas was no where to be seen. She turned in every direction, straining her eyes in endeavors to pierce the darkness, but to no avail. Anxiety for him banished fear, and, leaving the shelter of the city wall, she advanced into the plain. A loud, exulting shout broke the stillness of the night—breathlessly she listened—perhaps the Emperor had sent reinforcements—perhaps the neighboring cities—Hems or Helio-polis, Baalbec or Aleppo, dreading the fall of Damascus as the signal of their own—had sent them succor. Again she hears the shout of triumph—it comes nearer, nearer—and, merciful Heaven! the name of "Allah" is mingled with it. Alas, no Imperial legionaries, no Christian warriors they. Again she listens, and again the breeze sweeps by. *That* voice, though louder and shriller than its wont, is surely familiar, and the language is her native Greek.

"Eudocia! Eudocia! flee—I am in the hands of the infidel."

Impelled by the one absorbing desire to escape from the ruffian soldiery of Kaled, and scarcely knowing whither she went, she fled to the gate, and in a short time was again safe within the fortified walls of the city, without having any clear or definite idea of how it had been accomplished.

Jonas was brought by his captors to the tent of Kaled, and ignominiously escaped death by apostacy. He loudly proclaimed his belief in Mahomet, and to prevent any suspicion of insincerity, surpassed the

followers of the prophet in his cruelty to the Christians. Loud and deep were the execrations heaped upon him in Damascus, when his double treason—to his God and to his country—became known. But what cared he? With his name and faith he had changed his nature. Abdallah the Mussulman had nothing in common with the Christian Jonas, and “the Sword of God” (as the Saracens called Kaled) longed not more ardently for the sack of the city than did the zealous convert.

Bravely did the beleaguered Christians bear themselves—brilliant and desperate were the sallies they made to the very camp of the infidel, but all in vain; there was an enemy in the heart of their city, against whom courage and skill were ineffectual, one not more cruel, but more potent than Kaled—hunger was among the Damascenes. With such an ally, what marvel that he succeeded.

After a siege of six months, the Governor capitulated. Those who wished to remain were permitted to do so on condition of paying tribute, and those who desired to leave were at liberty to depart unmolested with as much property as they could carry. These conditions were obtained from Abu Obeidah, the nominal leader of the besiegers, but ignorant of this, Kaled gained admission through one of the gates, and a fearful massacre followed. Christian maids and matrons fled for safety to the convents, closely pursued by the relentless Arabs, conspicuous among whom was the renegade Jonas. The loathing multitude shrank from him as if he had the plague, but he heeded not—perhaps saw not—that unequivocal symptom of disgust. On he went, his face so changed, so haggard, so distorted, that his dearest friend might have doubted his identity. But hatred is keener-eyed than friendship or love, and not one in that vast multitude failed to recognize him. As he passed, men ground their teeth and muttered curses on the renegade, and woman’s shuddering frame and averted eye were full as eloquent. But the tumult in his own mind and soul rendered him indifferent to external objects. He had sought Eudocia through that fearful day, at first in every corner of her home, then in the house of every friend, in crowds, in public places, in convents—every where—baffled hope gave way to anxiety, and anxiety to despair. He had given up the search, and was returning to the camp, when passing a monastery which he had previously examined, he was arrested by the well known sound of Eudocia’s voice. With one bound he was at the door, which yielded to his pressure just in time to save her whom even in his apostacy he loved with undiminished ardor, from the sword of one of his own Arabs. One well aimed blow ended the ruffian’s career, and Jonas turned with eager affection to her he had sought throughout that day of blood with unflagging energy.

"Eudocia, my beloved, take courage—it is I."

One wild cry of joy—one doubting, bewildered glance, and Eudocia, forgetting all that had occurred since that fatal parting—forgetting in short every thing save Jonas and her own great love, sank fainting in his arms.

His heart throbbed with conflicting emotions—love, and pride, and joy—he knew not which was paramount. She loved him still despite of all; she loved him better than her faith, her country, or her friends. What cared he now for the hate, the loathing, the execrations of the Damascenes. They could not alienate from him the only heart he was ambitious of possessing: she loved him still. Such were his thoughts as he assiduously endeavored to restore her to consciousness, and when returning animation was evidenced by the fluttering breath and tinted cheek, he gave utterance to his hoarded love in passionate exclamations. The color deepened on Eudocia's cheek, the half closed eye was languidly opened, and she essayed to rise.

"My own Eudocia," said Jonas, tenderly, "rest—you are yet exhausted—rest, no danger can reach you here. I am with you."

"Yes, yes, thank heaven," she replied, "but, Jonas, I have suffered so much, and if these infidel Saracens—you start! Ah, you know we have cause to fear—let us fly."

Terror lent her strength, and disengaging herself from his supporting arms, she hastened to the door. Another minute, and she would have been beyond his reach, perhaps cut down by some Moslem fanatic; but a heavy hand arrested her progress, and the voice of Jonas, strange and harsh, sounded in her ears.

"Eudocia! look at me."

"One glance was enough—the hated garb of the Saracen brought all to memory, and the Christian maiden, pale and motionless as a statue, stood gazing on her recreant lover. Her lips moved as in prayer, but no sound issued from them, and, though she shivered perceptibly, she stood erect, her eyes riveted on his countenance.

"What need to fly! You are safe with me, Eudocia—safe as love can make you—safe with the man you love—aye, love—you cannot deny it."

"I love *you*—love a man false to his God, and false to his country—a traitor and a renegade! Far be the sin from me. No, Saracen! seek a wife among the followers of the impostor Mahomet—a Christian maiden is no mate for you. That I ever loved you is disgrace enough; but to love you now would be infamy too base to name. Man, do you know," she continued, her face glowing with indignation, "that in the siege protracted by your advice, my father lost his life—that the crim-

son stream now flowing through the city has been augmented by my mother's heart-blood? Oh, mother, mother!"—her clasped hands were pressed convulsively against her heart to still its throbbings—"am I to be told that I love this man!"

"Eudocia," said Jonas, his deep voice trembling with restrained passion, "do not deceive yourself—do not doom yourself as well as me to misery. You know not your own heart. I say you love me as truly, as wildly, as on that night you left father and mother, home and kindred for me."

"My sin—my sin!" murmured the maiden.

"Your looks betray it—your very vehemence proves it; you cannot trust yourself to listen to me; your heart does not second your will; your feelings revolt against your sense of right—and your sense of right is shocked—by what? by a name, Christian or Mahomedan. Call me what you will: what matters it? A name cannot change my love for you: it *has not* changed your love for me. My deeds have been well known in Damascus for weeks, and yet but this moment my arms were your chosen place of refuge."

"Yes," said Eudocia, blushing crimson with shame and mortification, "you do well to taunt me with it."

"Taunt you with it," he replied impetuously, "Heaven forbid! To me you were welcome as water in the desert; as clouds in the summer sky."

Eudocia continued unheeding the interruption—"I saw but Jonas whom I once loved and was proud of loving."

"See but Jonas still, and all will be well; think of me as Jonas—call me Jonas—"

"And *Abdallah* the infidel?" said Eudocia, interrogatively.

"Curse on that name! To you I am Jonas—Christian—Damascene—what you will. Hear me, Eudocia! mine you must be, though heaven and hell unite to prevent it; throw aside your affected coldness, and obey the dictates of your heart. Listen—what does it say?" He caught her hands in his, and looked into her eyes as if to read the answer there. "What does it say? that you loved me."

"Alas, yes," said Eudocia, in a tone of deep humiliation.

"What else?—that you love me still?"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed eagerly, for his exulting tone roused every feminine feeling, "if there was in the innermost fold of my heart a vestige of the feeling, I would loathe myself; but I am not so utterly lost and degraded. I love my country and I love my faith, and, though a woman shrinking from pain, death for either would be welcome. Tell me, *could* I love such as *you*? I, tracing my descent from Rome—

love a traitor to his country ! I, glorying in the faith of Christ, love an apostate ! Never ! never !”

As she stood erect and fearless, her slight frame quivering with indignant emotion, her beauty rendered more striking by her flashing eyes and heightened color, a feeling of regret came over him, and he felt that nothing could compensate for her loss ; the applause of Kaled and the mild approval of Abu Obeidah were nothing compared to her esteem and love.

“ Think you I believe the extravagant fables of the Koran, Eudocia ?” he said, in hesitating accents.

“ *Abdallah !*” was the only reply she vouchsafed.

“ Call me Jonas, for Heaven’s sake ! I cannot bear any other from your lips.”

“ Oh, baptized infidel !” said Eudocia, bitterly, “ does the name make the Christian ? Believe the Koran ? No. You are not fool enough to believe, but you are hypocrite enough to feign. Farewell ! I will pray that God may deal mercifully with you, and give you grace to edify by your penitence those you have scandalized by your apostacy—farewell !”

“ Stay, Eudocia ! if—I repented, what then ?”

“ Your salvation turns upon that if.”

“ Yes,” was the impatient reply, “ but could *you* forgive me ? could you—and in the name of all you reverence and hold sacred, I beseech you answer this question truly—could you love me still ?”

“ No !” she replied, unhesitatingly, “ impossible. I could pity and forgive whom I despise ; but love—never ! Contempt and love can never dwell together.”

“ Enough,” he said, in a tone of concentrated rage, “ more than enough. You are my prisoner, and willing or unwilling you accompany me to the Mahomedan camp.”

“ The right of choice is left me,” replied Eudocia, proudly, “ and I chose to depart with my people. Kaled is cruel, but not faithless, and who else can compel me to stay ?”

“ Kaled will not refuse a trifling boon to a favorite. Back,” he said, fiercely, “ you pass not this door alone. Come, resistance is futile.”

Seizing the shrieking girl in his arms, he bore her through the convent. The streets were almost deserted ; for the unhappy Christians, who preferred banishment to slavery in their own land, had encamped on the grassy plain watered by the loved and picturesque Pharphar ; and those who determined to remain had retired to their homes to grieve in solitude and silence. At first Eudocia struggled violently to escape from him, but, finding her efforts unavailing, she became appa-

rently passive. Hers was not a mind to waste its energies in idle lamentations, and she disdained entreaties that her heart told her would be unheeded. She knew that some men, once they plunge into guilt, stop not till they reach the bottom, for, as a writer centuries after observed, "it is easier to prevent oneself from falling, than having fallen to prevent oneself from falling infinitely." She felt intuitively that Jonas was such a man—still she was calm; yet her calmness resulted not from indifference, but from a deep and settled resolution. There was one means of escape open to her which she would try if all else failed, but not till then. She hoped to meet some friend in these familiar streets willing to rescue her, or if she must go to the camp, she would appeal to the commander. Half led, half dragged, she passed through scenes too full of horror for recital: the streets were slippery with the blood of noble and plebeian, of young and old; on one side was the rigidity of death, on the other the contortions of agony. She saw the hoary head of age clotted with gore, and as she shuddering turned away, her eyes rested on the flaxen curls of childhood, damp with the same red dye. 'Twas every where the same. Oh, the dread monotony of these streets! In each the same tragedy, varied only in some trifling details. Here a family group had disarmed death of half his terrors by meeting him together; and further on, just a few paces further, a solitary fugitive was struck down; there a woman had bent to receive her death-blow; here a man had struggled with his murderers. She closed her eyes to shut out these sights of terror in vain; the mind magnified the unseen, and with a feeling of relief she looked on the reality. Reckless of every thing, Jonas hurried on, dragging his unresisting victim with him through spacious squares and open streets, whose silence was unbroken, save by the sharp cry or low moan of mental or bodily anguish. Once or twice Eudocia unconsciously turned to him for sympathy; but the convulsed and ghastly faces of the dead were not half so horrible as the heartless callousness of his.

Without a word spoken on either side, they passed on, and entered another quarter of the city, which presented a total contrast to that they had just left. The "red rain" had not fallen on it—no dead bodies impeded the way, but the streets were thronged with straggling Saracens in their loose dresses, with lance in hand and arrows in their turbans, and the noise and confusion of a camp had succeeded to the death-like silence that reigned in the quarter of the city taken by Kaled.

Conspicuous among the crowds of warriors was one that Eudocia instinctively singled out; she felt that that stern, resolute countenance, that rapid, penetrating glance must belong to that strange compound of courage and cruelty, "The Sword of God."

She was right. Observing Jonas accompanied by a female, Kaled advanced to meet him, and Eudocia, profiting by the opportunity thus afforded, appealed to his justice, and entreated permission to depart for Constantinople with the self-exiled Damascenes.

"No man can accuse me of having broken faith with him," said Kaled. "You may go, but by the soul of the prophet! the carcasses of these Christian dogs would have gorged the vultures had they not been protected by the word of a companion of Mahomet. By Allah! I would rather see Munkir and Nakin face to face than the backs of these retreating Christians."

Drawing Kaled apart, Jonas conversed with him in a low, earnest tone for a few minutes, remonstrating, urging, entreating, as if his fate depended on the decision of his commander. Turning abruptly from him, Kaled addressed the trembling girl.

"What is the governor of Damascus to thee, that thou should'st follow him? Stay with thy lover—believe in Allah and his prophet, and it shall be well with thee."

"Am I free to chose," asked Eudocia, "or is this mere mockery?"

"You can remain a Christian," whispered Jonas.

"You are free to chose, maiden," replied Kaled, sternly, "but remember, 'he that shall desire any other religion than Islamism, it shall not be accepted of him.' Has not your prophet Issa said——"

"Hush! blaspheme not," said Eudocia, shuddering, "I go with my people."

"Then go," said Kaled, turning away, "'who can direct him aright whom God shall lead into error?'"

"Detain her," urged Jonas in a low voice, "I beseech you, Kaled. Are the wishes of a Christian woman of more avail than the entreaties of a true believer? Allah forbid. Then—your promise!"

"I swore by the Caaba and the Holy Well that the maiden should be yours if the city was taken by assault—but one-half of it having surrendered, the inhabitants of it are at liberty to go if they wish.—Would you that I who have conversed with the Apostle should imitate the falsehood and deceit of these Christian winebibbers? A party of Damascenes," he said, addressing Eudocia, "liberated by Abu Obeidah, are returning—you are free to go with them, and tell Thomas if he delays upon the way we may meet again—in three days I will follow him."

On Friday, the 23d of August, 634, the sun of Syria rose upon a strange motley scene. Outside the walls of Damascus the Christians had pitched their tents, and the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with incongruous objects. Mules were there, laden with

the rich silks of the East, with cloths of gold and precious metals; and men and women were bending beneath the weight of some relic of that beloved spot, valued not for its intrinsic worth, but for the associations intertwined with it. Children in careless gaiety were sporting in the meadows, or chasing each other round the palm trees, their natural hilarity stimulated by the novelty of all around them; and men and women were hurrying from their frugal repast, for the cavalcade was beginning to move. All was confusion. Thomas and Herbis, who headed the Damascenes during the siege of their city, were indefatigable in their endeavors to maintain order, so indispensable to the safety of the vast multitude they commanded. Dreading pursuit, the Christians hurried on, but ever and anon turned to look upon the city, its churches and palaces glittering in the sun, its pleasant squares and gardens, and the river winding past groves of fig or palm trees. Women wept convulsively, and the sternest men turned away, their eyes moist with unbidden tears. They strove with eager haste to make up for the delay, but the sun was near the zenith before the watchers on the walls of Damascus lost sight of that miserable caravan.

With feelings impossible to describe, Jonas saw them depart, and long after the last of the exiles was hidden in the distance, he continued gazing upon the spot where Eudocia was lost to his view. His only hope was that Kaled might be induced to follow them after the three days stipulated for by Thomas, and he knew that a troop of mounted Saracens could not fail to overtake the fugitives, burdened as they were by the valuables they carried, and impeded at every step by crowds of helpless women and children. That Kaled would be willing to follow them he could not doubt, but fanaticism and religious zeal, though powerful stimulants, are as nothing compared with selfish passion. A dispute having arisen between the victors and the vanquished concerning the terms of the capitulation, Kaled was delayed four days, and, imagining that the Christians were too far in advance, he gave up all thoughts of pursuit. Jonas was in despair; and hastening to the general, he urged him not to let so many desperate men escape to swell the army of Heraclius—men who proved their enmity to the Moslems by preferring a long and fatiguing journey over Mount Libanus, scantily provisioned, badly armed, and heavily encumbered, to embracing the religion of the prophet, or paying tribute to his followers. He undertook to guide them, pledged himself for the success of the undertaking, and Kaled, anxious for a pretence to follow his own inclinations, was persuaded.

With four thousand picked men, disguised as Christian Arabs, that they might pass through the country unmolested, they set out, Abdar-

rahman, the son of the caliph Abubekir, being among the number.—Night and day they traveled without intermission, save at the stated five times commanded by the Koran, when they prostrated themselves in prayer, their faces turned to Mecca. They had no difficulty in keeping the path, for the road was strewn with different articles, dropped unconsciously by the fugitives, or flung aside from weariness and exhaustion. For the first few days the country was delightful to travel in, but as they drew near the mountains, all was changed—traces of the Christians were no longer visible, and the men began to murmur. The pathway in the mountains was so rocky that the iron shoes of the horses were torn off, and the strong leather boots of the men gave way after a few hours walking. Even Kaled began to waver in his resolution, and spoke of returning; but Jonas, careless of the lives of Saracens or Christians, indifferent to all save the gratification of his own desires, impelled him to continue the pursuit.

"Derar," said Kaled to one who equalled him in courage and hatred to the Christians, "should we return to Damascus, or follow these unbelievers farther?"

"I will never return without fighting," replied the fiery Moslem; "nothing shall befall us but what God hath decreed for us."

At this moment Jonas and Abdarrahan came up in great haste, the apostate in a state of uncontrollable agitation.

"What news," asked Kaled—"any sign of the unbelievers?"

"Oh, Kaled!" replied the wretched Jonas, "we cannot overtake them—we must turn back, for the forces of the Emperor are on the other side of this mountain, and advancing to meet us!"

Kaled became pale as death.

"What! 'the Sword of God' afraid of these Grecian dogs!" exclaimed the astonished Derar.

"I fear neither them nor death; but I fear Heraclius may surprise Damascus, and, oh Derar! oh Abdarrahan! I had a dream that troubles me. I was standing by the border of a lake whose waters were white as the waters of the celestial pond of Mahomet, to whom be peace! when a Christian warrior, like to this Thomas, rode swiftly past me. Deeming it a sin to let the unbelieving dog escape, and forgetting that I was unarmed, I dashed after him. I had neither lance nor sword nor arrow, but on my head was the sacred cap, blest by the prophet. That cap, touched by the hand of Mahomet himself, I flung at the rider. The deed was scarcely done, when I became conscious of its enormity, and my horror of the desecration was so great that I awoke—and, oh Derar! I fear that I have thrown the followers of the prophet into the hands of this Thomas."

"Fear not, Kaled," said Abdarrahan, "'tis a good omen—so have we followed the enemies of Islamism—so will we overtake them—so will we fall on them. Who can withstand Allah and his prophet! Let us follow them without delay."

To return to the Damascenes. The discomforts of their journey had been aggravated by the fear of pursuit; but now as they drew near to the Imperial troops, a feeling of security diffused itself among them. 'Twas a pleasant, smiling morning in the beginning of September, that the fugitives, after a night of incessant rain, their hair dripping wet, their clothes thoroughly soaked, came in sight of what appeared to them a paradise. A verdant meadow, bright with gay flowers and musical with running water, was before them; and, worn out with fatigue, they determined to rest and refresh themselves before proceeding farther. They spread their wet clothes out to dry, stretched their weary limbs upon the green sward, and in a short time many fell asleep to dream of home or battlefields. From these dreams they were rudely awakened by the *tecbir* of the Saracens. Up leaped the harassed fugitives, and clutching their arms, resolved to sell their lives dearly to the infidels. Bravely did Thomas lead them on, and bravely was he seconded, but being unhorsed by a Moslem lance, the Christians, panic-struck at the loss of their leader, turned and fled. A scene of carnage, unrelieved by one act of humanity, followed.

But where was Jonas? Hurrying from the conflict, he sought Eudocia among the women and children. Seeing him approach, she fled with the swiftness of terror, and had distanced her hated pursuer, when her foot catching in the clothes that were drying on the grass, she fell. Before she could extricate herself, Jonas was beside her—he embraced her with passionate fondness—threw himself at her feet—besought her love humbly as a beggar might sue for alms, and bewailed with vehement expressions of pity and self-reproach the hardships she had endured.

"But now, Eudocia, my life, my soul, without whom there can be for me no heaven in time or in eternity, from this moment our sufferings are at an end. You will not now repulse me. You have sacrificed enough to consistency. One look and I shall know my fate. False I may have been—false I have been to every obligation—false to my faith—false to my country—false to my former self—but why, Eudocia? For you—for you! Yes, false for your sake; but never false to you. What other motive could have had power over me? Kaled said you should be mine, and then I yielded. If I erred, what tempted me? Speak, Eudocia?"

She spoke not; she seemed not to have heard him, but sat still and

motionless, her lips firmly compressed, her eyes rivetted on the ground, her face colorless like that of a disembodied spirit. Emboldened by her quiescence, which he considered a tacit encouragement, Jonas passed one arm gently round her waist, and urged his suit.

"My Eudocia!" he murmured, "make me what you will, I care not so you love me. Be you what you will, I cannot chose but love you. Believe in a triune God—scoff at Allah and his prophet—prefer the Gospel to the Koran—what matter, so you love me! Say that you do, Eudocia—but that one short sentence."

She rose slowly, and looked full in his face.

"Return with me to Damascus."

"Damascus! Wretch, darest thou return to Damascus? But I doubt it not. You have braved your God—why should you fear to meet your countrymen? Go to Damascus! I go to Constantinople, and in a convent will try to expiate the sin of having loved you."

"You shall never see Constantinople," said Jonas, fiercely. "You shall not again escape me. I will force you to be happy, for, despite your womanly caprice and affectation, the old feeling still lives. By Allah and his prophet! I know you love me."

"I hate, loathe, abhor, detest you," said Eudocia, vehemently, "murderer and apostate! The crimes of other ruffians look like virtues when compared with yours—the ingenious cruelty of fiends could teach you nothing new. Love you? No! Were I as free from every other sin, I need not fear to meet my God."

The face of Jonas grew livid with passion; he clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, and his voice sounded like the hiss of a serpent as he muttered in her ear, "You shall be my slave."

He strove to seize her, but eluding his grasp, she sprang from him, with a cry of horror. Stung to madness by her invincible repugnance, he was no longer master of his actions; love yielded to hate, and scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he drew his sword and followed. The next moment the flash of steel was in her eyes—a gush of warm blood was on her hands, and Eudocia, the object of his selfish, guilty love, was at his feet—dead.

The wretched Jonas, after dragging out two weary years of existence, died fighting in the ranks of the infidel at the siege of Yermouk, on the "Day of Blinding," so called from the number of Saracens who were blinded by the Christian archers.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

~~~~~  
BY CELIA.  
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With slow receding ray,
Adown thy gorgeous pathway in the West,
I watch thee sinking to thy seeming rest,
Thou King of Day!

Yet though my feeble gaze
Doth fail to follow where thy radiance flies—
And soon alone shall glimmer in the skies
Pale starlight rays;

And o'er the Earth shall spread
The dew-chill and the dimness of the night,
That symbol, to our sad and sunless sight,
The shadowed dead;—

I know *thou lingerest not*;
But onward still, with tireless, sleepless march
Thy path through Heaven's broad and circling arch
Is ne'er forgot!—

O'er yonder heaving sea,
Whose thousand billowy leagues are westward spread,
Thy mellow evening light shall next be shed,
So wooingly;—

That every wave shall dance
And sparkle in its joy—and, mirrored deep,
Reflected wide, the Ocean broad shall keep
Thy parting glance.

And still beyond, the shore
Where first and oft I loved to watch the hues
That changed and blended in those sunset views,
In days of yore,

Again is clothed by thee
In colors rare and glorious to behold—
The hills are purpled, and thy princely gold
Bathes stream and sea.

My heart goes with thee, Sun! ●
I fain would follow the departing light,
Where thy swift majesty and peerless might
Go forth alone!

Go shed thy gentlest ray
Upon that sacred roof, my early home—
There let thy latest, surest blessing come
At close of day!

Look kindly on the flowers—
Touch every petal with thy pencil true,
And leave them to the soft baptismal dew
Of evening hours.

In mellowest beauty lave
One hallowed spot—where yet the tears of grief
Have never given to my heart relief—
My sister's grave!

And there thy holiest,
Most pure, and tender benedictions leave—
And send the chastest sentinels of eve
To guard her rest.

With more than tongue can tell
Of love, I freight thy fleeing pinions bright—
And while shall pass the starry house of Night,
I fare thee well!

London, 1852.

THE DAY OF REST.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.  
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"WHEREFORE," said the youth Samah to his teacher, "does the Eternal need the worship of man? Wherefore the celebration of the Sabbath day? It was enjoined only upon uncultivated man, as a restraint upon his rude temper. Is not one day like another? The light of the sun illumines each."

But the Rabbi answered and said: "When the children of Israel had returned from banishment into the land of promise, there dwelt on the borders of the land of Mesopotamia, an Israelite, named Isaac, with his wife and children. Now he was a Levite, and a wise man.

And the angel of the Lord approached him, in the form of a messenger of the king Arthososta, and said: 'Get thee up, thou and thy wife, and thy children, and all thy household, and journey into the land of

thy fathers, that thou mayst counsel thy people, and help to establish the kingdom and the land with wisdom.'

Then Isaac answered, and said : ' Let my lord, the king, graciously receive my thanks, but how shall I journey through the wilderness, I and my household, when I know not the way ?'

But the messenger said : ' Get thee up, and put thy trust in the king.'

Then Isaac did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and journeyed forth, with his wife and children, in the cool of the morning. But Isaac doubted, and said : ' How will this matter end ?' And they went through the wilderness toward the west. And when they had journeyed six parasangs, and were very weary, behold, there stood a tent by the way side, and a man came forth, and spoke to Isaac and to his household, and said : ' Here rest !' And they rested and refreshed their souls.

And Isaac said : ' It is of the Lord's goodness that we here refresh ourselves. But who will lead us farther on our way ?'

Then the man approached, and showed Isaac both the way and the paths that led aside from it, and marked them for him, upon a scroll, for the distance of six parasangs, whereupon he said : ' Go now in peace !'

Then Isaac, with his household, journeyed on upon the path which had been marked out for him. And they bore with patience the toils of the way ; for they thought of the refreshment which they had received. And when they had journeyed six parasangs, they beheld a second tent. Here they found again a servant of the king's, who comforted them, and showed them the way farther, and the side paths which they were to avoid.

Thus it happened continually, for eighty days' journey. And when they had completed these, Isaac and his family entered the land of promise. And Isaac knew that the angel of the Lord had led him, and he labored with Ezra and Nehemiah that the Sabbath day should be kept holy, for the people had grown corrupt.

' Thou seest, Samah,' said his teacher, ' man's life is a pilgrimage. The six parasangs are six days, the seventh is a day of rest. Then the Lord's tent stands open to him, that he may commune with himself, and put his trust in the Lord. The wicked man does not heed this tent, and his path leads him astray in the wilderness ; but the wise man finds refreshment therein and reaches the land of promise.' "

Vanity is a refined selfishness, which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any.

OUR LADY UNA.

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 BY HELEN IRVING.  
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Dewy calm of summer morning,
 With awakening lilies sweet—
 Holy hush of moonlit midnight,
 When the glow and stillness meet—

Sunlit waters deeply flowing,
 Hesper in the Western light,
 Fragile blossoms fair and fragrant,
 All things sweet, and calm and bright—

These suggest our Lady Una—
 But, as Thought transcendeth Speech,
 She transcendeth types and shadows,
 Such as my poor words may reach.

Darkest tresses lightly folded
 Round a head of noble mould,
 Shade a brow, whose grand, pale beauty,
Other eyes above, were cold.

But those eyes, serene and azure,
 Smile with love a world would bless,
 Charity divine, revealing,
 And a boundless tenderness.

Eyes, that smiling on thy gladness,
 Would new dearness to it lend,—
 Eyes, that bending o'er thy sadness,
 With thy thoughts of Heaven would blend.

Round her lips encrimsoned sweetness
 Hover holy lights and rare,
 Such as caught by Raphael's pencil
 Make Madama's face most fair.

Through her lightest tone and motion,
 Breathes a pure and lofty soul—
 Love, an atmosphere, enfolds her,
 Love and Truth her life control.

Lady Una—rose of wisdom!
 Noble mother, gracious friend!
 Dimly as my words express thee,
 Some true hearts will comprehend.

AUNT KATE AS WIFE AND HOUSEKEEPER.

~~~~~  
BY ANGIE WARE.  
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"So you are alone, aunt Kate; no interruptions for the morning. I am glad of it. I have come on purpose to have a long talk, and what about, do you think?"

This was said with a gay vivacity and a happy smile, but aunt Kate looked earnestly at the speaker as she made the closing remark, though more than half unconscious that she did so. She was scanning neither feature nor expression, but searching for her hidden thoughts, and as Jane became conscious of this, the smile that had concealed her half-burdened heart, faded into tears; brushing them away, she added—

"Don't judge of my afflictions, aunt, by these; they are not more than I can bear. I am only a little nervous as well as fatigued. I made an extra effort to come over here thus early, and beside, Robin has worried me with his slow pace. He understands well enough that I am not Richard, and therefore moves in his own time, unless impelled by fear, and you know the repugnance I have to striking either man or brute. But I came, aunt, for advice, or if you please for instruction into the mysteries of the order and satisfaction that always prevail here. When I used to be romping about your house, leaving open doors, turning over chairs, and strewing things about as if I had a servant always at hand to arrange as fast as I could disarrange, it never occurred to me but that the doors went shut of their own accord, and the chairs and other matters righted themselves, or were placed in some way with as little trouble,—and as aunt Kate never fretted, I thought she had nothing to annoy. But, dear aunt, my few weeks in my own house have opened my eyes, though I am in doubt as to whether I shall ever see clearly or not. If your success is the result of effort, perhaps your experience will aid me; or if it be otherwise, and circumstances have made you the happy woman you are, perhaps you may so far improve my sight that I, by casting about me, may find myself the cherished victim of accidents. Don't smile so incredulously, aunt,—how do you know but a little knowledge, imparted from you this morning, may be seed sown on good ground."

"Well, Jane, I like your determination to be light-hearted—but, dear, every household has its own peculiar necessities, and even trials,

and although there are such similarities, that available advice may be imparted from one to another, every wife and housekeeper must look carefully to the individual wants of her own family. That is her mission, and in proportion as she executes it, will be her domestic felicity. But let us go to my room—my sewing is there, and that is the shady side in the first part of the day. Perhaps, too, it may be conducive to the subject in question; it was my sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen when I went to housekeeping. I have thought of you much, Jane, since your marriage, and in doing so, have been reminded of many things in my own early married life. I shall not attempt, though, either to admonish or advise; you can work out your own plan better than another's—only mind you have one—but any items in my past experience you are welcome to."

"Well, aunt, about the housekeeping. I can remember when you kept no servant, and yet you always seemed to have time enough at your disposal—work never hurried you."

"True enough, Jane, I did not commence the world with the same outfit you do, and did my own work for several years, and should be glad to do it still, did my strength and family admit of it. I knew then, not only when it was done, but when it would be done. I never had the slight of hand that some have; my motions were slow then as they are now, but I always made it a rule to be ahead of my work. I never deferred doing till a future time what I could as well do in the present. Unless prevented by company, or my time was inevitably consumed in some other way, 'Saturday's work' I always did on Friday: thus you see I was almost certain to avoid any special pressure at the close of the week. I also aimed to pursue the same course in relation to the day; I performed the bulk of its labors in the morning. The days and weeks made up the years. Doing unnecessary things I always avoided. I never swept a room unless it needed it; beside I never suffered one to get into great disorder. Negligent habits in the housekeeper always engender them in the family. What one does, especially if that one be the head, may be done by another, or all. I, however, have had little to guard against in that respect.—Your uncle has always been as orderly in his habits as he is now, and the children, all except Sammy and Kate, have been good imitators. House cleaning makes no alterations in my house, that those not personally engaged in it would notice—consequently no one is ever particularly offended with its soiled appearance, although they are never delighted with the change a thorough cleansing makes. A care to whatever is doing or is to be done, is the cardinal virtue in a housekeeper. It is a saving in every respect: it prevents unnecessary out-

lays of means, whether of the purse, or of the strength, or of time, or of what is more, the feelings; and such oversight, with a little perseverance, soon becomes so habitual as to require no effort, but on the contrary, is one of the pleasurable employments that fill up what would otherwise be the ennui of life. Also the woman who undertakes the responsible position of wife, mother, and head of a family, must never lose sight of the little as well as great channels of joy that are to be modified and perhaps made through her influence. She is the light of home. We discuss 'woman's rights,' and plead for her public trusts; but, Jane, woman has enough to do in her own province, and if she do it well, will have her share of honors and of power. Man is not so bigoted as to withhold where his affections are enlisted. Love may not be the all to him that it is to us, but it is still his strongest passion, and when he legislates he will think of his fireside, if around it are clustered those whose approval he covets."

"So in your own way you are an advocate for the rights of your sex?"

"I advocate those which are 'inalienable.' But there is one thing more, Jane, before you go,—you may be able to draw a moral from it. Not long after I got to housekeeping, my husband announced one morning, as he left the breakfast table, that he was going to have some workmen that would be here to dinner. It was an extremely warm day, and my duties, beside the extra meals, were somewhat more than usual; but I persevered the more diligently, and got my dinner all on the table in due time. None but my husband came. His men had disappointed him, and he had forgotten to let me know it. My patience was fully exhausted, and I scolded."

"You, aunt?"

"Yes, I, Jane, availed myself of the prerogative accorded to our sex, whether it belongs to it more than to the other or not. My husband made no reply, but his countenance expressed more than his tongue could possibly have uttered. Blanched and almost rigid, it was yet indicative of anger as well as the keenest of mortification and grief.—I have never, under any other circumstances, seen it so entirely joyless. I would have given any thing to have recalled the words I had spoken, but I was the aggrieved party, and why should I? We ate our dinner in entire silence: it was not much, however, that we ate. Tea was passed in the same unbroken stillness. The parlor only had subsided from his face—the mental suffering was all there. No smile nor look betrayed either forgiveness or forgetfulness. The evening was cheerless as the noon, and the breakfast as the supper—twenty-four hours passed without change. I was almost in doubt as to whether a reconciliation could ever be effected; but to endure another day was more

than I could willingly subject myself to. I made the first overtures of peace, and with a lightened heart received the acceptance."

"I can hardly credit my own ears, aunt. I thought you and uncle were always upon strife to see who could be most yielding."

"I have never spoken a word in anger to my husband since."

"Is that the secret of concord, aunt?"

"It is here: your uncle will not bear harsh words. There are but few men, Jane, who do not want their own way—not excepting my yielding husband. They don't like to encounter opposition, especially from a woman. Pre-eminence of will is a native instinct, and from greater power, perhaps a right. Contention is not expedient, unless there is a moral wrong in refraining. Concede all, and you are the more likely to gain all. The only difference between you and your husband will be, that he is served first and you second.

FOR LIEUT. J. C. B., OF WYOMING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Thy exquisite gift—with its crimson and snow,
Kindles thought in my heart, like fire on a shrine—
A remembrance of scenes, in the long, long ago,
When I stood in Wyoming, that sweet home of thine!

There was mist on the meadows—half fragrance, half dew,
And the mountains were bright with the beautiful glow
Of the loveliest moon that the skies ever knew,
Oh, it beams on me yet, from the long, long ago!

Far away on the cliffs, dark shadows were lying—
Not a sound was abroad, but the river's deep flow,
And the tremor of leaves, when the night-wind was dying,
Thus I think of thy home in the long, long ago!

Thy gift—'tis the link of an exquisite chain;
When the future shall come, with its weal and its woe,
It will weave, to bright Naples, Wyoming again,
And the present will blend with the long, long ago.

And the proud Independence, that rides in the bay,
The stars and the stripes—to the wind let them go,—
For the brave hearts that beat 'neath that blue flag to-day,
Can ne'er be forgot in the long, long ago!

Naples, Jan. 25, 1851.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

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BY ELLA RODMAN.  
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IT was on a dark and stormy night, that a party of individuals, with a white-haired man in the midst, might have been seen gathered around a fire, whose cheerful rays contrasted strongly with the pitiless storm without. Almost too high-pitched—I must descend a little lower in the scale; for, as ‘two horsemen’ cannot very well be introduced upon a carpeted floor, it will not be James-like, after all.

So, to proceed more rationally, a party of people, old enough to know better, were then and there collected around a blazing fire; the hair on the different heads exhibiting various stages of electricity, as the owners were more or less impressed with the fearful recitals that had followed in rapid succession. “It wouldn’t do for ‘the little ones’ to hear—they would be so frightened;” so, they had been considerably shipped off to bed in small detachments; while we large ones sat quaking and trembling, quite forgetful of the dignity of our riper years. Each one had tried to outdo the other in contributing his or her mite towards the entertainment of the company; and now, that we had arrived at that stage of terror that causes a start at the falling of a piece of wood, or the wailing of the wind, my grandfather proposed to cap the climax by adding his contribution as a *coup de grace*.

“I do not know that I ought to tell it, though,” he premised, “you all seem to be pretty well frightened now.”

Frightened! What spectral smiles gleamed forth upon him at the very intimation! If there was any thing in this world that we were *not*, it was ‘frightened;’ and, with shaking limbs, and eyes stretched in expectation of the marvellous, we drew closely together to back our assertion, and peered inquisitively at dark corners and mysterious shadows. No colossal figures, however, rose from our fancies, like the genii from their copper vessels; and with an appetite that “grew from what it fed upon,” we waited ravenously for the beginning of the promised ghost story.

“When I was a boy,” said my grandfather, “we lived in a dark, old-fashioned house, down in the business part of the city. It was a great many years ago; and the houses in that direction were so dismal that they seemed fit wandering-places for all the unquiet spirits that had fancies for pedestrian feats. There were dark entries and passages,

through which I shot to bed like a whirlwind, and smothered myself in the quilt,—narrow windows, that looked out upon dismal courts,—and closets that I dared not open.

Ghosts were by no means uncommon then ; and there was generally one, at least, lodged in a family, which deigned to show itself only on grand occasions. When any sick person had been pronounced past recovery, a ghost appeared to tell him of it ; for ghosts in those days were sensible enough to wait until they had pretty good evidence for their prophecies. Nothing of the kind had, as yet, been seen in our family ; but, always fearful of what never happened, I passed nights of ceaseless terror, and trembled at the noise of a rat or a mouse.

We sat, one evening, in the old-fashioned parlor ; the elder members of the family were rejoicing over the capture of Cornwallis, the news of which had just arrived from Yorktown—while I sat attentively studying the Dutch tiles around the fire-place, and wondering if Washington had ever seen a ghost. There was a ring at the front door bell ; and, the servants being out, my father took up a candle, and went to the door. He came back to light the candle, which had gone out in the hall ; and, before he got to the door, the ring had been repeated two or three times. He opened it, at last, but saw no one ; and, concluding that whoever it was had become tired of ringing and gone away, he sat down and resumed his paper.

I do not know why it was, but as soon as I heard that pull at the bell I thought that it would prove no ordinary ring ; and, therefore, I was not so much surprised as the others, when, after a short pause, it sounded again. My father went quickly to the door, but no one was to be seen ; and, as he came in and put down the candle, we all began to look at one another for an explanation.

Aunt Debby, who knew every thing, and could preach a sermon upon almost any given subject, shook her head wisely, as though *she* could tell, if she chose ; and, attracted by the expression of her face, I moved stealthily up to her. But a warning, 'hush, child !' was all the answer that I received to my inquiries ; and just then the bell rang for the third time.

My mother looked frightened, aunt Debby's face was more resolute than ever, and all the family manifested a decided partiality for one particular corner of the room. My father again took up the candle ; and all through the hall sounded his inquiry of 'Who is there ?' There was no answer ; and after some delay, he returned as unsuccessful as before.

'It is some boys' nonsense,' said he, 'but, if I hear it again, I will certainly put a stop to it.'

I saw a peculiar smile pass over aunt Debby's face, at the idea of 'boys' nonsense;' and, after counting on her fingers, to be certain, she said—

'One, two, *three*—that bell rang exactly *three* times.'

As Captain Cuttle says, she seemed disposed to 'make a note of it;' for, being a firm believer in ghosts, the idea of attributing those unearthly pulls (for they *were* peculiar ones) to boys, was highly provoking.

We were disturbed no more that night; but a few evenings after, all shuddered as that same peculiar ring was heard again. My father paced the hall with a resolute step, and opened the door; but no one was to be seen. Out of all patience, he seized a pitcher of water, and placing himself in a window just over the door, he stood ready to punish the provoking ringer for having given him so much trouble. At the very first sound of the bell, he leaned eagerly out, but—*no one was there!*

Somewhat astounded, he came down stairs, and replaced the pitcher on the sideboard. Aunt Debby's mysterious shakes kept up a sort of running accompaniment, as the occurrence was wondered over by all of us; and we sought in vain to fathom the mystery.

The next morning, aunt Debby, having expressed, by way of preface, her prior knowledge that *something* was hovering over the household, announced the disappearance of her gold specs, and the elopement of 'Piola'—a cat, perhaps, to those who look at primroses with the eyes of Peter Bell, but, to my maiden aunt, she was husband, child, and friends.

There seemed to be no end to surprises; but somebody, in a sort of forlorn hope, suggested that perhaps 'Piola' had swallowed the specs, and had even now found an untimely grave on a neighboring shed; but aunt Debby was almost as much displeased as though the accusation had been made against her. She went about shaking her head, until she seemed like one of those perpetually nodding Chinese toys; and the mysterious ringing of our front door bell became pretty well known through the neighborhood.

That evening, some courageous spirit (your aunt Ketty's beau, by the way) volunteered to keep a strict watch outside. Not a person approached the stoop but himself; and yet the ringing of the bell sounded as distinct as ever. At length, a thought struck my father, and he resolved to go to head-quarters to investigate the mystery. To the kitchen we all descended—the bravest ones foremost, and the timid in the rear; and, on opening the door ——

"What *did* you see?" we asked breathlessly.

"Have patience," replied my grandfather, "and I will tell you—but, perhaps I had better stop now."

He had no more feeling than a cannibal, to torture us so ; and with imaginations wrought up to the climax, we entreated him to proceed.

"Well, then," he continued, "but, did I tell you that we opened the door before we entered? Oh, well, that will do—yes, I remember, now, that I *did* mention it. Well, as I said before, the door was opened ; and there on the oven, which jutted out into the kitchen, sat 'Piola,' amusing herself with the bell-wire, which hung directly over it. Aunt Debby seized her pet, and the rest of us all looked at each other : those who had been the most frightened looking the most foolish.

'Why, Debby,' exclaimed my father the next morning, as he saw the gold specs perched on their usual station, 'has "Piola" been taking an emetic ?

'Why, no,' replied aunt Debby, rather confusedly, 'but—the truth is—I found them in my pocket !'

We soon after moved out of that old house, for, of course, no family would wish to live in a haunted one ; and, our next residence being more modern, we were not troubled with any more ghosts."

It is scarcely necessary to add that none of us were smothered that night.

FORGIVENESS.

~~~~~  
BY G. K.  
~~~~~

WHERE without love is not to live,
How blest the words, "Forget!"—"Forgive!"
Forget the fault that might estrange
Hearts that long years could never change ;
Forget ! before the seed take root,
And yield its bitter "Dead sea fruit."
Forgive the wrong that might have stirred
To blasting deed, or blighting word ;
Forgive ! as you would be forgiven
By man on earth, or God in heaven.

If but to *give*, more blest is viewed
Than to *receive* an earthly good,—
Sure, to *forgive*, we more should prize,
Whose span encircles earth and skies,

Our happiness depends more upon our dispositions and tempers than on our possessions.

AUNT BETSEY.

~~~~~  
BY ANNIE PARKER.  
~~~~~

Miss Betsey Brainard was one of the sunniest tempered, kindest hearted, most genial old maids, it was ever my good fortune to know. She seemed to carry sunshine with her wherever she went. There was not a house in Grantley, where she was not always a welcome guest. Every body liked her, and she had a kind word for every body. The old sexton of Grantley never wearied of telling about a dreadful attack of rheumatism he had one winter, in consequence of exposure to a cold November rain, while digging the grave of pretty Isabel Vinton, the minister's daughter. Nobody could know, he said, how much Aunt Betsey (every body in Grantley called her *aunt* Betsey) did for him then. Though she had nothing but what she earned herself, she had always a portion for one in need. And not a day passed that she did not call to see how he got along, and she always brought some little delicacy with her, a custard, or a chicken, or some nice broth, anything she thought he could relish ; and one day she brought him a set of new red flannel wrappers—red flannel, she said, being an excellent thing for the rheumatism ! And when that same winter his wife slipped on the icy door-step and broke her arm, Aunt Betsey redoubled her kindness, and kept up their spirits by reminding them that God never forsakes those who trust in Him.

There was hardly a family in Grantley that had not a similar story to tell of Aunt Betsey's kindness. It was wonderful—the amount of good she accomplished with her slender means. For as the old sexton said, "she had nothing but what she earned," and my readers may know that a country village school is not likely to make its teacher rich in silver and gold, though it is no bad place for acquiring more durable riches—even charity, which suffereth long and is kind, and patience which nothing can weary.

Aunt Betsey was as welcome in the families of the richer portion of the Grantley population, as she was in the cottages of the poor. Mr. and Mrs. Vinton, the good minister and his wife, took great pleasure in her society, and frequently invited her to take tea with them. After one of these occasions, Mr. Vinton remarked to his wife that he had known few women of sounder judgment, and who had more useful knowledge at their command than Aunt Betsey ; to which she readily

assented, adding that she knew of no one who followed more closely in the footsteps of her Divine Master, for like Him she continually went about doing good.

Aunt Betsey's pupils were all fond of her. It seemed a pleasure to learn the tasks she set for them, and her little school had the reputation of being the most orderly in all the country round.

It was pleasant to see the young children gather round her during recess, begging for a story. She had an exhaustless store of them on hand, and they seldom begged in vain. With the youngest of the little flock upon her lap, and the rest gathered close about her—their bright earnest faces upturned to hers—she would tell them, as the children said, "the prettiest stories in the world."

But story-telling was not the only accomplishment Aunt Betsey possessed, and which her young pupils highly appreciated. She could make puzzles, draw pretty pictures, and cut beautiful figures out of paper, and nobody could make a handsomer kite, or cover a ball, or dress a doll more neatly than she. And never was anybody more willing to do such things when her little scholars had been good. If they were naughty, there needed no sorer punishment than for Aunt Betsey to refuse for the time to exercise her varied powers of pleasing in their behalf.

Perhaps she was somewhat indebted to her comely person for the charm which pervaded every thing she said and did; for beauty is a heavenly gift, and when it is accompanied by goodness, very few are insensible to its power. Aunt Betsey was still thought handsome, and while the charm of youth and freshness was added to those that time could not steal away, she must have been very lovely. She had soft, clear, loving hazel eyes, lighted up by the beautiful spirit within; a broad, unwrinkled brow, over which she wore her own brown hair, smoothly parted and uncovered by a cap; and a mouth and chin singularly expressive of gentleness, firmness and delicacy. She was of medium height, and so plump and fair that at fifty she might easily have passed for ten years younger.

The first time I saw Aunt Betsey was during the summer of 18—. when I was the guest of Mrs. Vinton, who had been my mother's intimate friend. She was living in a little bird's nest of a cottage in Grantley, a perfect gem of a place as one could wish to see. It stood back from the street, and was almost hidden from it by large elm and maple trees. The yard in front was full of shrubbery, and a bed of flowers bordered each side of the walk leading from the gate to the cottage. When I first saw it, the cottage itself looked like a bed of roses, so completely was it covered with the Queen of the Prairie,

Baltimore Belle, and other climbers. A trellis near the parlor window supported a sweet-scented honeysuckle, and a sweet briar climbed over the front door, both, when the evening dews fell on them, filling the air with fragrance. She had a choice variety of plants standing in pots on the little piazza—all of them were gifts from one and another of her friends, and each one had a story attached to it. There were roses, scented Verbenas, Heliotrope, Cactuses, Fuschias, Geraniums, and many others, most of them fragrant, as well as beautiful. In the winter these were removed into the parlor of the cottage, which though in itself scarce larger than a nut-shell, was large enough for Aunt Betsey, and contained besides the flowers, a neat, well-filled bookcase, and a few fine pictures. One of these was a portrait of herself, painted, as were all the others, she told me, by her father. I afterwards learned that he had been an artist of great promise, who unfortunately fell into intemperate habits, and died in the prime of manhood, leaving his family destitute.

The portrait was that of a young girl about fifteen, and it was as lovely a picture of budding womanhood, as I ever looked upon. As I traced its resemblance to the original who stood beside me, faded it is true, but lovely still, I thought the poet's words would well apply to her:

"There are charms Time cannot steal or rust,
And they are *thine*—pure love and holy trust."

"This portrait was the last my father painted," she said, "and I could never bring myself to part with it." No wonder, I thought, that you are unwilling to part with it, independently of that consideration, for

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Aunt Betsey, as I have said, kept the village school. She had taken, as a companion of her leisure hours, and to have the management of her little household affairs, a cousin poorer than herself and almost as old, who was in every respect as different from her as possible. Miss Hannah Gatesby was as dark and repulsive as Aunt Betsey was fair and winning. She was tall and thin, with a large, bony, angular frame; hair as black as jet; large dark eyes, which looked larger and darker contrasted with her pale, thin face, and which might have been handsome but for the sparks of fire they not unfrequently emitted; a sallow complexion, ugly nose and mouth, with only here and there a tooth; and a long, skinny neck. Such when I saw her was Miss Hannah Gatesby. I do not think all the freshness of youth could have made her attractive. Yet it was said that she possessed in her younger days a certain power of fascination, and that a young sailor suffered

himself for a while to be led as a captive in her train. But just as she had decided that he alone was worthy to become the possessor of her virgin affections, he went off to sea, and she never saw him more.—Doubtless he thought, her voice, if it had then the sharp nasal twang it afterwards possessed in an eminent degree, would not make perfect harmony in a matrimonial duet. At all events it appears he was tired of her, and judging from appearances that she was not at all tired of him, he thought “discretion the better part of valor,” and took refuge in flight.

Aunt Betsey, kind soul, was always finding excuses for people who were not as good and agreeable as they might have been; and she said, “it was a sad thing—that early disappointment of cousin Hannah’s—she had a great many good qualities, and but for the blighting of her early hopes, she would have been a very useful, happy woman.” Useful in her way she certainly contrived to make herself, after she became an inmate of Aunt Betsey’s cottage; and happier she must have been than for long years before. It seemed impossible for ill nature or any evil passion to live long in the pure sunny atmosphere which Aunt Betsey threw around her.

Miss Hannah was an excellent housekeeper. Every thing about the premises was kept as neat as sweeping and scrubbing could make it; and she contrived out of the small sum which was all Aunt Betsey could spare for household expenses, not only to keep the larder well supplied for their own use, but also to provide occasional dainties for the sick, and a hearty meal for any hungry traveler who might chance to pass that way.

Miss Hannah had an income of fifteen dollars a year (which was the interest of a small sum left her by an old aunt whom she took care of during her last sickness,) and this furnished her plain wardrobe—while as Aunt Betsey’s housekeeper, she had a quiet, pleasant home, and what was of quite as much consequence to her, full liberty to manage its domestic concerns in her own way. She prided herself upon her housekeeping; it was her hobby, and any interference on the part of Aunt Betsey, even with its minutest details, would have been resented by her as an insult to herself.

Though as unlike as light and darkness, the two got on wonderfully well together. Aunt Betsey’s gentle, loving spirit was not without its influence upon Miss Hannah, and it was remarked after she had been some time there, that her voice and manner were more subdued, and once or twice she had been heard to say that her “cousin Betsey was a great deal too good for this world”—a remarkable change—since at first she was continually finding fault with her.

Early crosses in affairs of the heart do not always, as my readers may happen to know, sour the temper, and throw a blight over all that is fair in the character. Aunt Betsey herself is a fine instance of the opposite effect. She too had loved in her younger days, and not in vain. That made, to be sure, one bitter ingredient the less in her cup than in Miss Hannah's. Her lover, a most worthy young man, died about the time they were to have been married, and it is better to lose a friend by death than to have him prove faithless and false. So on the whole Miss Hannah's trial was a sorer one than Aunt Betsey's, though at first the latter well nigh sunk beneath its weight. On the occasion of my visit, Mrs. Vinton told me the story as she had heard it from Aunt Betsey's own lips.

For a year or more, she only prayed to die. But time mercifully lessened the poignancy of her grief, and the necessity for exertion at length roused her from her stupor. She had found in a life devoted to the good of others, a balm for her wounded heart.

"I should not have thought," I said, "that Aunt Betsey, with her beautiful placid face, and never-failing cheerfulness, had encountered so many storms in the course of her pilgrimage—but the loss of him who was to have been her life-companion, the death of her parents, and the poverty which, with his blighted name, was the only inheritance her father left her, were trials which might have daunted a braver spirit. It seems as if such severe discipline were not needed for perfecting so spotless a character as hers."

"You remember," Mrs. Vinton replied, "that some one has said—

"Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths."

Doubtless Aunt Betsey learned much in the school of affliction. We must become 'perfect through suffering' if at all, and it is impossible for us to know how much chastisement is necessary in a given instance. We only know that in her case, the afflictions, which in passing were so grievous, have wrought 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.'"

The last I heard of Aunt Betsey she and Miss Hupnah still occupied the cottage where I had seen them, but the school had passed into younger hands. Aunt Betsey has donned a cap, as more becoming at her age, though the silver lines are not yet very numerous in her hair. She is active as ever in deeds of kindness to those about her, and she is regarded by her neighbors and friends as an angelic spirit, who, having done well the work which was allotted to her, is only waiting for a summons to "enter into the joy of her Lord."

HEART YEARNINGS.

~~~~~  
 BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.  
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THERE are some hearts, of strange unearthly mould,
 That 'mid our common day-dreams have no lot,
 Panting for life, though passionless and cold,
 That life may seem to those that scan it not.
 This is their ceaseless burthen, murmured still,
 Through all the present brings, of good or ill.

I have been dreaming strange wild dreams too long,
 Sweet dreams of earth, but passionless and vain—
 I have been singing o'er the self-same song,
 Till my heart beats an echo to the strain,—
 The dreams, the song, they cannot paint or tell,
 The strange sweet thoughts that in my bosom dwell.

Dwell as the caged bird dwells—so wearily
 Beating its wings against its prison bars,
 Panting to soar into the free blue sky,
 Where the bright sun is shining, or the stars,
 Then weary with its struggles, folds its wing,
 And seeks its perch, oh, mockery! to sing.

I have been panting for a deeper life—
 Might I be "up and doing," armed for fate,
 Ready for toil, for action, e'en the strife
 For all that life can bring me, but to wait.
 Perchance at wayward will to wander wide,
 From field to field, all glorious and untried.

Nay, give me but some aim, some purpose deep,
 Toward which my life's fixed energies may tend,
 On which a clear, unflinching gaze to keep,
 Wherein the hopes of all my Future blend,—
 Feel that I live to apprehend the good,
 My being's purpose, known and understood.

These troublous dreams, imperfectly expressed,
 Fill they another heart beside my own?
 And thrill they it with passionate unrest?
 Most like a lute's low, wavering, troubled tone
 When the South wind steals o'er it tremblingly,
 And the deep chords it touches *must* reply.

I am like one, who waits the trumpet's blast,
 Calling for action on the field of strife,
 Bursting the ties that bind me to the Past,
 The broad arena, fearless scanned, of life;
 And longing for the hour to do and dare,
 E'en though it come, 'mid tumult, clouds, or care.

Oh, restless spirit! still unsatisfied—
 Is there no Present for thine inner life—
 Deep yearnings for the Future's scenes untried
 Still keep thy heart, with restless dreamings rife:
 Learn thou, with patience in His hand to wait,
 Whose changeless purpose best directs thy fate.

 TO A SLANDERED POET.

~~~~~  
 BY MISS MARY M. BURBANK.  
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How many hours have glided by,
 Beguiled of sorrow, care, and pain,
 While hope and love in harmony,
 Breathed from thy harp a glad refrain;
 Till those who in the tide of song
 Have bathed, as in a sea of light,
 Have dreamed how fair a world was thine,
 How beautiful—how pure and bright!

To pour the spirit's stirring words
 In strains to music's numbers set—
 Oh! 'tis a gift of joy divine,
 Where tones of heaven and earth are met.
 The poet's bright, creative realm!—
 How oft its glory is betrayed!
 'Tis so like envy's serpent breath,
 The fairest haunts first to invade!

'Tis ever thus—the world e'er strives
 Genius and all its fame to mar,
 When *envy* forms a wake before
 The rays of a bright beaming star!
 Oh! sad the harp that giveth tones
 Too beautiful for echoed bliss;
 All misconstrued by coarser souls,—
 And oft the poet's fate is this.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

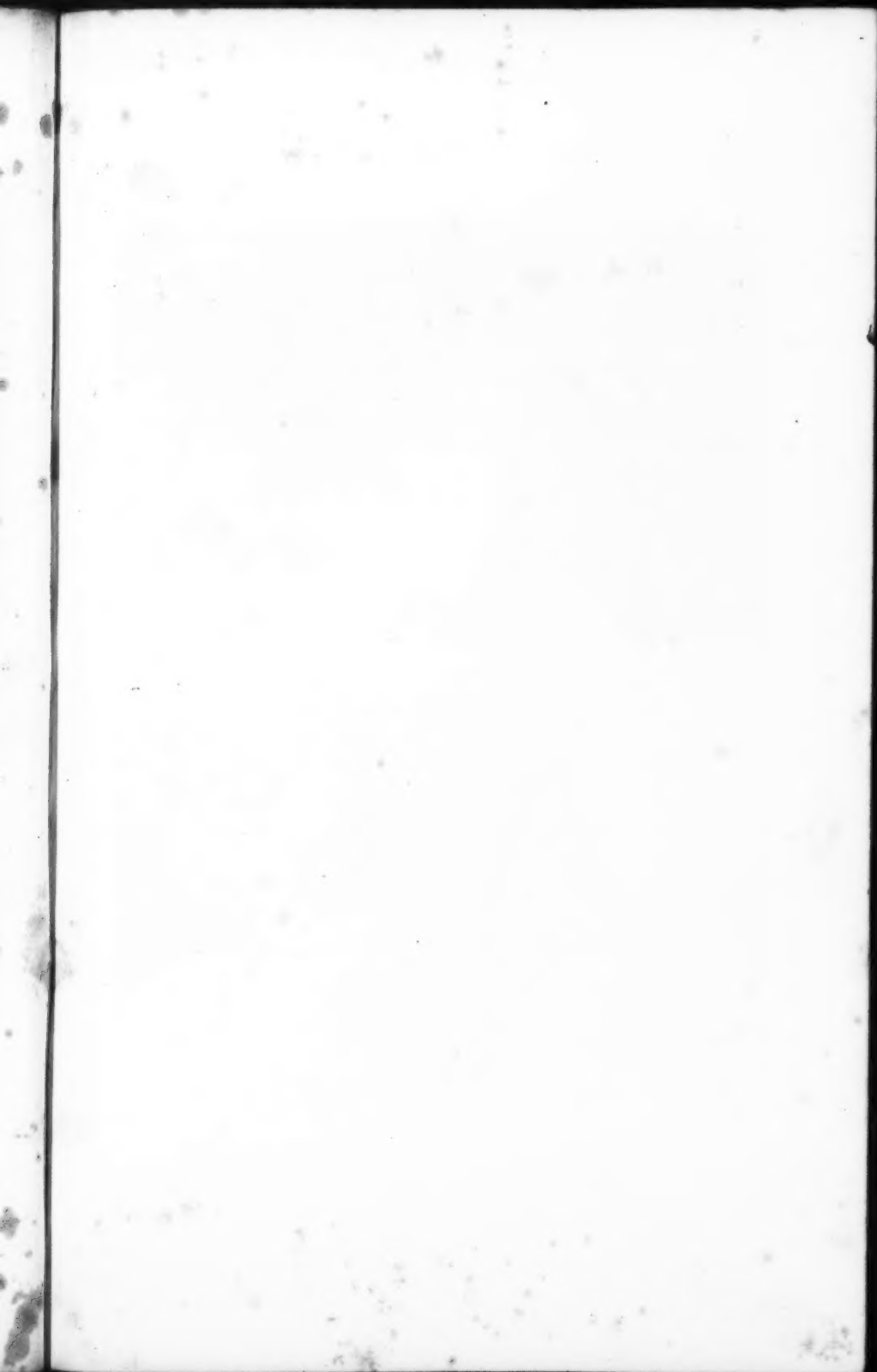
~~~~~  
SEE ENGRAVING.  
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CONSTANTINOPLE, the seat of the court and capital of the Turkish dominion, is situated on the western side of the Bosphorus, at its entrance into the sea of Marmora. It was called by the ancient Turks Byzantium. About the year 325, Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor of the Romans, wishing to establish Christianity as the religion of the State, and fearing the opposition of the Pagans at Rome, conceived the idea of founding a new city, to be the capital of his Christian empire. The city took his name, and remained in possession of the Christians until about 1448, when it was conquered by the Turks, and became the residence of the Sultan.

The city is built on seven hills, which are crowned with glittering kiosks, gilded domes, and tapering minarets, intermingled with innumerable cypress trees—a green hill, beautifully sloping upward from its walls, terminating the prospect.

As the Turks keep no register, it is impossible to know the exact number of population, which is generally supposed to be about 500,000, composed of a heterogeneous collection of all nations. The most part of the buildings are low and miserably poor, and the streets narrow and filthy, bearing a striking contrast to the magnificence and splendor of the governmental palaces. The most celebrated of the buildings of Constantinople are those of the Seraglio. These buildings, with their gardens, cover one of the seven hills, and contain ten thousand inhabitants. Here is the celebrated Mosque St. Sophia—the Sultan's palace, and his harem, which usually contains about five hundred females.—The city contains three hundred Mosques, or Mahometan temples, six Roman Catholic convents, several Jewish synagogues, and a Greek church. The resident Protestant envoys have chapels for the accommodation of such of their countrymen as may be in the city.

The harbor is one of the finest in the world. From its curved outline it obtained at an early period the appellation of the *Golden Horn*, which it still retains. It is seven miles long, and five hundred yards wide at the entrance, near which the sketch for the accompanying engraving was taken. A celebrated traveler in the East, while writing from this city, says—"View the exterior of Constantinople, and it seems the most opulent and flourishing city in Europe. Examine its interior, and its misery and deficiencies are so striking, it must be considered the meanest and poorest metropolis in the world."





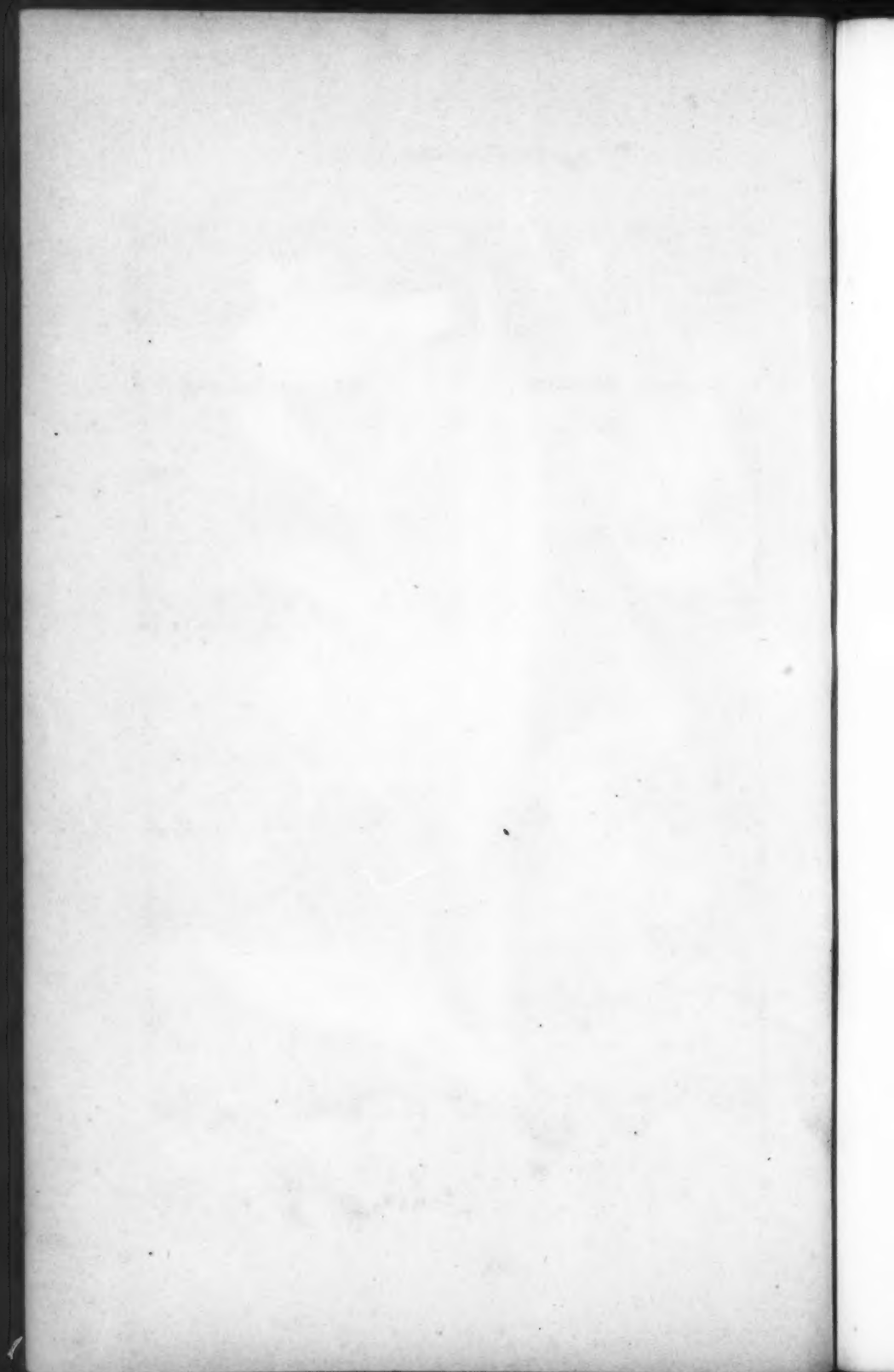
W. P. Smith A.R.A.

J. Bannister

CLARA.



1 *Pigidella*. 2 *Algor Bay Gladiolus*. 3 *Squill*.



Deal Gently Thou.

Words by Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

Music by ASAHIEL ABBOT.

1. Deal gent - - - ly thou, whose

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody line, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

hand has won The young bird from the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a half note C, a quarter note D, a half note E, and a quarter note F. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth notes and a steady bass line.

nest a - way; Where care - less 'neath a ver - nal

The third system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern of chords and single notes, ending with a final chord.

DEAL GENTLY THOU.

sun, She gai - - - ly car - olled day by

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

day. The haunt . . . is lone, the heart must

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

grieve, From whence her tim - - - id wing . . . doth

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

soar; They pen - - - sive list . . . at hush of

This system contains the final three staves of music on this page, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

DEAL GENTLY THOU.

eve, But hear . . . her cheer - ful song no

more.

2. Deal gently with her : thou art dear
 Beyond what vestal lips have told ;
 And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
 She turns confiding to thy fold :
 She round thy sweet domestic bower,
 The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
 Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
 And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

3. Deal gently thou, when far away
 'Mid stranger scenes thy foot may rove ;
 Nor let thy tender cares decay, —
 The soul of woman lives in love.
 And should'st thou wondering mark a tear
 Unconscious from her eyelids break ;
 Deal gently then, and soothe the grief,
 That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

4. A mother yields her gem to thee,
 On thy true breast to sparkle rare ;
 She places 'neath thy household tree
 The idol of her fondest care :
 And by thy trust to be forgiven,
 When judgment wakes in terror wild, —
 By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
 Deal gently with the widow's child.

THE DROWNING CHILD.

(A PICTURE FROM MRS. NORTON'S WORKS.)

~~~~~  
 BY MRS. E. C. TERRY.  
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A BARK is out upon the tide,
 A vessel small and weak—
 And sorely strained—and none had power
 To stop the frightful leak.

The weak were there, and stupid sat
 With trembling heart and hand;
 The *strong* were there, and boldly plung'd,
 And struck out for the land.

Childhood was there—a little child—
 A mother's love and joy;
 Now, far from her protecting arms
 And nought could save the boy.

He threw around his startled eyes,
 No human aid was there:
 He clasp'd his hands as he'd been taught,
 And said his little prayer.

"Our Father who art in heaven," he cries,
 In accents low and sweet,—
 The voice is hush'd, the waters rise,
 And o'er the vessel meet.

Mute are the lips, dim are the eyes,
 And gone the panting breath!
 The little form sinks deep and cold,
 In the embrace of death.

The good which sight or sense can no longer apprehend, is yet as real an existence, as when we could both see and feel it. Nothing good can be ultimately lost. Memory may still preserve it, and love carry us to it at last.

OLD CHURCHES.

~~~~~  
BY MISS ELIZABETH G. BARBER.  
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OLD churches ! The very name brings thoughts of olden times, of dark old walls, embowered amid yews and drooping willows, of ivy clinging to the ancient stone wall, and climbing up to the antique belfry, and most of all, the sweet tone of bells, like

"The chimes, the chimes of motherland,
Of England, green and old,
That out from fane, and ivied tower,
A thousand years have rolled."

The old churches of England, linked with time-honored associations, suggest a sweet picture to the mind's eye. Situated in the most quiet nook of the quiet old-world villages, the weeping willows leaning from beside the dark stone walls, and bending over the resting place where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—the green swelling mounds all around it, consecrated by prayers, and watered by the tears of affection—where the lowly stone and simple monument to the dead are raised—serene, still and beautiful, the old church is indeed a spot near which to dream away the long summer day. In the early sunrise, when the golden glory of the morning rests with a promise and a blessing on the grave-stones and the graves, typifying the glorious morning when the soul, in immortal beauty, shall rise from the long night of death, when the earth rejoicing in its baptism of dew, seems star-woven, and the early birds sing rejoicingly together, it is not a sad or sorrowful thing to linger in the shadow of the church walls. Then at noon, when deep Sabbath stillness reigns over the grave-yard, and the pendant boughs of the willow scarcely sway to and fro, and the song of the bird is hushed—when the sounds from the village are softened almost into silence, and only the low dreamy hum of the insect, and the silver tinkle of the little stream beside the church-yard are heard, it is easy then to conceive of the deep hush of that rest upon which the sleepers have entered. At sunset, when the gold and crimson rays weave long chequered lines across the church-yard, and then slowly fade away from the graves, and still hover around the old gray tower, while far down below, the green swelling mounds rest in the twilight, there lingers a peculiar sacredness around the hallowed spot. Slowly the twi-

light steals over the earth, and uprising in the clear East, shines the golden moon, high and higher, till the whole church-yard is bathed in its beauty. The dew-drops, on the long waving grass, sparkle and shimmer, and the song of the night bird steals faintly and softly from the distant grove, as the "faint exquisite music of a dream." One by one the weepers and the dreamers turn away from the graves, the song of the bird dies away in the grove, the sound of voices and footsteps ceases, and the "graves are alone with the night."

A joyous chime of bells, from the old gray tower of the church!—Far out on the snow-drift shines the ruddy light from the antique windows. The snow has ceased to fall. The sky is deeply blue, and therein shine myriad stars, as brightly and beautifully as when centuries ago they looked down on the plains of Palestine, and one pure bright star guided the ancient seers to the lowly manger of Bethlehem. Within,

"The swinging lamps, with ruddy glow,
Shine bright on kneeling groups below,
And touch the festooned evergreen
With somewhat of a silvery sheen."

Then jubilant voices break on the air. A joyous swell of music rolls over the kneeling group, and could we fancy that angels bent down from their starry spheres, to listen to these rejoicing songs of earth, we might almost hear their silvery voices blending in the chorus—"Peace on earth, good will to men." The Christmas morn breaks, and from church tower to church tower, all over the island, peals the joyous tidings that the Saviour is born to men, and the very ivy climbing up the old gray walls, trembles and quivers in the rejoicing air.

"And then those Easter bells in spring,
"Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high."

Thus sings a glorious poet of our day; and the churches of England—are they not sung in song, and told of in story, through the length and breadth of the green earth?

There were churches, reared in the young days of our country's history, that are now numbered among the relics of the past. Not the simple log-built temples, built in the outskirts of the forest, through whose wide crevices storm and sunshine alike intruded. There, on a summer's morning, the song of the birds, the murmur of the insect, and

the rustle of leaves, mingled with the hymn of praise; and in the winter time, the cold blast howled fiercely through the naked boughs and the trembling walls, and the snow-drifts lay piled high around the simple foot-path, through which they came up from their humble dwellings to the house of God—the snow-drifts finding their way through the crevices of the roof, and the rude openings for light and egress.—Well was it for them, that the hour of worship was not interrupted by the shrill cry “to arms!” or the fearful sound of the Indian’s yell, as their savage foes gathered around their humble temple of worship. Far different was it from the stately piles they had left behind them, beyond the Atlantic wave, with their fretted arches, their “long drawn aisles,” and the solemn sound of the anthem and the “minster’s mighty swell” pealing over them, with the “dim, religious light,” stealing through stained glass, and resting upon white-robed priests, kneeling worshippers, and gorgeous architecture; but the sincere worship of the heart, most acceptable in the sight of the High and Holy One, rose from those humble dwellings in these wild woods.

But the churches reared after the settlement had become permanent and civilization had assumed another phase, are those to which we would now allude. The sturdy descendants of rigid Puritan ancestors, imbued with the stern disregard of forms and ceremonies, and the contempt for outward show, which was a part of their religion, invested all things by which they were surrounded with corresponding attributes. Hence the utmost plainness and simplicity pervaded the exterior and interior of their houses of worship, and the garb of the worshippers; the psalmody, then extant, each and every thing connected with their worship, were all marked with an utter absence of every thing that could charm the eye or captivate the imagination. The farther removed from a mode of worship which, in the land they had left, was made up of hollow forms and useless ceremonies, the nearer perfection they esteemed it, in their Puritanic zeal, which nerved them to a stern, unflinching endurance.

The churches built at a little later period, some of which are still extant, exhibit a peculiar combination of rigid plainness in some respects, and a leaning towards the “poms and vanities of the world” in others. The latent development of a more refined taste, is observable in the architectural proportions and the few attempts at decoration, indicating a more enlarged view, and more harmonious perceptions of the beauty and fitness of externals. But these old churches are being numbered among the things that were. An imperfect sketch, gleaned from the narrative of one who in early days was in the habit of attending one of these ancient orthodox places of worship, may perhaps not

be uninteresting to some of our readers, who have never had an opportunity of testing their inconveniences or peculiarities, by observation and experience, and we therefore transcribe it.

"My first recollections of the sanctuary in which I worshipped in early days," said our narrator, "are linked with sensations of indescribable *chilliness*. Stoves were unknown in those days of primitive simplicity, foot-stoves excepted; and therefore, during the long cold winters, of which we at present can form but a very inadequate conception, the audience suffered a weekly freezing while listening to the discourse of two hours' length from the speaker in the pulpit, which, like the tomb of the prophet, seemed midway between the earth and the sky. Impiously did I often wish that *that* pulpit might prove the tomb of the prophet who was holding forth, on a cold winter's morning, very unprofitably to me, I fear, and allowing my vivid imagination to rove unfettered through the fields of fancy. I pictured to myself the catastrophe which would inevitably occur, should the sounding-board drop on his devoted head. Very blue looked that divine on a winter's morning, and very suspicious seemed that wreathing vapor issuing from his lips during his discourse, indicating that it was cold weather in those regions—a frozen vapor, which the burning words of Puritan zeal had no power to melt, and if the state of the corporeal frame of his hearers was indicative of the condition of the inner man, those burning words must have fallen on frozen hearts. According to my present belief, I must have been one of the most graceless little urchins of the day, and during the course of the long sermons on "original depravity" with which our divine regaled his hearers, my parents must have had a practical illustration of that doctrine continually before their eyes when I was contiguous to them. One of my favorite employments, after amusing myself with watching the vapor issuing from the lips of the minister, and counting the panes of glass in each window, both being productive of thrilling and absorbing interest, was to stand upon a footstool, and look through the lattice work at the top of the pew, at my juvenile neighbors in the adjoining one. In those days a pew was a veritable castle, a homestead on a small scale, for being enclosed by high sides all around, which only those who had attained the full statue of men and women could look over, each family seemed secure in its own citadel, and in a measure isolated from the rest of community. Then during 'singing time,' marvellously blue and cold looking faces, partly concealed by a huge standing collar, in close proximity to the ears of their male owners, might be seen rising above the top of the pew; and the countenances of their spouses might also be observed, surrounded by a halo of cap-borders, surmounted by a red

or yellow handkerchief, tied under the chin, and over all a huge bonnet, in whose recesses might be seen said countenances. These heads maintained an inflexible and immovable sobriety, though the organs of vision set therein might be seen moving to and fro from gallery to pew, or turned downwards, giving rise to the supposition that a psalm book might be in their immediate vicinity, and this supposition was reduced to certainty by the sonorous sounds which proceeded from the lips of such as, during the long hours of freezing, retained enough of vitality to enable them to articulate. During singing and prayer, these heads remained immovable, and then disappeared, to be seen no more for an hour or two, unless it might be their extreme tops; and this disappearance was accompanied by a loud slamming sound, like the raising of boards in those depths. During the intervals between singing and the benediction, the foot-stove was industriously circulated from foot to foot around the pew, each individual waiting in anxious expectancy for the moment when his or her extremities should be comfortably placed on that beneficent dispenser of heat; but as the last spark contained therein was usually extinguished before the minister had reached the fourth head of his discourse, the temporary thawing in which his hearers luxuriated at intervals, was followed by a long endurance of freezing.

After the benediction was pronounced, there was a general rush to the church door, by all parties, excepting the deacons and their wives, who felt it their duty to maintain a becoming gravity of deportment. This was followed by a general scattering over the neighborhood, and a visitation of the body of matrons, at such houses as happened fortunately to be near the church, for the purpose of filling up the foot-stoves for the afternoon, or the more wealthy part of the congregation turned to the "*Sabba'day house*," to thaw and regale themselves with their Sunday noon repast. The others being sufficiently warmed, returned to the church, or some other place of resort, and then, what treasures of eatables were produced from portly work bags, or pockets of ample dimensions! Dough-nuts, pie, cheese, pickles, baked beans, sausages, &c., were handed around in a very primitive manner, and as Sunday schools were unheard of at that period, by the time these were despatched, and the various topics suitable to the day discussed, the afternoon services commenced.

The vestal flame was certainly never more carefully guarded than the fire within the foot-stoves; but notwithstanding the most unremitting attention, the spark of combustion generally glimmered, faded, and became extinct before the afternoon sermon was finished. Then, the luxury of cold feet, benumbed hands, and stinging ears, was enjoyed

to the full ; and when the last psalm was read, if that sublime hymn, commencing

‘ Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame !’

had found a place in their ancient collection of psalms in which our forefathers made melody, they might have sung those two lines with a comfortable certainty that the desire expressed therein would soon be accomplished if the services were indefinitely prolonged.

When ‘meetin’ was at last over, the congregation took their way to the various vehicles attached to shivering steeds, and after riding four or five miles, facing a keen blast, they at last reached their places of abode ; and after partaking of a smoking repast, and seating themselves around a cheerful blazing fire, were by eight o’clock thoroughly thawed, and better able to appreciate the merits of the sermon.—Reasoning from an analagous case in nature,” concluded our narrator, “one would suppose that the good seed of the word would have been as unproductive as the ‘stony ground,’ mentioned in Scripture, as seed planted in a soil continually undergoing the alternations of freezing and thawing, (if the inner man was at all affected by the external,) could not be expected to yield a very abundant harvest ; but the lives of our forefathers gave conclusive evidence that the doctrines diligently inculcated on these occasions, were received into ‘good and thankful’ hearts, and produced their appropriate results. Glowing with the fervor of inspiration, beaming with that ardent zeal which characterized them, their legitimate effects were seen in the well-ordered lives which have made the memory of our forefathers a praise in the land.”

This simple sketch of olden time, from our narrator, humorous and somewhat exaggerated as it is, no doubt is true in many particulars. To our minds, however, a different picture is presented. The old church in summer time, with deep Sabbath stillness resting over the landscape, the sweet sound of the church bell breaking upon the ear, the many groups turning churchward, the attentive audience listening with reverent ear to the pastor’s words, the bright faces of the village youths and maidens in the choir, the meek, placid faces of the matrons, who, as Mrs. Hcwe says, always carried a stalk of fennel, or some dried orange peel, to give to the children when they were sleepy in meeting—these are all before our mind’s eye. Then the cordial, hearty greetings of the sturdy, cheerful farmers, as they fastened their horses beneath the rustic shed beside the church, the strolling of the groups into the church-yard, where rest many of the loved and lost who long ago mingled in the congregation, the drive homeward in the afternoon

through the quiet roads, past the old farm-houses and the still green fields and hills—these are all linked with our thoughts of old churches.

To us, seated in our luxurious seats in city churches—houses thoroughly ventilated, illuminated and warmed, looking round on beautiful architecture, walls decorated with the most exquisite fresco of Italian artists, richly carpeted floors, and tasteful pulpit, with a choir carefully selected, executing with tasteful skill the most celebrated compositions of ancient and modern masters, in which performance a strain which savors somewhat of the opera may occasionally be distinguished—the pictures above presented may seem among the “things that were,” or drawn unnaturally, but they are truthful. Well is it for us, if we possess the deep reverence for Sabbath institutions, the earnest, simple faith in inspiration, the practical earnest lives of the frequentors of those old churches,—well for us, if surrounded by all the externals of devotion, we lack not those essentials of true heart-worship which shall make our presence and our offerings in the house of God acceptable in His sight.

ALONE.

BY C. S. BRADBURY.

O, COULD I find a constant friend,
To smile these tedious hours away,
To soothe the grief, allay the pain
That presses on my heart to-day :
To cheer me when misfortune throws
Her dismal curtains o'er my mind ;
To chase my spirit's grief away,
With words affectionate and kind.

A friend whose sweet and gentle voice
Would bid my sorrows all depart ;
A friend to whom I could unfold
The bitter feelings of my heart :
A friend to be my constant guide,
To keep me in the narrow way ;
A friend to bless my few short hours,
And point me to the realms of day.

This earth will be a dreary waste,
If I must live and weep alone :
If I must know no earthly joys,
Or hear no angel's cheering tone !
But, ah ! I need not think to find
A friend with whom to share my grief
I'll live alone, uncheered, unwept,
Till death shall bring me sweet relief.

Marquette, 1852.

CARRIE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Eight summers ago, at the door of my heart,
By the angel of Love was our little one laid,
That we, who of earth have the indigent's part,
By the largess of Heaven should be sweetly repaid.

Eight summers have centered their music and bloom,
In the hue of her cheek and the ring of her laugh;
Their warm-flowing sunlight, and meadows perfume,
Seemed twined with her soul in its gentle behalf.

Their mornings are melted in cheek, lip and palm,
Their noons in the warm, mellow hush of her love,
Their star-glowing nights in her eyes' ebon calm,
Still and dark with the depth of the clear soul above.

She sits by my side with a book on her knee,
And her face with unmoving delight glowing full;
Till a word from my lip sends it leaping in glee,
As wind-ripples flash o'er the glass of a pool.

Her mien is subdued to a womanly grace,
When her own quiet thoughts are away in their heaven;
But she leaps like a lamb in its frolicsome chase,
When a gentle caress, or a bounty, is given.

Away in the fields, when aroma and tone
Of flower and of bird, are the breath and the song
Of Dryads unseen, she will wander alone,
And talk with the rills as they ripple along;

Confide in the daisies her fanciful tales,
Kiss the buds of the rose, with her baby-like palm
Bent softly to stay them, or sing in the vales,
Now blithe as a lark, now serene as a psalm.

O, the laugh of her lip is the liquidest light
That melts through the partings of roseate clouds;
But the laugh of her eye is the dark of the night,
All twinkling with stars in their constellate crowds.

Yet I think there is nothing so deep in the sky,
So still in the hush of the clouds of the west,
As the soul of our girl, looking out from her eye,
And curving that lip in its beautiful rest.

The music and glory of summer and spring,
 Never moulded the lines of that delicate soul;
 Nor odors, though flung from a Seraph's quick wing,
 Gave the sweetness which clings like a mist to the whole.

But the breath of our God, in an hour when his eye
 Beamed a loving "Well done" on an angel of earth,
 In 'entireness of life rippling over the sky,
 Fann'd her spirit at once into beauty and birth.

O, deep as my joy is the prevalent awe
 That rests on my heart, as my praises I lift
 To the Life of our lives, from whose bounty I draw
 The boon of this fearful and beautiful gift.

THE DEATH OF EGLON.

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 FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.  
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IN the city of Gaza, which lies on the sea coast, there dwelt a man, whose name was Eglon. He was a judge among his people for many years, and possessed great riches. But the people honored him more for his justice and humanity than for his wealth, and the poor called him, among themselves, Father Eglon.

When the day of his death arrived, he sent for his friends and his brethren, together with their children, and said unto them: "Behold, my end approaches! Last night the Angel of Death appeared to me, and I heard the gentle waving of his wings. Rejoice, therefore, and be joyful with me!"

Then the hearts of those that stood about him sank within them; and they looked at each other, and said: "Would to heaven that Eglon's words may, for the first time, prove untrue!"

But Eglon smiled, and said: "My friends, put far from you all lamentation and vain hopes! My days are numbered! This is the third time that I have beheld the Angel of Death face to face; therefore he is no stranger to me. But this is the first time that he hath appeared unto me with a friendly countenance; therefore do I follow him with gladness and with joy."

His friends looked upon him in amazement, and held their peace.

Eglon perceived that they had not understood him, and thus spake: "I will relate to you a short history of my life, and then you will understand my words.

"My youth passed smoothly away, and I knew not the sorrows of life. When I became a man, I was chosen to be a judge in Gaza, and the people extolled the judgments which I pronounced at the gates.—I gained, moreover, the heart of a woman, whom the voice of the people praised as the loveliest and the noblest of the daughters of the land, and I was called the happiest of mankind. Then God visited me with a grievous sickness, which afflicted me for many months; and all the skill of the physicians was of no avail, and they said: 'He will surely die!' Then the Angel of Death appeared to me for the first time with terrible aspect, and I prayed that he might pass by.

He did pass by. I was restored to health, and my life became more pleasant to me than ever; for my wife bore me two infants, fair as two young pomegranate trees, and each day of their lives was to me as a day of spring. Then said all the people: 'Eglon is the happiest of mankind. What is there wanting to his joy, and to the welfare of his house?'

Behold then came the sickness of Mizraim from beyond the sea; and the infants died, both the boy and the girl. And their mother fell sick, and said: 'The children are not! Ah, Eglon, another world will preserve and restore them to us.' Thus she spoke, and died also.—And I stood alone upon my rich carpets, and my house seemed at once too spacious and too confined.

I then called in great wrath upon the Angel of Death, and named him the Destroyer, and when he passed before me, I said: 'I will seek thee, cruel one, in the depths of the sea, that thou mayest unite me with those whom thou hast torn from me. What is the world, and what is life now unto me!'

So I walked forth in the night to the sea shore; but as I passed along, I heard a sobbing and moaning in a cottage by the way side, and I entered it; for I thought to find there companions in affliction. A woman lay upon the earth, and tore her hair, five young children were weeping around her, and asking for bread, and an aged man, bowed down with years, stood by trembling. But I was affrighted and said: 'Woman, what aileth thee?'

Then the old man said: 'In the last tempest the sea swallowed up her husband, my son, with his little bark. The rich man, who had lent him money to purchase it, demanded payment of the debt, and as we could not pay it, he hath taken away all that he could find in our hut, and to-morrow he will drive us forth, if famine do not first put an end to our misery.' 'And why,' I asked, 'did you not bring the matter before Eglon, the judge of Gaza?' The mother then opened her lips, and said: 'Eglon dwelleth in a palace, and is the happiest man in the

whole land !' 'Besides,' added the aged man, 'the debt is just, and so Eglon hath declared it to be.'

Then did I exclaim : 'God of heaven ! is this thy justice, Eglon ?' And I remained all night in the fisherman's hut, and succoured them, and in the morning I said : 'Behold Eglon, judge of Gaza ! Come now to my house, that I may do justice unto you.'

From that time forth, my friends, I have known myself and the huts of poverty, and have practiced justice.

And thus I have enjoyed happiness, endured affliction, and striven to do good on earth. Amid prosperity, death appeared to me as a destroying angel ; in the bitterness of my sufferings, as a jailer, bringing a cup of poison to his prisoner ; but now, I recognize him for what he really is—a friend about to conduct me to those I love."

When he had thus spoken, the old man turned upon his pillow, and gave up the ghost.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

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BY LELA LINWOOD.  
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"Let my love follow after and abide with you, for *it will wing its way to you of its own accord.*"—*From a dear friend, personally unknown.*

THE night is starry in the sky,
And gray upon the river,
Save where on high the moonbeams lie,
Or in the waters quiver.

Oh ! see ! our boat is riding brave,
Along her pathway foaming ;
But I, alas, with every wave,
Farther from home am roaming.

No blessed voices in my ear,
"Good night" are softly saying ;
Upon my cheek, where lies a tear,
No lips the kiss are laying.

God's angels are around me still—
His arms beneath me reaching—
But, oh ! my *human* spirit will
Keep *human* love beseeching.

Father above! Ah, now I feel
 My inner vision waking;
 Thou sendest ministers to heal
 The heart so sore with aching.

They come, these winged shapes of love
 From those I leave behind me;
 True, as the olive-bearing dove,
 They rest not, till they find me.

Silent with happiness, I bow
 To meet their touch caressing;
 Some hover close above me now,
 Some to my arms are pressing.

One nestles to my very heart—
 Ah! wing of silver whiteness,
 I know whose messenger *thou* art—
 Whose smile hath lent *thee* brightness.

Thou, too, dear bird, whose patient flight
 Hath borne a promised token,
 Come near, and tell me all, to-night,
 Those far-off lips have spoken.—

Come, tell me if a *dark* eye flashed
 In thine, this eve, at parting;
 Or from an *azure*, clear, was dashed
 One blessed tear-drop, starting.—

Come, and unlade thy burden rare—
 “Love following, love abiding”;
 Thy freight shall rest, a life's dear care,
 My heart the treasure hiding.

Oh! round the giver's unknown face,
 With tenderness of longing,
 My yearning thoughts do speed apace—
 My gladsome dreams are thronging.

And, welcome, *all* ye loving wings,
 That soothe my hour of sorrow;
 Your song to-night a blessing brings,
 And leaves one for the morrow.

Thanks to the distant and the dear,
 Who sent you on your mission;
 And thanks to Him who sped you here
 To do his blest volition.

CLARA—OR WINSLOW GOSSIPINGS.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

SEE ENGRAVING

Miss Ceall Ann Tellit had made a discovery, and away she ran to her neighbor, Mrs. Willing Tohear, to unburden her mind. With much less than her usual dignity, she accepted the invitation to a seat, and loosing her shawl from her shoulders, and taking her bonnet from her head, and holding it suspended before her by a string in each hand, she poured out her full heart in a single sentence—

“I do believe Mrs. Meigs is going to be married!”

“Married!” exclaimed Mrs. T., holding up her hands in astonishment, “why, who told you so?”

“Nobody told me,” replied her visitor, with a look of triumph.—“I have found it out myself. She sent down to the city last week for a piece of matting for the floor of her front parlor, and she has had all the rooms newly papered and painted, and she has bought a new tea-set over at Bates & Co’s., and—what makes me more certain—Mary Spindle, the milliner, says that she ordered two caps of her, and one is to be trimmed with white!”

“But who is the gentleman? there is no one in the village likely to marry her, I should think!”

“Oh, it is somebody from out of town, I am sure; twice within the last month, a gentleman has been seen getting out of a carriage before her door, and when I asked her who it was, she simply told me she didn’t know. I thought then I’d found her out!”

The village of Winslow, to whose hospitality I am now introducing the reader, is laid down upon the map as only seven miles from the track of the —— Railroad, but it lies on the eastern side of a high hill, which guards it from the innovations of modern improvements, and at the opening of our story, it seemed as isolated from the rest of the world, as if it had been an island amid the ocean of waters. The inhabitants were by no means evil disposed, and in times of sickness or calamity, their ready hands and tearful sympathies shewed the kindness of their hearts; but they had too little communication with the great world: their ideas, like the progeny of continued intermarriages,

—having no invigorating leaven—had become dwarfed; their range of thought was so narrowed down, that trifles so petty as to escape any but microscopic visions in more enlarged spheres, became mountains in their estimation. Like an ill-fed stomach, they were digesting themselves for lack of nourishment, and thus they were wasted into the last worst stage of social existence—a community of gossips!

Two weeks after Miss Tellit's supposed discovery, a lumber wagon appeared before Mrs. Meigs' cottage, and deposited its freight at her door. An elegant writing table and study chair, with several cases of books, were distinguished by the prying eyes then and there watching; several trunks, whose mysterious contents were not exposed, and sundry articles of stable furniture, completed the load. The wagon drove off, leaving a plain looking man, in a common dress, busily engaged in unpacking the books, and housing the property. About sunset "a solitary horseman" (we beg pardon of Mr. James,) galloped up to the door, and throwing the reins to the first comer, entered the cottage. The excitement in the village was now at its height. It was evident that there was some mistake in the announcement made by Miss Tellit, but beyond that all was a mystery.

Determined to solve this enigma, Mrs. Willing Tohear sent her daughter Jane to Mrs. Meigs' cottage, to take home a preserve kettle which had been borrowed nearly a year, with private instructions to find out who and what were the strangers. On her return, she was waylaid by all the neighbors on the route, and she was quite tired of repeating her story before she reached home. But it was some satisfaction to the good people of Winslow to know that Mr. S—— had taken board with Mrs. Meigs for the summer, and that he kept a man *servant*! The latter class was an unknown race in the village; "household helps" and "hired men" there were here and there, but even they were not easily obtained; and when found, they assumed more airs and dignity than their employers dare put on in their presence.

In the morning, the servant made his appearance at the store of Messrs. Bates & Co., and in a rich Irish brogue enquired for *oats*.

The worthy merchants happened not to have any to sell, but took care not to say so, until they had inquired how many he wanted, and had proposed some other leading questions, tending to throw light upon the topic of principal interest. But Murphy was, like the most of his countrymen, a bit of a wag, and not easily pumped.

"Who do I want thim for? yer honor—Faith, for *the horse*; you wouldn't suppose I eat them myself?"

"How minny? throth—that depinds upon the price intirely!"

All this time Murphy's countenance had such an expression of charm-

ing simplicity, that no one could suspect him of any attempt at evasion, and his questioner gave up in despair.

The worthy matrons and maids of the village had no intention, however, of being so easily discomfited. Each was anxious to be the first to see and describe the new comer, for among the gossips of the village, the heroine of the day was the person who could "tell some new thing." Throughout the whole of the morning, the cottage, which contained the mystery, was reconnoitered from all points by a hundred watching eyes. Each time the door opened, the watchers held their breath, waiting for the stranger to come forth, but in vain. When the shadows began to lengthen after meridian, the suspense was unendurable, and Miss Ceall Ann Tellit, accompanied by Miss Spindle, started off on a voyage of discovery. As they passed the window of the "spare room," before entering the cottage, they cast many earnest glances at the half-curtained apartment; but it lay on the shadowy side of the building, and their curiosity was unrewarded.

Mrs. Meigs received them with her usual politeness. She had resided in the place but three years, and having had, since her husband's death, but little taste for the social gatherings in vogue there, could hardly be said to be intimate with any of the villagers. But the ladies felt no awkwardness in bringing forward the subject of their errand.

"You have a new boarder?"—commenced Miss Spindle.

Mrs. Meigs answered by a simple affirmative.

"Where is he from?" and "Who is he?" were asked by both ladies in one breath.

"He is Mr. S——, from New-York," replied Mrs. Meigs.

"What has he come to Winslow for?" asked Mrs. Spindle, whose *theory* was that the gentlemen were always in eager pursuit of some heroine, although in her own case this theory had been for thirty years totally unsupported by any practical experience.

"I did not ask him," said Mrs. Meigs, mildly. "It seems that he had expressed a wish to a friend of my late husband, who lives in the city, for a quiet boarding place in the country, and he recommended him to me, at the same time assuring me of his respectability."

In vain did the two visitors try by a variety of ingeniously laid traps to betray Mrs. Meigs into the recital of some further intelligence; and they were at last persuaded that she had really told them all that she knew.

Although they left the house with their curiosity totally unsatisfied, they felt convinced that the next day, which was Sunday, would gratify their desires. There was but one church in the place, and a stranger could not be hidden in a corner. The Sabbath dawned with

out a cloud, and at the first sound of the bell, the most curious of the villagers obeyed its summons; it would never do to be late on such a day, and the attendance, particularly of the softer sex, was unusually large. And curiosity was at length satisfied.

With a quiet step, and an unpretending air, as if totally unconscious of the battery of staring eyes which was opened upon him, the stranger followed Mrs. Meigs to her pew. He was a man apparently about thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet in height, and very neatly dressed. It was difficult to catch, from the expression of his face, any clue to his calling or profession. From an open eye brow there looked forth a full, dark eye, which had much thought, but no restlessness in its gaze. Prominent cheek bones, a large scholarly nose, and a wide but good mouth, were noticeable features of his countenance. His head was of full size, and well shaped, and covered with very dark and curly hair. Notwithstanding that he gave serious and devout attention to the services of the sanctuary, his presence was a sore hindrance to the devotions of a large portion of the congregation. Even after the audience had dispersed, the stranger was still the theme of their thoughts and conversation, and the good minister's sermon, if it made less impression, was, as a set off, less cavilled at than usual.

For a day or two succeeding the Sabbath, the new comer was seen, once or twice, galloping along the highway, in search of business or pleasure, and the excitement in the village increased rather than diminished. The young doctor was afraid of a competing Esculapius. An old farmer, who had once been to court, and returned with a woful experience of the bar, protested his fears that the stranger was a "limb of the law," who was about to open an attorney's office, and "set all Winslow by the ears." Most of the unmarried ladies agreed that he looked "extremely interesting," and one or two ventured to pronounce him "handsome." Various efforts were made to turn his truant feet into "the society" of the place, but without success. If he had been forewarned of the many *snares* set for him in that magic circle, he could not have avoided it more assiduously. Before the week closed, the whole current of popular thought had become filled with the new theme. The subjects of less recent wonder were well nigh forgotten. The fact that Mrs. Smart, the new blacksmith's wife, had sent to the city for a "span-new" silk bonnet, instead of turning the old one under the auspices of Miss Spindle, called forth only a passing allusion. Mr. Ferule, the schoolmaster, visited for two evenings in succession, at the house of a young lady, for whom he was supposed to entertain a secret attachment, and it hardly provoked a remark. The public curiosity had higher food, and still grew by what it fed upon.

To do the villagers full justice, there were a few of the softer sex, even there, who were not mad with the general excitement. Here and there a fresh young girl, just budding into womanhood, looked on with wonder at the forwardness with which not a few of her single sisters openly expressed their admiration for the stranger. And more than these, were a few notable housewives, who shrugged their shoulders at the whispered surmises on so many lips, and marvelled that wives and mothers should have so much time to bestow upon another person's affairs. There was *one*, who gave less thought than either class, to the topic of general discussion; but she was herself comparatively a stranger in the village, and her heart, besides, was too much weighed down by her own griefs, to take an interest in the new comer. Clara Ware had come to Winslow, while yet the December snows covered the hill-side, to seek a refuge in the house of her uncle, from the desolateness of orphanage. She had lost both of her parents by one sudden stroke, and while her father's executor was gathering up for her the little property that was to stand between her and absolute want, she had accepted the invitation of her kind-hearted relative, to spend six months in his family. Her appearance had been duly chronicled and criticised by the gossips of the place; every article in her wardrobe had been examined, and "patterns" of anything desirable secured; and, as she exhibited no desire for companionship, she was finally relinquished to the society of her uncle, and his two maiden sisters who composed his household. Most of the young ladies of her own age, who had visited her, thought her excessively stupid, and there were few or none who understood her true character. She had been stunned by the suddenness of her bereavement, and her days passed like shadows in a dream. Yet no one could gaze into the depth of her dark eyes, without catching some glimpse of the power which lay entranced there, and feeling a sympathy for one who had tasted of life's bitterest draught, ere the heart had become prepared for its burden of grief by the discipline of less severe trials and disappointments.

Of all the little world at Winslow, Clara was, perhaps, the least anxious to secure the acquaintance of the new comer, and yet it so happened that she was one of the first thus favored. She had heard that the best regimen for a wounded heart, was an active and practical sympathy with the woes of others; and moved thereto, likewise, by the holier impulses of a renewed nature, she had found out already, since her brief residence in Winslow, the way to the abode of sorrow and wretchedness. A poor, bed-ridden woman, of advanced age, lived in a cottage in the outskirts of the village, where she was supported

by the labor of her daughter, herself a widow. As the chief employment to be obtained was found in the homes of others, the daughter was obliged to leave her helpless mother alone, while she went forth to her toil ; and the day went wearily away, without the echo of a single human voice, from early morning until the shadows of evening gathered upon the threshold. To cheer this loneliness, was Clara's favorite task. With a good book under her arm, she would steal away for an hour, to sit beside the sufferer's couch, to read to her, or to talk of that only refuge for the weary and wasted of earth. It was while thus employed, that Mr. S. first met her.

He, too, had sympathies for the poor and friendless, and with that quick instinct which true charity ever shows in search of worthy objects, he found his way to the humble cottage. There needed little ceremony of introduction. The heart which can find a relish in doing good, is not slow to recognize its kindred. Neither asked the other any questions of station or employment. There were no fine speeches made, or courtly compliments on either side ; both were too earnestly occupied with the realities of life to waste their time in the frivolities of a fashionable conversation. Mr. S. was not one who gave only of his surplus means to the poor, and called it charity. He was accustomed to sit by the bed-side of the sufferer, where no applause was to follow from the careless world ; to prove by his own patience, and at the cost of some self-denial, that the charity he professed, and the religion he taught, were not mere outward show, but an inward principle of action. To see the strong man, endowed with a vigorous intellect, and full of experience acquired by a knowledge of the great world, bending with the tenderness of a girl over the sick couch, and taxing his eloquence to win from the weary heart its burden of cares, and to lighten the sad hours of the helpless sufferer by the consolations of a more cheerful hope, and a brighter faith, was enough to interest a less susceptible maiden than Clara Ware. And when the stranger, committing the expression of his practical sympathy to her hand, left the cottage, she felt as if the pall was lifted from her own heart.

It may be readily supposed that Clara's visits to the cottage were none the less frequent, now that she sometimes met there one in whom her heart was so much interested, but she was soon interrupted in her interviews. Winslow was like a peacock's tail, *all eyes*, and the fact that Mr. S. was a constant visitor at the bedside of the poor old woman, soon made her cottage as fashionable a place of resort as the last discovered watering place. Miss Spindle made jellies for the old lady, and took quite an interest in her welfare, visiting her frequently, and talking

her into a headache. Miss Ceall Ann Tellit herself could not refrain from adding her sympathy to the general stock, and the cottage was thronged, until it was ascertained that the stranger no longer called.

He had found his way to Clara's home, and his frequent visits there, started the gossip afresh. The chorus now took another direction. Miss Spindle declared that he looked quite like a highwayman, and she had no doubt but what it would turn out that he had robbed a bank or stopped the mail. As his attentions to the gentle Clara grew more marked, the faces of the gossips grew more solemn, and, however much their surmises differed, they all agreed that he was "no better than he should be."

The six months which Clara was to spend in the country had already expired, but she made no preparation for returning to the city. The summer was at last over, and the leaves earliest to fade had changed to russet, but still the stranger lingered in the village. The cause was no secret at Winslow; every man, woman, and child, knew that Mr. S. and Clara Ware, were engaged; Miss Spindle "felt it in her bones" that he had come there for a wife, the first day she saw him.

This lingering in the country, however, will never do, and Mr. S. must take his departure. With thoughtful consideration, he gave in trust to a kind-hearted neighbor, sufficient to guard the poor bed-ridden cottager against the severities of winter. He had discovered a new channel of happiness at her bedside, and he would not be ungrateful.

"I have found it all out," exclaimed Miss Tellit, breaking into the presence of Mrs. Willing Tohear, about the first of the New Year, with the glow of discovery upon her cheek—"they are married at last, and that Mr. S. is—"

"What?" asked her auditor, in breathless anxiety.

"*An Author*—only think of it! I shouldn't wonder if he wrote the history of Winslow!"

For the most refined pleasure of life, we must look to the intercourse of the senses. The sweetness of this pleasure depends not so much on the equality of minds as on their sameness of taste. What we perceive gives our companion pleasure will afford us more delight than his utterance of wisdom. The greatest intellect wants but the appreciation of a correct taste. It is thus that the justness and beauty of female minds attract and reward the society of the wisest men.

A THOUGHT ON HEROISM.

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BY HELEN IRVING.  
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From the time when Moses chronicled the heroic deeds of the men of old, History and Romance have been all aglow with the story of the lofty spirits whose grand and noble acts have constellated themselves into undying glories, in the firmament of the world's past. They have come to us in the splendors of poetry, and the voice of their utterance has surged through the mighty waters of eloquence, until we learn to think of them as a race of spirits whose kindred the world, sees no more, or only at intervals, brief as they are glorious.

Even the great souls who have lived, or live in our own time—souls in whose lofty aspiration or sublime achievement we recognize the divine, seem to us as the priesthood of Levi—ministering before the altar, a distinct and “peculiar people.” We feel as if by some mighty law of spiritual attraction, these souls draw unto themselves all the loftiest attributes of heroism and life—that they stand on a height attainable only in right of rare gifts, and stand there, not only for our love and reverence, but our wonder. And when a life, “so o’er informed with radiance” is suddenly extinguished, to a nation or a world, we fold our hands in the darkness, and utter mournfully the cry of desolation—“Who shall counsel and who shall guide us—who shall teach us, who shall give us truth? Where shall we find the holy purpose and the mighty will—the prophetic eye and the unfailing faith?”

The powerful intellect, the far-reaching mind, God sends but rarely for our wonder and our worship, but here and there stand souls, unrecked of the great world, whose saint-like aspiration, whose heroic energy, burn through deeds that write as glowing a memorial in the courts of Heaven, as those which have left a name *beneath* the stars as well as above them.

It is not the few heroic ones whom the press of circumstances, or the force of a mighty intellect have brought into the open, public arena of life, to whom alone is given this immortal grandeur of spirit. It is not they, who standing far above, yet linked to the world by a chain of sympathy, charge it with electric fire, waking its pulses with a thrill which is not native, who are alone the life of the land that feels their

power. In every hamlet, and on every hill-side—in the crowded town and the deep wilderness—are hearts as glowing, as heroic and as true.

There are soldiers in the battle of life, of greater heroism than ever perilled existence for country or for fame—soldiers, the fierce scars on whose breasts, there is no “star of the legion of honor” to cover.—There are hero-martyrs, whose daily torture no awe-struck world shall write in lines of imperishable light—the ashes of whose consumed hearts, none shall gather as a holy relic. There are worshippers and doers of the true, lifting up clear eyes to heaven, and walking serene and beautiful in their little sphere, whose brows no painter shall enhalo—the harmony of whose lives shall make the immortality of no poet’s song.

But out from these, though all unconscious, goes a power and a life, strengthening and ennobling the great heart of humanity. These are the hidden, but powerful, up-gushing fountains, that blend with the mighty tide of the world’s sullied waters, purifying and replenishing ever. The land is not *impoverished* of greatness, when a life from which it flashed in glorious deeds, or glowed in lofty thoughts has passed away; it is expanding to a celestial stature, many a soul which waits but the touch of circumstance, to stand mighty and beautiful, before the world.

The Infinite Justice judges not cause and effect as we. The holy, abounding charity, which might prompt the largess of a king, is not deeper or more divine than that which impelled the “widow’s mite;” and He who saith, “Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city,” measureth the fierce warfare, and the hard-earned victory, that make the soul a triumph-ground at last. He who goes forth bravely to meet a destiny of toil and woe, lifting up a heart of serene faith and holy endurance, of heroic endeavor and lofty aspiration, is the same in the eye of the all-comprehending Father, whatever be his time or place or circumstance.

The flames that curl around the martyr’s breast, carry up to Him the incense of no sublimer faith, than rises from the heart which falters not, amid the fierce fires of a life of tribulation. The world berds in reverence before the triumphant spirit, that welcomes death for country or cause that is dear, but there is as noble a heroism, as lofty a sacrifice, in the soul that *lives*, toiling and enduring for a high purpose, dying daily, but closing the eyes on the death that would be a blessed rest, and welcoming ever the fresh in-flowing of life from on high, that shall bring new strength to labor and endure.

Alas, our eyes are darkened that we cannot see the heroic life of many a home and many a heart that is close beside us. *We* never

measure the height and breadth of the noble soul of that wife and mother, adown the current of whose life drift the wrecks of every early hope and dream, who wearing about her brows the sharp-thorned crown of a crushed and blighted womanhood, bends down upon her children, a face serene and calm with a heavenly peace, and hides every fresh wound in her bosom, with the veil of a holy forgiveness. *We* never measure the grandeur of spirit in the child, wretched in poverty and contempt, who burning with the desire for something better than the dark destiny into which he was born, struggles upward, through sorrow and adversity—plucking from his child's heart with more than a child's strength, the poisoned arrows of the world's scorn that wound him from the right and from the left—warming with a holy faith and love, the sensitive spirit, chilled by the world's icy touch.

We can but dimly guess at the heart-history of more than one son or brother, or sister or child, who shutting out from them the love, or the glory, or the blessedness, that stand waiting at the door, turn to be the unstoried, but not less great, martyrs, philanthropists, and saints of *home*.

True, beings whom such souls irradiate, do not cross our pathway at every turn, but they are more, many more than our blinded vision numbers, and they are the life, and the strength, and the hope of the world. In every true, great heart is something of this heroism. Let not him whose pulses quicken at the story of lofty achievement, whose heart swells in glowing sympathy with, and yearns to emulate, the patriot or the philanthropist—whose soul not only reverences but *comprehends* the martyr, doubt that he is of their kindred. He whose soul is the temple of lofty thought, needs not to see a kneeling multitude before its outer courts. That temple, however little of grandeur it may wear in the world's eyes, is domed by Heaven, and lighted by God's presence; and let him in whose breast the holy fires are kindled, see to it that they "go not out." Let him live up to the divine promptings of his spirit, forgetting not that,

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

A determined spirit, breasting great calamities, and emulous of victory over them, should not doubt his success. The pledge of conquest is already given him in a fore-assuring purpose.

FANNY'S DREAM.

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BY ALICE CRAIG.  
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I have awakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of, aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the present,
Over-arch the crumbled past.

"OH, what a piece of service should I render you, if I could prevail on you to be satisfied ! More peace, more heart's repose, more real joy would flow from such a source, than you could obtain from the possession of a world. It would do more toward making you happy than the mines of Mexico."

It is a pleasant dwelling, that low-roofed farm house ; pleasant are those tidy rooms with their vine-clad windows ; and pleasant that front yard, with its cherry tree, its pear tree, its rose bushes and its well-kept borders of flowers. Yes, that rustic home and its appurtenances present an attractive aspect to the observer's eye, though by no means what may be called an imposing one.

It is a warm afternoon in summer ; a young girl has just emerged from the cottage door, and seated herself, needle-work in hand, in the shade of the pear tree. Her dress is simple, but neat and becoming ; her brown hair curls in glossy carelessness about her neck and shoulders. She was singing when she first appeared, and, for a few moments, while her blooming face was lighted up with the spirit of the sweet words she was warbling, she looked, if not a beautiful, still a most agreeable object, and altogether in keeping with the peaceful and pretty scene around her. But whence comes that shadow, that falls so suddenly over her smiling eyes ? What mischievous spirit has dared to breathe dark thoughts into her young heart ? It is not easy to imagine that any visible object can have inspired them, surrounded, as she is, with loved and pleasant things. But she seems, now, not to think of them ; her eyes are fastened, with a gaze of discontent, on something afar off, but which she can see from the position which she has chosen, under the spreading pear tree. We will go nearer, and endeavor to obtain a glimpse of

what is disturbing her. There is nothing that disquiets *us* in what we see, reader. At the distance of many rods, there is a handsome house, environed and almost hidden from view by stately trees. On the side toward which we are looking, a sloping lawn descends to a beautiful sheet of water, whose green banks are shaded by bending willows, and beneath those willows a young girl is straying. She may be about the age of the rural flower which we have been contemplating. And what is there, in that graceful vision, to inspire such "vexation of spirit" as every lineament of this young creature's face is betraying? We could not guess, but, fortunately, she speaks, (soliloquizing, perhaps unconsciously, in her discontent,) and her words, at once, solve the mystery.

"She has nothing to do," such was the burthen of her murmurings, "but walk in that lovely shade, or spend her time in any other way, just as she pleases. There is no one to watch her, and see that she does not waste an hour out of the twenty-four. She has no household duties to toil through during more than half the day, and, when that is done, and one would gladly rest or amuse herself, a half dozen brothers and sisters to stitch, thich, stitch for. Oh, how I wish I were rich!—Why could I not have been an heiress, as well as Miss Elinor Graham, who carries herself so haughtily toward me, because I am only Fanny Logan, a farmer's daughter?"

Here her sentences became indistinct, the needle-work fell from her fingers, her head drooped languidly against the trunk of the tree, and—she had fretted herself to sleep. But her soul was still active, while its material coadjutor was wearily slumbering.

She found herself sauntering on the banks of that silvery lake, and under those identical willows. She rambled hither and thither, with a delightful consciousness of being at home in those envied shades; for she was Mr. Graham's niece, and the declared heiress of his wealth. She was presently aware of a sense of loneliness stealing over her, and bent her steps toward the house. She entered, and passed slowly from room to room. All was magnificence, but all, too, was solitude. She was an orphan, and without brothers or sisters. Those stately walls, with their gorgeous hangings, echoed no affectionate voices. Those soft carpets, buried in their velvet surface no loved and smile-bringing footfall. The broad mirrors gave back a fair semblance of her graceful beauty, but *her* form, alone, was reflected there. She looked pensively on the splendor by which she was surrounded, and an audible wish for the companionship of even one kindred heart broke from her lips. At that moment, a lady of mature age, of dignified bearing, and attired with much care and taste, made her appearance. The young girl turned to her with an air of pleasure and confidence, but the shadow passed not from her brow, as the lady addressed her:

"You look sad, my dear; what has happened to vex you, this fine afternoon?"

"Nothing uncommon, madam. Only one of my blue moods, as you term them."

"But what has given rise to it? You have too much good sense Elinor, to be melancholy without some cause."

Elinor's eyes fell; but, after a moment, she raised them again, and said, with a smile—

"I will confess, Mrs. Smith, for you always find something to say that reconciles me to myself and my circumstances. Last night, as I was riding out with my uncle, we saw the Logans—the whole family, I should think—in that pretty front yard of theirs. The father and mother were seated under one of the trees, surrounded by the children; some of the older ones were talking and some singing, while the younger ones were romping around them. They looked very happy, and I am sure they were so. Just now, as I was walking by the lake, I saw Fanny, the oldest sister, come out and sit down with her sewing under the same tree. I dare say I am silly—I know you think me so—but I immediately contrasted her situation with my own; and, whenever I do so, I cannot help the conviction that, with all these luxuries around me, and all my uncle's wealth in prospect, I am poorer, far poorer, than she, in her humble home, and with her riches of brothers and sisters and parents. Oh, if I had but a single sister or brother—if I only had parents—at least, a mother! Would not I be willing to work hard for her—would not she be worth more to me than my uncle's whole fortune?"

"Those, my dear, are the thoughts of a very young person. When you are older you will better know the value of what you now esteem so lightly. And, even now, you can think more wisely, if you will try to do so. Reflect a moment, and, I am sure, you will see the absurdity of what you have been saying. Mr. Graham's heiress envying simple Fanny Lagan! And coveting the companionship of that untrained, noisy troop of girls and boys! Why, a single hour spent in their society would serve to disgust you thoroughly. If you could be permitted to exchange situations, you would soon find that the happiness of neither had been improved. Could you love and reverence her rough, common-place father, or her well-meaning (I dare say) but very indifferent mother? Or could she fill your place with propriety? You would pine for the elegance, plenty and ease of your former home, and she for the coarser pleasures to which she had been accustomed. But it grows late, and you know we are engaged to go out. Get your bonnet—I believe the horses are waiting."

The ladies were soon seated in the carriage, and driving over a most

beautiful landscape. Mrs. Smith, the governess of Miss Graham, was doing, with her utmost ability, what she thought her whole duty to the young lady. In other words, she was carefully preparing her to hold, with dignity and grace, her position as an heiress, possessing considerable personal beauty. To this end, she strove constantly to eradicate a manifest disposition on the part of Miss Graham to disregard the peculiar advantages of her condition, and sigh for those home affections and sympathies which constitute the wealth of the poor and needy of earth—not, as we have seen, by representing to her charge the power which God had placed in her hands of doing good to others, and instructing her to employ her unoccupied feelings in those nameless and numberless acts of kindness which a benevolent woman, whatever her age or circumstances, can always manage to perform. Her effort was to stimulate the pride of her pupil—to substitute a love of display in place of those dearer emotions for which her young heart naturally yearned. And she had very nearly succeeded. Miss Graham was, in general, thoroughly awake to the distinction which education and wealth had created between her and most of those around her, and satisfied that her lot in life was a desirable one. That lot, it was true, condemned her, at present, almost to isolation; but she was taught that she would make acquaintances and select associates, when introduced into society in the neighboring city. Her uncle was not to her what an affectionate father would have been; but he was never unkind, and no wish of hers was ever disregarded. Yet, with all this, there were moments when such fancies as we have assisted her to betray, sprang up in her heart, and would not be repressed; and all the power of Mrs. Smith's eloquence and tact was put in requisition to dispel them.

The conversation, which had been suspended for a short time, was resumed when the governess and pupil had fairly commenced their ride; and the former soon aroused her companion to an ample consciousness of her immeasurable superiority to the plainly dressed and plain-mannered, but, in many instances, intelligent and worthy people whom they met by the way, and condescended to acknowledge as acquaintances. They passed farmer Logan's, and Miss Graham had, again, an opportunity of seeing the family party in the exuberance of their sunset hilarity. But the joyous "troop of girls and boys" could not, now, awaken her envy; nor could the placid looking parents win from her improved sentiments an iota of respect. How far the unamiable impulse which had been given to her thoughts and feelings might have carried them, it is impossible to know—for sundry small arms, thrown caressingly about her, and a shower of wild flowers, flung by tiny, sunburnt hands, falling over her person, awoke Fanny Logan to

a realization of her identity, and immediately "the spirit of her dream departed."

But not in vain had he drooped his wing over her closed eyelids.—The visionary glimpse that had been granted her, of *possible* circumstances in the life of one whom she had envied, had prepared her to admit new trains of reflection. She did not, for a moment, fancy that Miss Graham's actual condition had been revealed to her, but she knew that young lady to be without parents. She knew that the uncle who had adopted her was her nearest living relation; she knew that the governess who superintended her education was cold and somewhat haughty in her deportment toward others; and that the intercourse of both with their neighbors, was confined to a polite recognition, when they casually met with them. These items of knowledge—which had, perhaps, crossed Fanny's mind before (and, though she refused to entertain them with due respect, may have given coloring to her dream)—now threw their dark shadows upon the hitherto unmixed sunshine, with which her imagination had arrayed the lot of the beautiful heiress. Whenever, therefore, her soul might have become sad, or her hand weary, in the performance of those duties which her humble part in the drama of life imposed, she did not, as formerly, suffer her thoughts to wander repiningly to the apparently preferable condition of those who are richer in the "gold that perisheth." On the contrary, when memory involuntarily reverted to the scenes of her brief dream of wealth, back on her heart stole that chill sense of loneliness which had poisoned her splendor, and weighed down her young spirit, as all the cares of her laborious life had never done. The recollection that she had, even in the unconsciousness of a dream, looked contemptuously on her excellent parents, brought also its own share of painful emotions.

Her dream had taught her a lesson which has never since been effaced. It had led her to look into her own heart more closely; and she was not slow in acknowledging to herself the selfishness and ingratitude of the fancies and feelings which she had lately indulged.—The blessings which she had lost sight of, while repining, resumed their brightness and value. Contrasted with Miss Graham's dreary splendor, she felt that her home treasures were as the purest diamonds to the most sordid dust. She did not adopt the absurd opinion that, to be rich in lands and money, is necessarily to be poor in the dearest relations of life—but she did admit the conviction, that our heavenly Father knows what is good and wholesome for all his creatures, and in wisdom and love apportions to each his share of this world's wealth.—She knew that none are perfectly happy, and felt that none *need* be

entirely miserable ; that, as none are without sources of enjoyment, so none are without causes of sorrow.

Fanny Logan now sings at her work with a lighter heart. Miss Graham and her governess ride or walk past the farmer's cottage, without disturbing the serenity of a single one of its inmates,—for Fanny has learned “with whatsoever things she has, therewith to be content.”

THINK OF ME THEN.

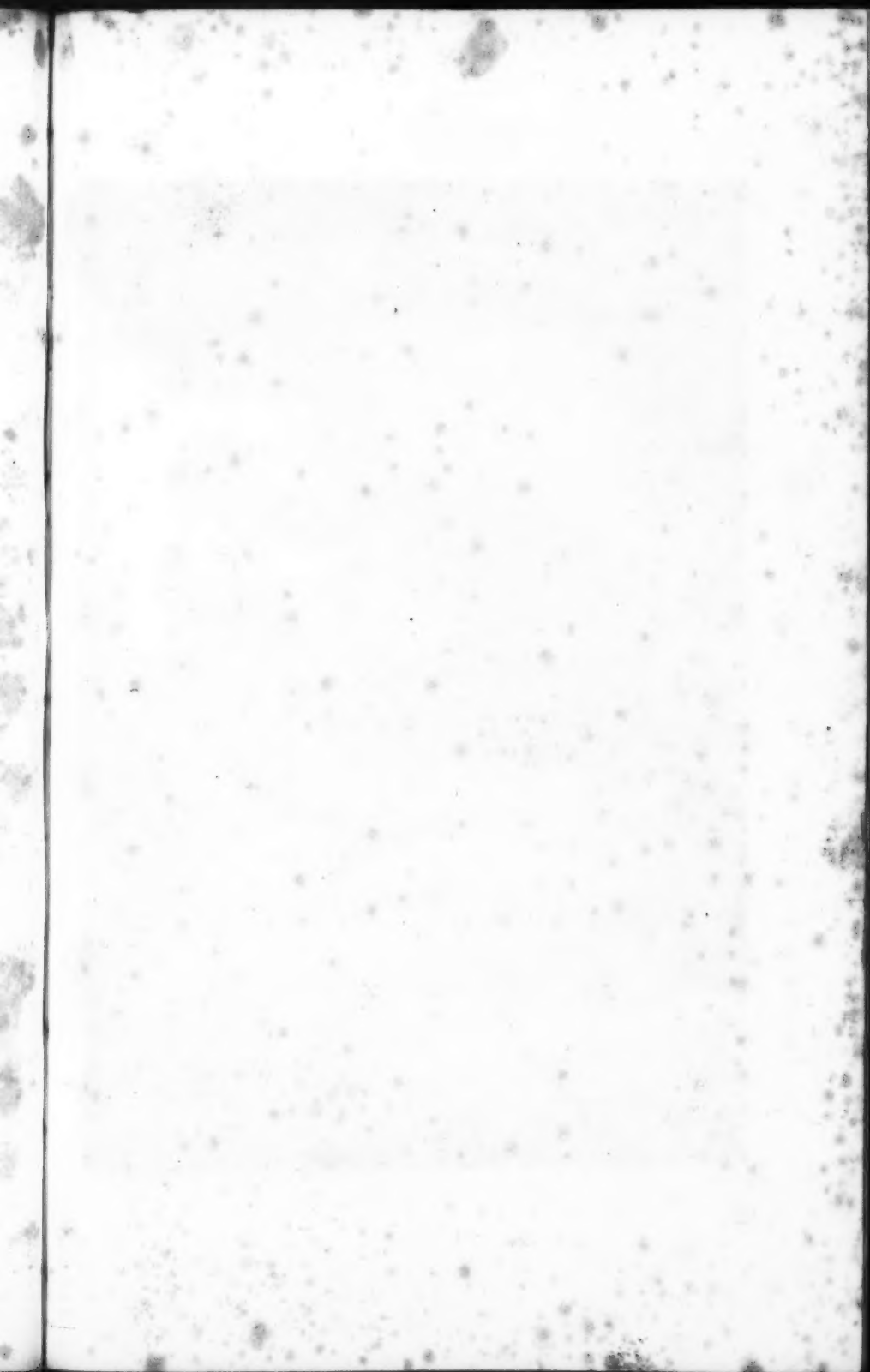
BY H. BROWN.

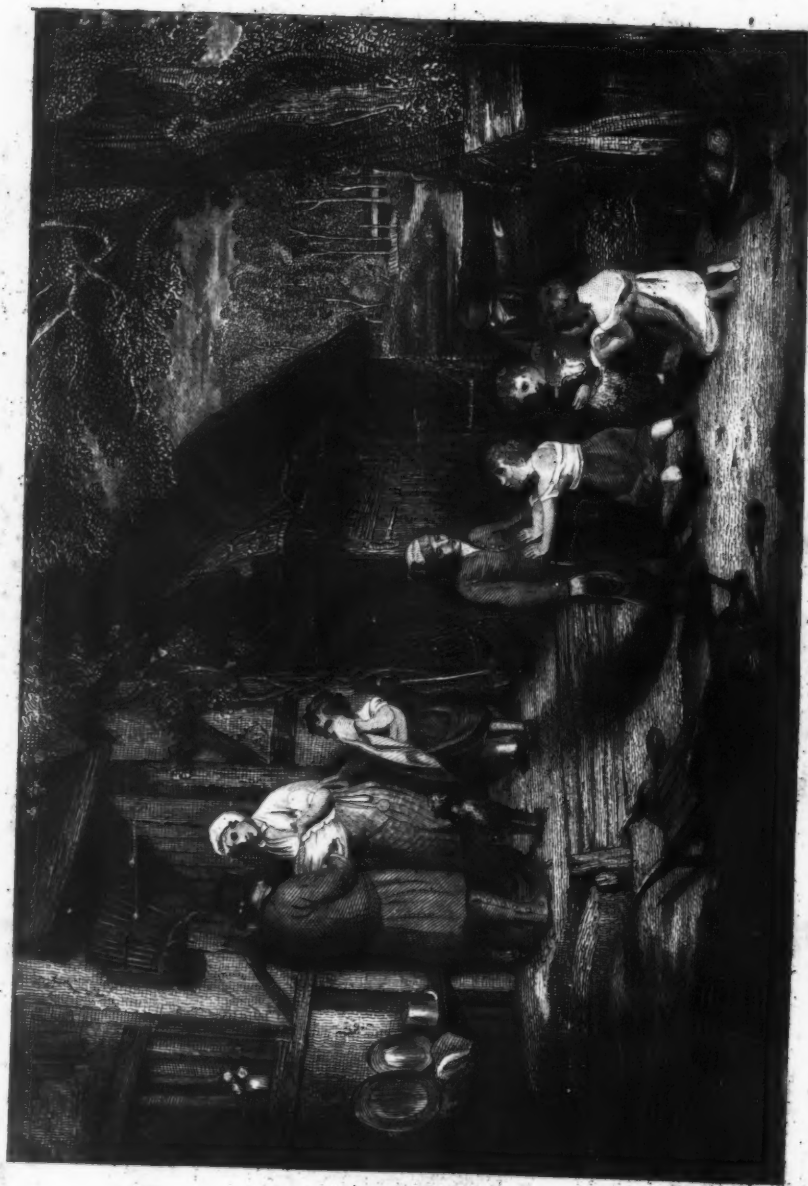
WHEN the morning in gladness wakes
On thy fond, happy home,
And the sunbeams glance on the hills
Where thou delight'st to roam ;—
When earth seems fair, in beauty clothed,
And birds sing joyously
To hail the day that brightly dawns—
Oh, then, think thou of me.

Amid the cares that pass the day,
Thy cheerful heart's content,
Thankful for all the blessed gifts
By smiling Heaven sent ;—
Then, when thy spirit fills with joy,
Thy heart as gay and free
As blithesome birds in op'ning spring—
Oh, then, think thou of me.

At evening's close, when darken'd shades
Are gath'ring thick and fast ;
And brooding thoughts come slowly on,
The mem'ry of the past ;—
Then when the light of other days
Steals gently over thee—
Brings back the happy hours of yore—
Oh, then, think thou of me.

When in the holy hour of prayer
Thy heart to God is giv'n,
And seekest humbly for the grace
That draws us nearer heaven ;—
Then, in the hour that angels bend
And watch us anxiously,
To catch the humble strain we breathe—
Oh, then, think thou of me.



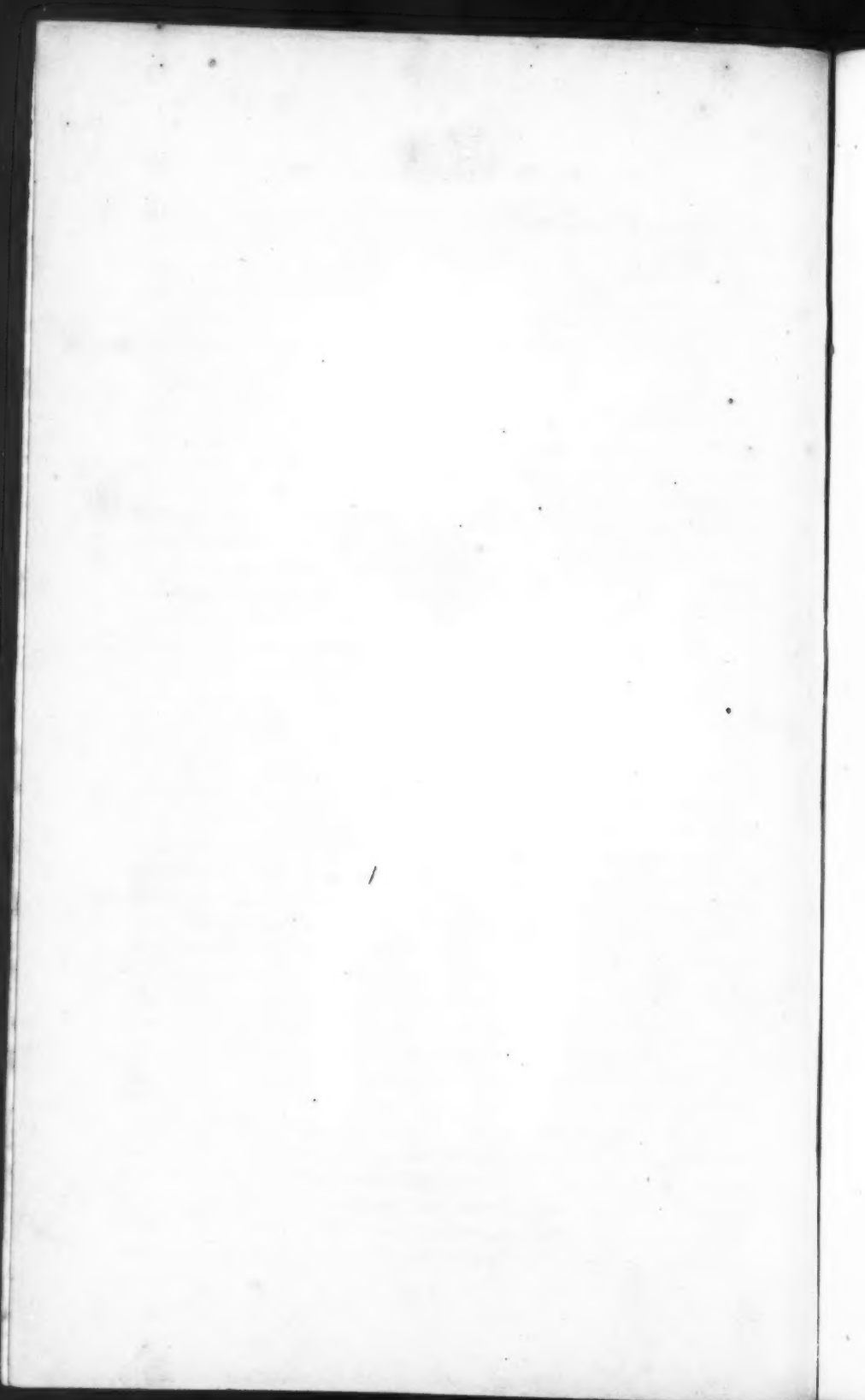


THE SALE OF THE FETTERED

THE SAIL OF THE FLEET



1 *Ixia*. 2 *Milla*. 3 *Blue Babiana*.



THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

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SEE ENGRAVING.  
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It was a fair morning in early June. The first beams of the rising sun were streaming through the latticed window of a low thatched cottage, dotting over with drops of shining gold the thick foliage of the oak which stretched its great arms shelteringly over the dwelling, brightening the eyes of the sweet flowers which peeped out from among the dark green leaves of the vine clustering around the doorway, and changing to a wave of light the softly-flowing, rippling stream, which, in its sinuous course to the Connecticut, wound past the humble abode.

Louder and sweeter, as the sun came up from the east, rang out the notes of the wild birds in the dark forest, more merrily sang the robin in the old roof tree, and right gleefully trilled the pet bobolink in his cage; and within the dwelling, as the bright beams played around their little cribs when the fresh morning air lifted the snowy curtain from the window, a troop of curly-haired, rosy-cheeked children opened eyes as bright as the early flower or the sparkling dew-drop, and as they leaped from their low beds, the carol of their young voices was sweet and merry as the morning bird's free, glad song.

Busily arranging her breakfast table was the mother of the children, a fair, delicate woman, with deep blue, gentle eyes, and a smile peaceful and happy as that which rested on the face of the little cherub to whom the glance of the mother was so often directed, and to prolong whose slumbers her foot was so often touched lightly to the rocker of the wicker cradle. Her dress was very neat and tasteful, as was the whole arrangement of her dwelling, though every thing told of the most strict frugality.

The children came bounding into the apartment, with difficulty restraining their merry shouts when they perceived that baby was sleeping, and wholly unable to suppress a loud laugh when Harry, the youngest of them, suddenly found himself rolling on the floor with a cold nose rubbing over his cheeks and among his sunny hair. That little white face had, for some minutes, been peeping in at the cottage door, and when the children made their appearance, Cossie came frisking into the room. Many a tumble did Harry and the pet lamb have, to the infinite amusement of the other children, before the little boy

could get on his feet again, for Cossie had rather the best end of the affair.

But the pet had to suffer for all such freaks—he was obliged to take his breakfast out of Harry's bowl of bread and milk; the little creature knew very well what the penalty was, for when the child took his seat, with his breakfast on a stool before him, the lamb came and put his nose in the dish.

The morning repast was prepared, and Mrs. Stanwood, bidding her eldest boy, Willie, call his father, poured out the coffee, and taking the babe in her arms, sat down to the table. But Willie could not find his father any where; he was not "in the garden, nor in the shed, nor down the street."

"Well, he will soon be in!" said Mrs. Stanwood, "take your bread and milk, Willie; you hear the cow lowing for her pasture."

The children finished their breakfast and went out; Harry and Annette—the two youngest, next the baby, to their play, and little Susy to gather fresh flowers to place in the cottage window, while Stephen—her twin brother, and Willie, drove the cow to pasture.

But the father had not appeared. The steam had ceased curling up from the white loaf, the yellow butter was beginning to look oily, and the coffee was almost cold. More and more frequently was the glance of the wife turned from the sewing she had taken in her hand, toward the window. Her husband had never caused her so to wait for him before. An hour passed; where could he be? Mrs. Stanwood began to be alarmed, and she had just decided to send Willie to the village in search of him, when Susy came running into the house.

"Mother," she said, opening her little dark eyes wide with astonishment, "father has gone away—very far away! He went last night when the moon was shining; I heard the clock strike twelve after he went out!"

"Gone away? what do you mean, child?" asked Mrs. Stanwood.

"I thought it was a dream, mother," said Susy, "but it was not! Father came into the room and kissed us all as he always does before he goes to bed, and I heard him whisper something about going very far away over the ocean, and not coming back any more. But father will come back again, will he not, mother?" and Susy burst into tears.

Mrs. Stanwood rose from her seat, and opened a closet. Her husband's every-day coat and cap were there, but the new hat, and the suit of clothes he had brought home a day or two before, were gone; his linen had all disappeared, the box in which he had kept his money and papers was entirely empty, and his traveling trunk was not to be found! Mrs. Stanwood walked across the floor, and placing the babe

in its cradle, sat down beside it, but only for a moment did she retain her seat; and then, with a low, deep groan, she fell fainting on the floor.

How that day passed, and how passed many other days and weeks, even, to the deserted woman, she could not afterwards tell: the blow was so terrible—so unexpected!

From the moment when the handsome young stranger, whom she had seen a few times at the church of which her father was the rector, came and sat down beside her as she knelt alone, a poor orphan, beside the new-made grave of that father, took her cold hand in his, told her of his love, and begged her to become his wife—from that moment, till the night of his desertion, though ten years had since passed away, never had he addressed an unkind word to her; never had a look, but of love and approval, met her glance. She had believed, what had been most true in her own case, that each passing year more and more satisfied him that his hasty choice of a partner was well made. They had always been poor. On leaving England, her husband had but enough to procure them a passage to New-York, but by his industry, and the good management of his wife, though her health was delicate, and though "the poor man's blessing" was bestowed on them almost yearly, they had always lived comfortably, and at length the thatched cottage the family now occupied, and the few acres of land about it, had become their own.

"Poor in this world's goods, but rich in you, my Mary!"

How often had those words been whispered in her ear, as a warm cheek was pressed to hers! not a week before he left her, had they made her heart leap for joy.

It was no wonder that the deserted woman sank under this dreadful woe, that nothing short of the dangerous illness of one of her children was able to call her dying energy back to life. Stephen was taken suddenly and so severely ill that for several days his life was despaired of, and the daily attendance of a physician was necessary for nearly two weeks; but on the day that he was pronounced out of danger, a conviction was forced on the heart of Mrs. Stanwood, which made her almost wish that Heaven had taken the dear boy to itself;—the conviction was that she was most wretchedly poor, and consequently friendless.

The physician sent in his bill for attendance on the child, and Mrs. Stanwood went instinctively to the money box; but as she put her hand on the lid, she remembered that it was empty, and worse than that, she knew not where the sum she required could be obtained.

As she sat, after the departure of the doctor's boy, who had replied to her very rudely, when he was told that she was at present unable

to pay the bill, but would do so at the earliest moment possible—vainly attempting to discover some way by which to procure the money, a sprucely-dressed young man, with small, sharp features, a cadaverous complexion, and light blue, restless eyes, came with a quick, uneasy gait up the path to Mrs. Stanwood's cottage, and knocked, hesitatingly, at the door.

It was Mr. Owen, the storekeeper, who, during the three years he had been doing business at Oakdale, had not lost, it was said, a single debt. The doctor's boy had stepped into the store, on his way home from Mrs. Stanwood's, and had informed Mr. Owen of the result of his call on the lady. For a moment after the youth went out, the storekeeper, who had no other customers in his shop, stood lost in thought; and then, after closing his shop door, he turned over, hastily, the pages of his day-book. For the little business he did, it must have been the register of some months back at which the young man was looking, but yet he dipped his pen in ink, and added several lines to his accounts, and after drawing up a bill which he put in his pocket, he started for Mrs. Stanwood's.

Mr. Owen was a very polite, gentlemanly young man. He was very happy to find Mrs. Stanwood and her family so well; he hoped they were getting along very comfortably. He had called to see if she would like to sell her cow; he was expecting to commence housekeeping soon, and would like to purchase one.

Mrs. Stanwood could not spare her; milk was half her children's living.

"I suppose you would hardly know how to do without her," said Mr. Owen, "but I thought it would be more agreeable to you to settle with me by letting me have the cow, than it would to ——," and the young man, interrupting himself, pulled the bill from his pocket.

"Settle with you, sir?" said Mrs. Stanwood, "you have no demands against me!"

"Your husband, madam!—you will recollect he had several articles of me a few weeks before he ——, a barrel of flour, Mrs. Stanwood, fifteen pounds of sugar, a keg of molasses, and several other articles, amounting in all to a trifle more than twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars?" repeated Mrs. Stanwood, "my husband never had an account at a store, sir!" There was a tone of incredulity in her voice, but the unsuspecting Mr. Owen did not notice it.

"Probably you have not always been acquainted with his manner of doing business," remarked the young man. "Your husband, my dear madam, has proved himself to be a very different person from what you, or any one else suspected!" and there was a look of great commiseration on his countenance.

A deep flush overspread the lady's pale face ; but were not his words true ?

"I cannot pay you to-day, sir !" she said, as she rose from her seat and turned from her visitor, "I will see what I can do to-morrow !"

"I hope you will, madam !" returned Mr. Owen, as he took up his hat to go, "for," he added, in a very mild but emphatic tone, "I should be extremely sorry to give you any trouble !"

Mrs. Stanwood knew very well what the young man meant by *trouble*—she knew that unless the twenty dollars was paid him immediately, an attachment would be laid on her property ; and she feared, from the remark of the doctor's son, that his father would take the same means to collect his dues. But where was the thirty dollars to come from ? and where was she to obtain means to supply the daily wants of her family ? The stock of provisions in the house when her husband left her, three months had very nearly exhausted. Her garden would supply her with food for the winter, but she could see no way to procure bread for her children till the harvest was ripe, except by a means she dreaded to resort to—the hiring of money.

With an aching heart she put on her shawl and bonnet, and called at the office of 'Squire Jillson, an honest, but rough, coarse man, and requested the loan of forty dollars.

Mr. Jillson opened his great grey eyes, and stared on her in utter astonishment. "Did I understand you, madam ?"

"I presume so, sir !" answered the lady. "I wish to hire forty dollars. I have occasion for the immediate use of that sum."

The 'Squire looked at her as if he supposed her entirely demented.

"I should be pleased to oblige you, madam !" he said, "but you certainly cannot expect me to let you have that sum without security ; and you have no security to give."

"No security, sir !" said Mrs. Stanwood. "I hope to be able to pay you in the autumn ; for we shall have very fine fruit this year, considerably more than will be needed in my family. But without the prospect of immediate payment, why should you hesitate to loan me that sum ? The cottage we occupy is our own !"

A broad smile passed over the ugly features of the man. "You know not, then, of the existence of this instrument," he said, as he put a paper in her hands.

Mrs. Stanwood unfolded it ; for an instant she could see nothing but the name of her husband affixed to the document, but the words of the brute before her, made her glance over the paper.

"You see, madam !" said the 'Squire, "that I come into possession of the property on the twentieth of September ; and I shall expect the

cottage cleared by that day, as I have already engaged a tenant for it. You have been using the early vegetables pretty freely, I understand; and as for the matter of that, you have a right to—that is, the things which are fully ripened; but all which should not be harvested till after the twentieth of September, madam, belongs to me!”

“Can it be possible!” shrieked Mrs. Stanwood, wringing her hands in agony, “am I not dreaming? Must not this writing be a forgery?”

“Madam!” exclaimed Mr. Jillson, and his grey eyes flashed with indignation, “a forgery, did you say? Mr. Stanwood was always a very worthy, upright man, and a kind neighbor. I have no doubt but he had very good and sufficient reasons for treating you as he has done!”

The remark was scarcely heeded by the lady, the thoughts of her family so absorbed her. “Oh, my children! what will become of you?” she exclaimed, while bitter, scalding tears rained down her face—“no home, no food; and your mother friendless!”

“There is the pauper’s refuge!” said Squire Jillson, “half a dozen children, and their mother will be quite a burden on Oakdale, though!”

Mrs. Stanwood drew her shawl about her, and rushed out of the office; it seemed impossible to breathe in the presence of that man; but the choking sensation did not pass away when she found herself again in the street.

The next day the cow was sold, and fortunately she brought a sum sufficient to satisfy the demands of the storekeeper and the doctor, but nothing more. For a few nights the two little ones—Nettie and Harry, cried themselves to sleep because they could have no milk for their suppers, but very soon the bit of dry bread was eaten with great avidity, and when the flour barrel was empty, the roasted potatoe, or the baked apple.

No doubt there were people in Oakdale, who, had they known the situation and real character of Mrs. Stanwood, would have relieved her necessities, and in such a manner, too, that her sensitive heart would not have suffered; but she discovered, on application to some whom she had considered her friends, for an employment to enable her to procure bread for her children, that the idea which Mr. Jillson had thrown out, was cherished by almost every one. Mr. Stanwood was a very social man, and he was known and respected by every body in Oakdale, while his wife, who was naturally rather reserved and retiring, was almost a stranger among the people; consequently the husband had all the sympathy, while the poor, suffering woman richly deserved her fate!

September was fast passing away. Half the month was already gone. Very early one morning, Mrs. Stanwood arose from her sleepless pillow, but instead of preparing breakfast, she sat down to a piece

of sewing she had procured from a tailor's shop a few days previous, and eagerly plied her needle, though the trembling fingers seemed hardly able to draw the thread through the thick, hard cloth. The poor woman had nothing to prepare for breakfast, for the day previous Mr. Jillson had forbidden her taking any thing more from the garden. She had not eaten a morsel of food since yesterday noon, and Willie and Susy had gone supperless to bed.

No tear came to her eye as she sat there with the fresh morning air fanning her pale sunken cheek, and the songs of the early birds filling her ear with melody; not even when her glance strayed from the window to the pleasant scenery about the home, no longer her own; only a sigh, so low and deep that it must have come from her inmost heart, told how she was suffering; but when a light, quick tread was heard beneath her window, and, as she looked from it, a little white face was upturned to hers, and the low soft bleat for his companions came to her ear, the tears did come fast and thick; and opening the door, she stooped to caress the pet lamb. He had been promised, the day before, to the butcher, but it seemed to Mrs. Stanwood like parting her family, to dispose of him. Her husband had found him on a cold day in early spring, and had brought him home, almost lifeless; only the tenderest care of herself and children had made him the healthful, sprightly thing he was, and so much was her family attached to him, that only to keep from starving could she have consented to part with him. She had hoped that the butcher would send for him before the children waked, but their voices were already heard, and Mr. Brown was not making his appearance.

"Last night," Mrs. Stanwood heard Willie saying to his brothers and sisters, "last night mother sent me with a billet to the butcher's, and don't you think, Mr. Brown's boy was killing lambs—dear little lambs, almost as white and pretty as Cossie is! Their eyes were so bright, and they looked so gentle and innocent when he took his long sharp knife and drew it across their necks! Oh, I dreamed about it all night!"

"Almost as white and pretty as Cossie is?" sobbed little Susy.

"And did they die?" lisped Nettie.

"Yes, the blood ran all over their white fleece," returned Willie, "and then their eyes grew dim, and they could never stir again!"

"Well, it was'n't you, was it, Cossie?" said little Harry as he bounded into the room, and twined his arms around the neck of the pet lamb, burying his rosy face in the snowy fleece. "Nobody shall ever hurt you, shall they, mother? and when my father comes home, you shall eat milk again with me, Cossie!"

Mrs. Stanwood put two melons on a dish which she placed in Willie's hand. "You can make a breakfast of these, can you not, children?" she asked. "You shall have bread for dinner!"

The little things readily assented. "We will go out under the tree, down by the well," said Stephen; "come, Cossie!" and Willie, carrying the dish, and Susy a knife to cut the melons, ran out of the cottage.

They had hardly seated themselves on the ground, when heavy footsteps were near them, and looking up, they perceived the burly form of Mr. Brown, the butcher, approaching the house, followed by his boy with a wheelbarrow. The older children glanced at each other.

"They can't be coming after Cossie, can they, Susy?" whispered Stephen, putting his arms about the lamb, and pressing him close to his bosom. "What did mother send a billet to him for, Willie?"

Willie did not know. The knife dropped from Susy's hand, and she sat anxiously gazing on the butcher as he approached the cottage door, and at the first word which he addressed to her mother the child sprang to her feet, and ran to her parent's side; but when Mr. Brown looked at her, and his great dog came close before her, she dared not speak, but stood pulling her mother by the sleeve, and wiping with her apron the fast flowing tears from her cheeks.

"There, ma'am, is all I can give you!" said Mr. Brown, extending his hand, on which lay four half dollars. "Wool is low, and I could not afford to give you as much as that, only I want him to kill to-night?"

How little Susy pulled at her mother's sleeve, and how her tears streamed!

"I must let you have him," returned Mrs. Stanwood, "or I can give my children no food to-day; but pay me all you can afford for him, sir! for I know not where I shall obtain any thing more for my family!"

"Go away, you great butcher boy!" exclaimed little Harry, pressing his hands against Dick Brown, as the lad advanced with his rope to bind the lamb. "You shan't have my Cossie, you great wicked boy! you would kill him!" and the little fellow's upturned face expressed all the indignation which he felt.

"Steve! Steve!" whispered Willie, putting one hand on his brother's shoulder, while with the other he pointed to the forest, "let Cossie go—let him go! I will call him up there where nobody can find him!"

But Stephen could not trust the lamb out of his arms, he only clasped him more tightly about the neck, while the little bare-footed Nettie was kneeling beside him, trying to coax him to eat the handful of grass she had plucked for him—Cossie's dear little white face looking all the while as calm and unconcerned as if nothing was the matter.

However, the lamb was bound, and notwithstanding the cries of the

children, Dick Brown put him on his wheelbarrow, and started away with him, his father, who had added another dollar to the price of the lamb, following him at a short distance. Mrs. Stanwood wiped away the tears, which, as soon as the butcher's back was turned, gushed from her eyes, and calling the children into the house, tried to explain to them why it was necessary that their little companion should be sold; and she put in the hand of Willie a piece of silver, telling him to go to the baker's and get a nice loaf of bread for their breakfast; but the child put back the bit in his mother's lap; he could not eat bread bought with *that* money, and Stephen repeated his brother's words.

The mother offered the money to Susy, but the little girl only put her apron to her face and sobbed aloud.

"My children, do you not love me?" said Mrs. Stanwood, in a voice of agony.

"No, we don't love you, you wicked mother!" exclaimed Harry, looking boldly in her face, "and my father don't love you, either! He won't come home to see you any more!" and the other children were silent, only Nettie, still holding the grass in her apron, was trying to coax Willie to run after the butcher, and get back Cossie.

The children had never before disobeyed their mother, and her heart sank under this new grief. "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "surely the night of sorrow is now at its deepest gloom; when will the morning come?" and she took from the shelf, where it had long lain unopened, the family Bible.

In her bitter grief she had forgotten till now, the book from which her husband had always read to his family in the morning. It had been placed on the breakfast table the day after he had left home, but was returned again to the shelf, unopened, and had not since been removed. But every other support was now taken away, and Mrs. Stanwood looked again to that which, alone, is unfailing. As she opened the book, two papers fell from it. One contained bank bills to the amount, so the envelope said, of one hundred dollars; and the other was a letter addressed to herself by her husband, dated the evening before he had left his home.

The lady opened the letter and read the closing lines, and then, putting in Willie's hand the money she had received from the butcher, she said—"Run, run to Mr. Brown, and give him this, and ask him to please let you have the lamb again!"

Willie took the money and ran out of the house, but little Susy waited to kiss her mother before she could follow the other children, all of whom had started after the lamb, Harry calling, at the top of his voice—"Butcher boy, butcher boy, bring back my Cossie!"

Mrs. Stanwood, with the tears of joy streaming over her face, sat down to read her letter. It ran as follows :

"MY DEAR MARY,—I am about to leave you for a brief space, and have just been in your room to tell you of my contemplated journey, and my reasons for taking it ; but you are sleeping so calmly and peacefully, and you so much need the rest of which our little one has deprived you many nights, that I cannot wake you to grief. So sleep on, my darling, and gather strength for the morrow. You should have been made acquainted with my plans ere now, but I had not expected, until an hour since, to commence my journey for two weeks to come, and I knew the thoughts of my absence would so much distress you, that I wished to delay as long as possible the infliction of this pain.—Do not grieve too much, Mary, my absence will be short. You have heard me speak of a bachelor uncle in England, but I have never told you of his situation in life, nor of the intentions he once cherished towards me. My uncle, whose name I bear, is possessed of immense wealth, acquired by himself, but not early enough in life to ensure him the attainment of the other object he had promised himself he would acquire—a connection with the nobility ; and when convinced that he could not form the alliance he desired, he adopted me, an orphan of fifteen, as his son and heir, and designed to make of me the link between himself and greatness. I knew not what were the intentions of my uncle towards me till after I had seen you, Mary ! and when I told him of the —, but it is no matter in what terms I described you to him, he was not well pleased. The old gentleman probably saw farther into my heart than I was myself seeing, and he desired me to think no more of you ; he was about to introduce me to a young lady between whom and myself, her father and my uncle had planned a marriage. I owed my uncle much, but not the sacrifice of a life-time of happiness ; and when I again saw you, I asked you to become my wife. It is to see this uncle that I am now going to England.

"We have been happy, Mary ! in no situation could we be more satisfied with each other than we have been ; but I am pained to see you toil, as you are now compelled to, and our children should have other advantages than we can afford them ; and I am now going to my uncle to tell him what a kind, dear wife you have been to me, and what beautiful children have been given us. I feel assured that he will receive me kindly ; but if he does not, we can still live, though this journey will cost me all we have yet acquired. I have recently been preparing myself to engage in a pursuit which will bring us a better income than we have hitherto received ; so do not be discouraged,

Mary, when I tell you that our cottage is sold ! I was obliged to part with it to raise the sum of money that I needed. One hundred dollars I leave with you ; so do not need anything in my absence, and be happy when I am gone. I have been again to your room, Mary ! but you are still quietly sleeping. Do not think me unkind, when you read this, that I did not wake you to say Farewell : I cannot break your slumbers ! You will learn in the morning that I am gone, when you place the Bible on the breakfast table.

"Farewell, my darling Mary ; keep up a good heart while I am gone ! the three or four months of separation will soon be passed.

HENRY."

Willie soon overtook the butcher, but the little fellow had so hurried for fear he should reach him too late to regain the lamb, that he was unable to make known his request. He could only thrust the money into Mr. Brown's hand, and look wistfully in his face. The butcher readily comprehended his meaning. He was a kind-hearted man, and he had been half inclined, ever since leaving Mrs. Stanwood's door, to send Dick back with the lamb ; for he had seen how hard it was for the lady, as well as the children to part with it. He unbound him very willingly, but bade Willie carry the money back to his mother. The little fellow, who had now recovered breath, refused to take it.—His mother had a whole roll of money now, some which his father had left her ; she had just found it, and a letter he wrote to her before he went away.

Mrs. Stanwood sat weeping for joy over her husband's letter, when the merry voices of her children were heard approaching the cottage door, and taking her babe in her arms, she hurried out to meet them. Harry and Cossie were in a high frolic, and so interested were the other children in the sport, and so boisterous was their mirth, that the sound of carriage wheels was not heard ; and no one observed who was approaching the house, until strong arms were encircling Mrs. Stanwood and her babe, and the earnest, loving eyes of her husband were fixed on her countenance. There was joy and grief too, in their expression, for the pale thin face told him how she had suffered in his absence.

"Mary, why do I find you thus ?" he asked.

"Oh, Henry," she sobbed, "until this morning I had forgotten Heaven !"

"And you have just found my letter ! My poor wife, how you must have suffered !"

The children came crowding about their father, all but Harry ; he

sat very contentedly, in the arms of a stranger, a noble, gentlemanly-looking man of sixty years, who was saying to the little fellow—

“And so your name is Henry Stanwood! Well, that is mine too!” and the *uncle* was introduced to his niece and her children.

The old gentleman had received his nephew with open arms, his disobedience having been long ago forgiven, and had accompanied him to America with the intention of making his home with the young man. The cottage was repurchased of 'Squire Jillson, and in a beautiful site on the broad lands which were added to the little garden, a handsome residence has been erected, over the green lawn surrounding which may yet be seen straying the now staid and sober, but still favorite Cossie.

There was but one individual in Oakdale who did not rejoice in the return of Mr. Stanwood and the prosperity of his family. For a long time Mr. Owen was very shy of him; and to this day, the dread of Mr. Stanwood has kept him from the contemptible practices of which he was formerly guilty.

LONGING FOR THE ABSENT.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THERE is a spell comes o'er the soul,
No tongue e'er told—no heart defused;
A spell, o'er which there's no control,
An utter loneliness of mind:

Which sinks the weary spirit down,
And makes us sad—we know not why;
When every charm of life seems flown,
And tears bedim the anxious eye.

No mortal hand can stay its course,
Nor stop the tide of human feeling
That rushes o'er us in its force,
The present and the past revealing.

And there is something in the spell
That winds its way o'er all our senses;
Remembrance wakes! ah, she can tell
From whence and where the spell commences.

It is when those we love are gone,
Our hearts yield to this gush of feeling;
Nor can sweet music's softest tone
Prevent the spell from o'er us stealing.

CONTENTMENT, OR THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

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BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.  
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THE reason why, comparatively, so few of mankind are truly happy, is, that instead of taking a little trouble to search out the secret of true happiness before commencing the search, they at once begin the pursuit by rushing blindly on towards some darling object which enlists their feelings, the acquisition or possession of which to their imaginations is the *summum bonum* of felicity. The greatest good is, to their minds, comprised in the gratification of their selfish wishes. Happiness is the aim of all mankind; it is the prospective state which each individual is endeavoring in his own way to reach, yet how mistaken the path which is almost universally chosen.

True happiness must be found within one's own bosom. The foundation of it must be laid by a diligent and persevering cultivation of a spirit of contentment under all circumstances, and in every vicissitude of life. It is in vain, in this changeful and trying world, to build upon any other foundation. Contentment is really dependent upon no outward circumstances; if we cannot find it within ourselves, universal experience has proved that it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere. If discontent is fostered in the heart by the indulgence of a fretful spirit under every adverse circumstance, it would make no difference though fortune lavished its choicest favors, and gold came down in showers—this world would be a desert: whereas to the poor cottager, who toils for his daily bread, in whose bosom reigns a spirit of peaceful, calm reliance upon Providence, and a holy resignation to his will, this world is fair and lovely. Even where life is so crowded with burdens, that it seems no longer desirable for its possessor, it may yet be esteemed for the blessings it is capable of bestowing upon others.

How then shall this inestimable blessing—this sweet spirit of contentment under all the accumulated ills of life—be procured? The first and fundamental requisite to its attainment is, to cultivate a spirit of *patience*; or, in other words, a spirit of resignation to the Divine will. Impatience under any circumstances is a warfare against Providence, and to murmur against natural events, is to affront Him. It is fancy, not the reason of things, that makes life so burdensome to us.

One of the most distinguishing traits in the character of Socrates was a tranquillity of soul, no misfortune, no injury, no ill treatment, could ever disturb; and as it is supposed that he was naturally of a hasty, passionate temper, his mildness and calmness were the effect of his endeavors to subdue and correct himself. In this he exemplified, by his conduct, the important truth, that the passions give energy to character, and the conquest of them gives dignity. Epictetus, one of the most renowned of the heathen philosophers, reduced all his philosophy to two maxims, viz. : to suffer evils with patience, and enjoy pleasures with moderation. He comprised it in two words—"Bear and forbear." Ariosto had an inscription over his door in Ferrara, in these words—" *parva sed apta mihi*," small but sufficient for me.

There are few situations in life; in which every thing can be brought to coincide with one's own wishes; consequently the causes of discontent and unhappiness are innumerable, and the ills of life keep most persons always tossing on the tumultuous billows of dissatisfaction.—Poverty annoys many; the cares and vexations of wealth trouble others. Some are groaning under the shafts of slander. Many fear a bad name, but few their consciences. Plato says—"when men speak ill of thee, live so as nobody will believe them"—which is truly the best method to be pursued for the defense of character, and more convincing than volumes of eloquence. Various ideas have been formed respecting the true nature of happiness, both in ancient and modern times. Indeed, perhaps no word, since the creation of man, has ever been made to answer to so many different meanings. This simple definition, however, seems to cover the whole ground, *Happiness is that state of felicity in which there is nothing to be desired.* A few illustrations from the heathen philosophers will serve to describe this subject.—Diogenes, the Cynic, considered *liberty* as the greatest of terrestrial blessings; as he had been himself a slave, he found great fault with those who complained of fortune. "Men always ask," said he, "what they think good, not what really is so." Thales, the Milesian, said that "true happiness consists in enjoying perfect health, a moderate fortune, and in spending life free from effeminacy and ignorance."—Bion, an accomplished philosopher, says, "a man may be happy though he have little, but he must be unhappy while he has desires." Being asked what constituted the most unhappy character, he replied—"to be passionate, and inconsiderate, and at the same time to be desirous of becoming happy, and leading a tranquil life." Epicurus, the Athenian, taught that happiness consists in the practice of virtue. Cicero also says, "A man cannot live happily unless he live wisely, honorably, and justly. Nor can he live wisely, honorably, and justly, without

being happy. In order to be happy, we must take wisdom for our guide. It is wisdom alone which can dispel the gloom of the soul—which forbids us to fear; by whose precepts life can be spent in tranquillity, and the ardor of every desire extinguished; for the desires are insatiable, they destroy individuals, are the ruin of families, and sometimes the destruction of states." When Socrates was asked which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest the gods in happiness, he answered, "that man who is in want of the fewest things."

Contentment is the true philosopher's stone: this is the only alchemy which can turn every thing into gold. When so many philosophers of past ages, reputed wise men, spent their lives, health and fortunes in the chimerical attempt to discover the secret of transmuting metals, as the means of greatest good, how much easier has it been obtained by the truly wise without the aid of crucibles. Contentment may be called the stone, and happiness the gold. Though perhaps not all those who possess a spirit of contentment and live in the habitual exercise of that virtue, may be perfectly happy. Still it must follow that their happiness will be proportionate to their success in governing their desires.

It is related of the Greek philosopher Bias, one of the seven wise men of Greece, when his native city was taken by the enemy, and all were trying to conceal their treasures, that he alone gave himself no trouble. "My only real treasures are my thoughts," said he. Happy man—and wise as happy! He had the root of the matter in him, and had learned the true philosophy of life.

It is an important truth, that in as far as we allow the spiritual and the intellectual in our nature to predominate over the sensual, and the benevolent to triumph over the selfish, we shall, all other things being equal, increase our personal happiness. The cultivation of the heart, taste and intellect, would seem necessary to true and abiding happiness. When truly cultivated, they raise us above the petty trials and vexations of this life, and fit us to bear those which are heavier with equanimity. The mind thus becomes exalted, enlarged, and purified, and we are enabled to exert an elevated and salutary influence in the sphere of life in which we move. Neither mines of gold, nor the pearly gems of the ocean, can purchase them; nor adversity prevent the enjoyment of them. There are probably few circumstances, or conditions in life, in which they may not be cultivated; the most adverse external circumstances are often, in this respect, most favorable. Even extreme poverty, one of the most trying of earthly ills to struggle with, bearing almost every other in its train, cannot always daunt the ardor, or quench the ambition of the truly aspiring soul. It is often while there is little or nothing to contribute to enjoyment from without, that

the mind, desirous of improvement, and sensible of the nature of true happiness, turns within upon its own resources ; and though the rude storms of winter may rage without, yet the soul may thus enjoy the sunshine of a perpetual summer. Intelligence and moral excellence adorn prosperity, gild adversity, and make even poverty respectable. These qualities are incomparably greater than any external endowments.

THE TRIUMVERE.

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 BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.  
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WITHIN forty-eight hours, there occurs every year the anniversary of three important events in our national history—Washington's birth—the death of J. Q. Adams—and the battle of Buena Vista. The following lines were written at a celebration of Washington's birth-day at Rome.

Hark, the cannon's booming sound !
 Armies shake the trampled ground ;
 Our eagle every where is found,
 Soaring o'er the plain.
 Clouds of smoke rise, dense and high,
 Rolling darkly to the sky ;
 See the madden'd war steeds fly
 O'er the prostrate slain !

Buena Vista's chief is dead—
 He who fought and bravely led—
 Where each foeman fell or fled ;
 Strike the muffled drum !
 Tears are blended with our mirth :
 To-day our Washington had birth,
 And Adams saw the last of earth—
 Sing a Requiem !

Sing of glorious Washington—
 Sing the fight our Taylor won—
 Sing Columbia's statesman son—
 Great triumvere !
 Stand ye with uncover'd brow,
 For pale and cold, as mountain snow,
 Are those we mourn in silence now,
 They live immortally.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF A FREE HEART.

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BY LELA LINWOOD.  
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THE evening, incense-crowned, was abroad—the *October* evening, which garners all our fairest thoughts of moonlight glory. A few stars shone clear and pale, like lamps before some high, far-off altar. The voice of the wind murmured low to the trees, drest in coronal robes, and told the gay leaves a story of their frailty, which they kept answering in the same sad, musical tone. The air had a holy clearness. Its heights seemed, opened up, nearer the gate of heaven than is wont. The quick eye of fancy almost caught sight of the wondrous portal—her quick ear listened for a strain of the seraphic melody—was it not near enough to wander down?

This evening with its mellowest beauty encircled the little rural city of N., which nature and art have created to yield a charm for all. By an open window in one of its pleasant parlors, stood Grace Arland, the person, in this brief sketch, toward whom, if we can, dear reader, we would draw your chief interest and affection.

She was, in outward appearance, exceedingly attractive. Her figure was slightly above the medium height of woman. Her face was not perfect in symmetry of feature, but rich in changeful expression. Her eyes were dark and lustrous and deep. Her forehead was not over high, but full and classic, gracefully shaded by its bands of dark brown hair. The countenance betrayed a sensitive and an earnest nature, and bore that rare impress of genius, which seldom fails, even at first sight, to tinge our admiration with an involuntary respect. Both figure and face revealed their youth, yet there was about the latter a depth of expression, belonging more often to the maturer woman, than to the young of nineteen years. Grace was habited in a thin, white muslin—a choice knot of flowers in her hand, and a delicate wreath twined about her head. She was evidently dressed for some evening gathering. Her attitude was one of reflection, and as she thought, she grew more and more serious, till with a sigh, half sad, half impatient, she began to talk to herself—

“So I shall meet Edward Grey, to-night. Poor Jeanie! how could he treat her as he has done—the heartless, good-for-nothing trifler!—And he thinks he will flirt with Jeanie’s friend, does he? We shall

see whether Grace Arland will fall such an easy prey to his soft words." The eye of the soliloquizing girl grew so bright, and its meaning so lofty, that no one who saw her thus, would dare attempt to trifle with her. Her face gradually softened, she murmured Jeanie's name again, and said musingly, and curiously, "I wonder." Just then, the carriage, for which she was waiting, drove to the door, and her fond father handed her in. In half an hour, she was passing the first salutations in Mrs. Clarke's well-filled parlors. A group of gentlemen soon clustered near her, and foremost among them, one Mr. Raymond, her openly professed admirer. After a few moments' conversation, he begged permission to place her at the piano. His request was urged by others, and Miss Arland consented to oblige them without any of that affected hesitation and delay, so common in such circumstances. She was not skilled in the performance of difficult instrumental music, but her style of singing was like herself, graceful, expressive, original. You recognized the same clear sweetness of tone, you had just remarked in conversation—the same earnest undertone of feeling. You felt in both cases that the spirit was breathing through the voice. She sang two or three times, and declined further invitations. Those who knew her, were aware that her refusal once expressed was decisive, and ceased to press further.

As she rose from the instrument, Mrs. Clarke was standing by her side, with her hand upon the arm of a young man, whom she immediately presented to Miss Arland, as Mr. Edward Grey. Miss Arland's eyes were turned upon the gentleman with a very steady glance, and her manner polite, though cool and reserved, made him feel, at once, that he was conversing with no plaything. He was gay, handsome, and agreeable. She was surprised to find him so sensible and refined, for it is a frequent error, to paint a character, part of which we disapprove, as entirely undesirable. Grace had never seen Mr. Grey before. She had recently heard of him, as one who trifled with the hearts of her own sex, and this roused all her indignation. Jeanie Waldron, an affectionate, confiding, unsophisticated girl of eighteen, a friend of her own, had met Edward Grey during a visit to the house of a mutual relative. He had laid siege to her heart, and with an easy effort won it. She was simple and yielding, and had not the resolution to cast his love entirely from her, after it began to grow inconstant.—She suffered him to vascillate between herself and another, to conciliate her, easily, when irritated, and to love or unlove, as his wayward fancy dictated. At this stage of affairs, Jeanie made a confidant of her friend Grace, to whom she looked up for guidance, and Grace imparting a spark of her own spirited nature to her companion, was the means of

procuring Mr. Grey a decided, and, to him, very surprising dismissal. —By and by, the tenor of Miss Arland's advice became known, (as such things will) to the gentleman of whom we speak. He was highly resentful, and vowed to have his revenge by flirting with Miss Arland herself, whenever he could meet her. The opportunity, for which he had sought, was this evening granted him. While Grace was seated at the piano, his position had been such that her face was not visible to him. He had been charmed by her songs, and was waiting impatiently for an introduction, his other feelings having yielded place, for the nonce, to a strong curiosity. When she rose from the instrument, and turned her face toward his, he was astonished at its beauty. —There was something about it, too, which awed him. Each successive time he looked, or heard her speak, his self-possession grew less, and he became nervously anxious to impress her favorably. She was sufficiently social, but he felt that an undefined something in her manner forbade any of his usual gallantries of speech. He tried several times during the evening to break through this, and failed. Finally, as they were promenading upon the verandah, he resolved upon a desperate effort to introduce a spice of sentiment.

"How beautiful is this moonlight! Miss Arland," he began—"is it not strange, that any can remain cold and emotionless, on such a night as this?"

"Perhaps it is strange," she responded, "yet such persons are far more tolerable to me, than the many who affect an appreciation they do not feel—who express in hackneyed phrase, which you have no doubt heard, an admiration that is not genuine."

He glanced at her doubtfully. Had her penetration read him deeply enough to discern that his last remark was not the simple tribute of a heart overflowing with its love for the beautiful in nature? He could not divine. Her face was serious and composed. If she had suspected the truth, no evidence of the face appeared there. He was reassured, and continued—

"Do you not think the moonlight and the starlight, a sweet link between the absent, Miss Arland?"

"A *holy* link, Mr. Grey. They connect us, not only with the living whom we love, but with the glorified. They, above, we, beneath the calm moon and the pure stars. They, in perfect light—we, struggling yet with the shadows. They, in the near presence of Him, who owns the heavens as the work of His hands—we, beholding Him, still, in a glass, darkly, waiting until we shall see Him as he is."

The speaker's face was upturned to meet the full lunar light. There was upon it a sublime expression. She was thinking of those blessed

realities of eternity in which she believed with all her heart—of that meeting for which she looked, with a tender mother, and a fair young sister, who had long been absent, in the country of the angels. She had forgotten, for the moment, her companion. He could not comprehend her mood, but to the lofty beauty of her face he paid, inwardly, a profound homage. It was vain to think of a *flirtation* with Miss Arland—he felt it was.

She resumed almost immediately her usual manner, and soon after took her leave. He placed her in the carriage, and longed to press her hand to his lips, as he resigned it, but for the first time in his life—*dared not*.

‘Ah, well! I do not wonder Jeanie loves him,’ said Grace to herself, when the evening was over. “He is very winning, certainly, and just the person to captivate her, poor child. As for me, I do not believe he will quite break my heart! I wonder if he has not true affections in his soul, hidden somewhere beneath the rubbish. If these could only be reached and touched—if *I* could only” — and Grace wandered on in a labyrinth of imagining, too complicated for us to try to follow.

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Weeks passed by—weeks during which, Edward Grey was Miss Arland’s most devoted cavalier. As far as she could, without rudeness, she discouraged his attentions. For a while, she supposed him seeking to carry out his long-divulged plan, but she soon perceived that his motive was one less blameworthy. From the first evening he met Miss Grace, he had lived in a fever of admiration. He was very much fascinated, and he imagined the respect with which this feeling was tempered, a proof that this was something deeper than one of his usual fancies. She read him well enough to know, that his passion would be brief, as it was ardent; and when he made, to her, a declaration of affection, she told him kindly and plainly that he had deceived his own heart—that he did not love her. He was amazed. That she should say, *she* did not love *him*, was scarce a surprise, but to dispute his own experience, was a little too much. He spoke warmly and earnestly. She answered him with some feeling—

“I will not contradict you, farther, Mr. Grey. You leave town tomorrow—you tell me you will be absent several weeks. There will be nothing to remind you of me, except your own thoughts. Now, prove yourself, and see if you do not find this fever cooled, when you return. I should be sorry to believe you had spent all your love, in six weeks, upon one whom you had never before met. I hope it would be injustice to you, to think thus. I cannot help believing, despite the report

I hear of you, that you have a heart capable of a true and lasting devotion. Nay," said she, in a low, kind tone, as she saw him change color, repeatedly, "do not be displeased with me. You know that I am not ignorant of the past. How could I wish to win to myself, that which might have made a friend so happy! Oh! Mr. Grey, if you have, indeed, any regard for me, promise, *promise* that you will never act a trifler's part again."

He was very much moved, and said in a scarcely audible voice—"I promise you"—He felt that the interview had lasted long enough. There was nothing more to say. A brief "good-bye" passed between them, and he left. Grace was pained, but she prophesied he would come back from his three months' trip, with a bright face and a light heart.

About three months had passed away, when our wandering knight reported himself, by letter. Grace read smilingly, as perhaps you will do, the following:—

"MY DEAR MISS ARLAND,—

I believe you are so generous, as to be happy to hear that your prediction is *fulfilled*. For a time after I parted from you, this did indeed seem an impossible future, but away from all familiar scenes and faces, the pulse throbbed more calmly, and the eye of the mind saw more clearly. I acknowledged to myself, that my heart did not rest where I had imagined it did. Earlier memories came to me from the past, and filled my soul with a quiet and a sadness, new to it. I trust I am altered, in some respects, Miss Arland—that the promise I gave you will never be broken. Looking back reluctantly upon my own treatment of others in many instances, in only *one* do I look back with *selfish* regret, with a deep yearning that I might win again what I have lost. Is that impossible? There is a name, we have neither of us spoken, yet which, I doubt not, has been sometimes, often, in our thought when together.

"Is Jeanie still free? I could not ask from her such unconditional trust, as she gave me without the asking, once, but has she enough of the old kindness in her heart still, to put me on probation—to permit what she cannot prevent—*my love*? These seem *strange questions* to ask of you, when I look back a few weeks. Because you have cured the madness which possessed me, do not think you have dissolved an admiration, respect, and gratitude, which are as lasting as they are sincere. The words you said to me, at parting, have probably affected more than you will ever know—more than I know, myself. One expression of confidence which you gave me then, despite all my errors, encourages me now to ask you to turn pleader for

Your unworthy friend,

EDWARD GREY."

Grace trusted the sincerity of Mr. Grey's protestations, and consented to favor his cause. She found, as might be anticipated, that Jeanie Waldron's heart was not proof against her first words of entreaty. It was necessary to advise against the exercise of a too lenient and forgiving temper. Grace settled the conditions. Mr. Grey was to correspond with Jeanie for a four-month, and if at the expiration of that time, they mutually desired it, he was to see her at Mr. Arland's, and renew again the promise, from which he had once been released.

The time went by swiftly. The rose-month came, and, one balmy afternoon, in that parlor to which our readers were first introduced, sat a gentleman, whose quick breath, heightened color, and nervous hand showed him not at all at ease. He was in the attitude of listening impatiently, when the door opened and the young mistress of the mansion entered hand in hand with a sweet, blushing blonde.

Jeanie and Edward were met again.

Grace exchanged a few words with Mr. Grey, and leaving the lovers alone, stepped out upon the wide verandah which encircled the house. The garden lay before her, dressed in the fresh verdure, and the queenly blossoms of June. She sauntered down one of its winding walks. The air was vocal with the harmony of birds, and heavy with the breath of flowers. The sun-setting was nigh at hand. A golden light was on the bending willow and the evergreen. It streamed downward through a graceful ash, and fell softly on the pebbled floor of a little grotto, where Grace was standing.

Just such a golden light was in the young girl's heart—a freshness pure as that white moss-bud—a warmth, rich as yonder velvet rose. Others not far distant were blessing her with their grateful love—were wishing for her a happiness like their own. Ah! they need not wish it, for her heart, with its possession of genius, beauty, and affection, with all its store of happy memories and happy dreams, is rejoicing in its *freedom*!

Oh! many bards their praise have sung,
Of love, the first, the true,
When summer suns shine on the heart,
And glistens morning dew:

But is it not a happy thing,
All fetterless and free,
Like any wild bird, on the wing,
To carol merrily?

MAGGIE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

THEY say the time of fairies
Has long since passed away,
That the dim and quiet greenwood
Holds not a single fay;
That we may not hope to find them
By streamlet or by dell,
Or slyly catch them sleeping
Within some floweret's bell.

That no more will they at morning
Up the misty mountain glide,
Or in the wooded valley
With the dreamy echoes hide.
That when the evening gathers
We never more may hear
The sound of elfin music
Borne softly to our ear.

But I know a modern fairy
That is blither far to see,
Than any elf that ever danced
Beneath the greenwood tree;
With eyes of deeper lustre,
And locks of richer gold,
Than ever mocked the moonlight
In the elfin days of old.

June's completeness cannot rival
The sweetness of her face,
Nor summer give a blossom
To match her childish grace,
And the music of her laughter,
And the beauty of her tears,
All the fairy sprites together
Never matched in bygone years!

She's somewhat more substantial
Than the tiny-footed things,
Who danced the turf at midnight
Into wondrous magic rings:

REDEEM THE TIME.

But I'd rather see the green sward
 Her feet had trampled o'er,
 Than all the "fairy circles"
 That decked the grass of yore.

'Tis said that cot or palace,
 Through whose most happy door
 A fairy guest was welcomed,
 Was blest forevermore—
 But more blessed is the threshold
 That Maggie's feet have prest,
 And blessed is the roof tree
 'Neath which she chance to rest.

And as long as truth and beauty
 Shall a joy divine impart,
 And love fill up the measure
 Of delight within the heart,
 Blest will they be, within whose home
 Our fairy dwells the while;
 And blest on whom the sunlight falls,
 Of Maggie's peerless smile!

REDEEM THE TIME.

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 BY E. ALBERTSON.  
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REDEEM the time! Mortal, awake! be wise!
 And from this bed of slothfulness arise;
 Let active, generous thoughts thy heart inspire;
 Thy neighbor's good be thy sincere desire.
 No longer sleep while God and duty calls,
 While sin and sorrow still our race enthalls—
 While sad humanity in sorrow weeps,
 And *Vice* in all our walks its revels keeps.
Awake to duty, now! The past is past—
 Alike the first year of our lives or last—
 Lost? Yes, if misimproved, but still we may
 "Redeem the time," by using well *to-day*.
 In deeds of active duty spend the hour
 We now enjoy; and let our every power
 Be consecrated to a higher aim
 Than earthly honor, power, wealth, or fame;
 So shall we pass through life and sink to rest,
 Blessing our fellows, and ourselves more blest.

OUR OLD CARPET.

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BY ANNIE PARKER.  
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It was an English carpet. My father bought it at second-hand, because he could not afford to buy a new one, for it was in those days when gold was less plenty, and carpets a rarer luxury than now.

It is faded, and threadbare. But I can remember when the colors were bright, and when I thought it the prettiest carpet that ever was seen. Even now, worn and defaced as it is, by so many years of constant service, I would not exchange it for a newer and costlier one, for with every thread of its warp and woof, is woven some memory of the past. Ah, of the feet which trod upon it daily, for so many happy and so many sorrowful years, mine alone still walk the earth: the others have long since been laid to rest within its bosom. The sight of that old carpet wakens a crowd of recollections which it were better, perhaps, should remain undisturbed forever. Yet I know not that it would be better. "Pleasant, though mournful to the soul, is the memory of past joys." And though, like

"The last leaf of a smitten tree,
I tremble on the spray,"

and when asked of my kindred, can only point to the green mounds in the church-yard. Yet there is less of sadness than of joy in living over in thought, the days when they lived and loved me on earth, as now, I have reason to believe, they still live and love me in heaven.

The day when that carpet was brought home, was a white day in my youth's calendar. We were not rich, nor poor. We had

"More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat our friends."

And better than all, we had discovered and made our own,

"—— a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—*content*."

Our house was small, but so was our family, and we had always a room to spare, when a friend came to visit us. We had no parlor, but we had a large pleasant sitting room, light and airy, and here it was our new carpet first found a resting place. With little alteration it fitted perfectly, and well do I remember the dance of delight in which my brother and I indulged ourselves, when we came in from school one night, and saw it for the first time upon the floor. My mother had to speak twice, before Oliver remembered that it was his duty to bring the cow home from pasture. I forgot to give Growler his supper, and should have sent my beautiful pet kitten, also, 'supperless to bed,' had not the former, by pleading looks and mute caresses, and the latter, by a most pathetic 'purr,' recalled me to a sense of my neglected duties.

How pleasantly the room looked that evening, when "the cheerful supper done," we drew our chairs around the open fire, (for it was a chilly evening early in November,) and my father read aloud to us Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," while my mother busied herself in making "old clothes look amaisht as weel's the new."

I knit diligently upon my first stocking, and Oliver restrained himself from doing some noisier act of mischief, by stroking the kitten's back, and pulling Growler's ears. My thoughts, spite of every effort to be attentive, would wander occasionally to the carpet, whose bright colors looked mellowed, but not less beautiful, by the evening light.—My ear caught the words,

"The white-washed walls, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,"

and then with a feeling of intense satisfaction, my eye glanced from the tall, old clock, which was shining in a new coat of varnish, to the walls but lately whitewashed, and rested on the carpet, which covered what had been, till now, our "nicely sanded floor."

My joy that night did not banish sleep from my pillow, as sorrow has done many a time since then; but my first thought in the morning was that something very pleasant had happened, and my first act after coming down stairs, even before I visited my chickens, was to call Oliver to see how beautiful the carpet looked, with the morning sun shining upon it.

I have said we were neither rich nor poor. My father began life as a merchant's clerk. It had been the intention of his father to educate his only son for one of the learned professions, but the loss of two richly freighted vessels, of which he was the principal owner, in a storm at sea, changed the current of my father's destiny, and he was removed

from the academy to the counting-room. when he had just completed his sixteenth year.

He was not fitted to become a very successful merchant. The quiet life of a scholar, would have been more to his taste. At the time of his marriage, he had been two or three years in business for himself, in a quiet little country town in Maine. Here, though his gains were small, they were sufficient, with economy, to furnish a comfortable support for his family.

My mother was a notable housekeeper. She was an active, energetic woman, full of life and vigor. Quick as thought in all her own movements, she wanted every one around her to move quickly also. I was naturally very slow about every thing. It was my aim to do well whatever I undertook, but to do any thing quickly, was quite out of my power. Sorely must I have tried my poor mother's patience.

Oliver was more like his mother. He did every thing with an ease and grace which won my unqualified admiration, and which I longed in vain to imitate. We were in the same classes in school, but the lessons over which I studied many a weary hour, that I might not lose my place beside him, seemed scarcely to cost him an effort. I never envied him the possession of so many gifts. I was too proud of him for that, but many and many a time have I wept over my own dullness. I was eight years old when the carpet was added to our home comforts. Oliver was but six. We kept no servant, and my brother and I were early taught to do many things to help our mother. Oliver's daily duty was to drive the cow to and from pasture, to bring in wood, pick up chips, and run of errands. Mine was to dust the sitting room furniture, make my bed and Oliver's, wipe the dishes, feed the chickens, and see that the wants of Growler and Kitty were properly attended to.— With my slow way of doing things, I had, especially during the short winter days, very little time for play. But I enjoyed it all the more when I did have time, and not unfrequently Oliver would try to help me, that I might the sooner be ready to join in his sports.

Dear Oliver ! Kind, generous, noble-hearted boy ! Sweet, precious memories of thee are woven in with the bright colors of our dear old carpet. Sacred remembrances they are now, for thy kind heart has long since ceased its beating, and we shall meet no more till the "sea gives up its dead."

With little interruption, Oliver and I attended the same school, until he was fifteen, and I seventeen years of age. At that time my brother's desire to go to sea was so strong, that our father and mother gave a reluctant consent to his making one voyage, in the belief that he would then be satisfied and stay at home contented. Captain Tuttle, a neigh-

bor of ours, was to sail in a month for South America, to be gone two years, and he agreed to take Oliver. Oh, what a sad month of preparation that was to us! I had never been separated from my brother. Although I was his senior by two years, our sports and studies and interests had been the same. He was my *only* brother, and the tendrils of my heart had so wound themselves around him, that I felt as if I could not bear the parting.

Strength always flows from the Fountain of Strength, in the hour of trial, if it is sought with humility and earnestness. But at that time, I had not learned that all human strength is utter weakness, and I trusted in my own. My mother and I worked diligently, to prepare every thing that was needful for his comfort, but we seldom spoke together of his going away. I could not trust my voice to do so, and if my mother said any thing to me about it, I was sure to answer her with tears. She had no sympathy with this state of feeling. She was strong and brave. I was neither. If she had once decided that a certain course of action was the *best*, she never hesitated for a moment to adopt it. With her there was no wasting time in vain regrets, and vainer wishes that things had been ordered differently.

The hour of trial, to which I had feared to look forward during those weary weeks, came and passed, and I was left alone. Oh! what desolation of heart did I experience, during the first months following my brother's departure. Those who have seen the grave close over some loved familiar friend, and have come back to the deserted house, to miss at every turn the pleasant voice and smile, and to feel there is a void in the heart which can never be filled on earth, will understand how I felt after parting from him. His death, years afterward, was not more painful to me than that first parting.

After he had gone, we settled down into a very quiet, uneventful sort of life. My school days were ended, and I had no particular object in life. As our family was small, and our way of living very simple, I had a great deal of leisure on my hands, of which I knew not how to dispose. I was fond of reading, and our little library, containing perhaps a hundred and fifty volumes, I read and read again.

My mother was rather practical than literary. She liked to read on Sundays, when she could not work, and she liked to listen to my father when he read aloud of an evening, while we knit and sewed.— But to sit down and read in the day time, by the hour together, as I often did, she regarded as a great waste of time. I did not neglect any known duty; but after I had gone through with the ordinary routine of daily work, and there were no stockings for me to mend, or other needful stitches to be taken, I used in the pleasant summer

weather to take my book, and seat myself in the low branches of an apple tree back of the house, and read, or dream away the hours. In winter, when I could not be out of doors, I betook myself to my chamber. I could have no fire in it, but it was open to the sunshine, and sheltered from the keenest winds. Here I would stay till I was too chilly to stay longer, and then go into the warm sitting room, to hear my mother wonder what I had been doing so long up stairs in the cold. I had been *dreaming*, but I never told her so—dreaming bright dreams, and peopling a little world of my own with beings of my own creation.

Without having read many novels, for the only one my father ever suffered me to read was 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' I fell into the habit, at this time, of weaving romances, of which I was not unfrequently the heroine. These creations of my own fancy had for me a degree of fascination such as few modern works of fiction, which I have since read, possess. It was a dangerous employment for a young girl, and I soon began to experience its ill effects, in a morbid sensibility, and painfully acute sensitiveness, which it has since cost me many a weary struggle to overcome.

This unprofitable mode of life was painfully interrupted by the sudden illness and death of my father. Then indeed I knew what sorrow was. I had no longer any need to *imagine* its power. I felt it in the inner depths of my spirit. I loved my father devotedly. He understood me better than my mother did, and sympathized better with my love of retirement and of books. He was not a man of remarkable energy of character, but he had great purity and tenderness of heart. From my earliest recollection, I could go to him with all my little griefs and trials, with far more freedom than to my mother. Until his death our intercourse was more like that which may be between a brother and his younger sister, than that which is usual between a father and child.

His death was a terrible blow to me. My brother had not yet returned from sea, and my mother bore her own grief, which I knew was great, so heroically, that I had not the courage to expose to her my weakness. I maintained my composure as well as I could in her presence, but I sought more and more to be alone, that I might mourn in secret. "My father! oh, my father! Would to God I had died with thee," was the unchristian language of my heart, through all the dreary winter after his death.

The question of what we should do now that he who had provided for our wants was removed, was still unanswered. We talked of several things, but my mother finally decided to remain where we were until spring, when Oliver would return, and then do what should seem best.

So we waited with what patience we could command, till the cold winter passed away. We had enough money for our present necessities, but there would soon be need for us to earn a fresh supply. It was a tedious winter. There was not one gleam of cheerfulness and hope in my own soul, and I sometimes thought even my mother's brave spirit quailed, when she looked into the future. Her health was not so good as formerly. At the time of father's illness, she took a heavy cold, and the cough consequent upon it, did not leave her all winter. Spring came at last, with its 'buds and bird-voices,' with its soft breezes and cheerful influences, but my heart did not open to receive them. The only gleam of light which I could see through the darkness in which I enveloped myself, was in the hope of soon seeing Oliver. When he came I should be no longer alone, and I would never never consent that he should leave me again.

One bright day, I remember it as if it were yesterday, I had been wandering for hours in the woods, and had found for the first time that spring some of the exquisite blossoms of the trailing Arbutus. While I was gathering them, and inhaling with delight their delicate perfume, the thought came to me, like a fact which I had never known before, that God never does any thing without a purpose, and that all His chastisements are sent in love, and I remembered these words of a hymn I had learned in childhood :

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour—
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Again and again I repeated them to myself, and I thought that even in removing my father from me, God's purpose might have been one of mercy. And if so, I said to myself, how have I received it? I turned my steps homeward at sunset, with the flowers I had gathered; and with a very heavy weight upon my spirit, I entered the sitting room, expecting to be reproved by my mother for having staid out so long. She was sitting in a low chair by the fire, with her head bowed upon her clasped hands. She seemed not to hear my entrance, for she did not move. Her appearance was so unusual that I felt a little startled, and going up to her, I laid my hand upon her shoulder, and said gently, "Mother, what is the matter?" She raised her head, and turned towards me, but with such a look of agony upon her face, as I shall never

forget, and putting a letter into my hand, without a word resumed her former position.

I don't know how I ever read that letter—but I did read it, and it seemed to me every word of its contents burnt like fire into my brain. It was from Captain Tuttle, written on the evening of the day when the remains of our beloved Oliver were committed to the deep. He died of fever after a week's illness. His last words were—"Tell my parents and sister not to mourn for me. I die happy. We shall meet in heaven." During the time he had been in the ship, he had won the confidence and affection of both officers and crew. Captain Tuttle spoke of him in terms of the highest praise. After the first agony of our grief had subsided, this was a great comfort to us. When the ship returned, and his chest was brought home, we found in it a journal which he had kept for us, and from it we learned that some months before his death, through the influence of an old sailor, to whom he was much attached, he had been led to seek and find the 'Pearl of great price.' With his hopes for eternity founded on the Rock of our salvation, it was not hard for him to die.

From reading that precious journal, I turned to my neglected Bible, and light at length broke in upon my darkness, and I was enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." When my mother and I had so far recovered from our grief as to be able to talk of our prospects, we could neither of us bear to think of leaving the home where we had been so happy, and where every object was so closely associated with the memory of our loved ones. As soon as it was known that we wanted employment, as much sewing as we could do was readily furnished us by our kind neighbors, and we lived many years together in great comfort.

After dear Oliver's death, there seemed to be a new bond of sympathy between my mother and me; a new rivet in the chain of our affection. I have never regretted for a moment that I refused to leave her, when urged to do so by Edward B——, the old friend of my childhood. He was in business at the West, and making money rapidly; and when he asked me to go there with him, and share his prosperity, it cost me a severe struggle to tell him, as I *did* tell him, that I could not leave my mother alone in her old age, and that I could never ask her to go with us into a new country, where every thing would be strange to her. He told me I was cold-hearted, and did not love him, and he went away in that belief. Ah! how little he knew what was in my heart. He has been married many years, and has a fine family growing up around him I hear—but hard as it was at the time to have him leave me, I have long been glad I am not his wife, for had he been

such a man as I then believed him to be, he would never have loved me less for refusing to leave my poor old mother.

I had the satisfaction of watching over her declining years, and of hearing her say, as she gave me her dying blessing, that I had been a faithful and affectionate daughter, and that God would take care of me. It is many years since then, and I no longer live in my native town, but I sometimes almost fancy that I am in our dear old sitting room, when I look around my chamber, and see the same bookcase, and chairs, and tables, and the very carpet, which were dear and familiar to me then, through so many, many years.

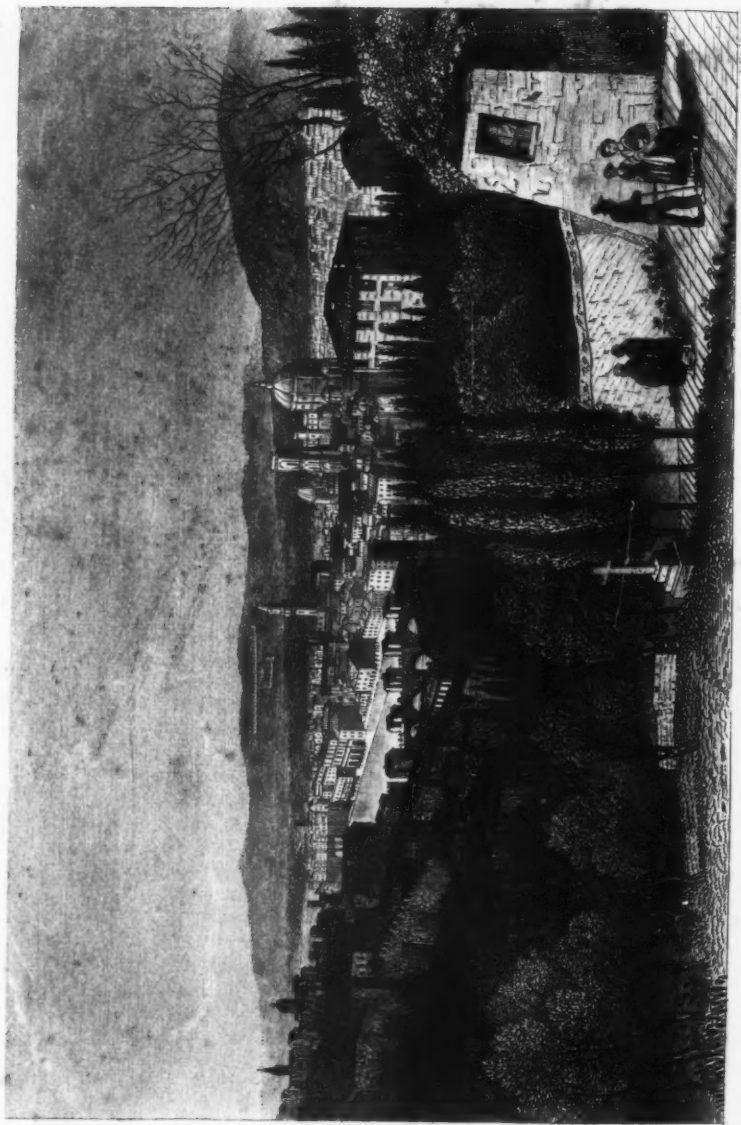
MY BROTHER.

BY MISS M. E. WOOD.

AND art thou gone, my brother? dearest one!
 An only brother and an only son!
 Alas! how quickly did'st thou pass away
 From life and beauty, to the mouldering clay.
 Thine eye was once the brightest of them all,
 Thy springing step the proudest in the hall—
 And thy dear voice its gentle silver tone
 Floats lute-like o'er my spirit now thou'rt gone.
 In the low whispering of the summer leaves,
 In the sweet murmurs of the autumn breeze,
 In all that's good, and pure, and noble here,
 I see, and feel, and know that thou art near.
 Thine was the heart to bleed for human woe,
 Thy hand its duty seldom would forego—
 But heart and hand by heavy burthens borne,
 Sank early down, all grief and labor-worn.
 Dear brother, in the spring-time of thy days,
 Ere thy dear feet had found the thorny ways,
 Ere earthly poison had thy heart unmanned,
 And thy dear bark left lone upon the strand,—
 I can remember thee, thy noble mien,
 Thy brow of intellect and mind serene—
 Oh, how my heart to thee did fondly cling,
 E'en in thy darkest hour, and still would bring
 A sister's love—my only offering.
 Dear brother, thou art gone, thy evening sun
 Went down as calmly as thy day begun,
 And He who kindly said, "believe on me,"
 I humbly trust hath set thy spirit free.
 Farewell! dear brother! now a long farewell!
 Perhaps a few brief summers—then the knell—
 The cypress boughs and myrtle, too, will wave,
 And make low music o'er thy sister's grave.

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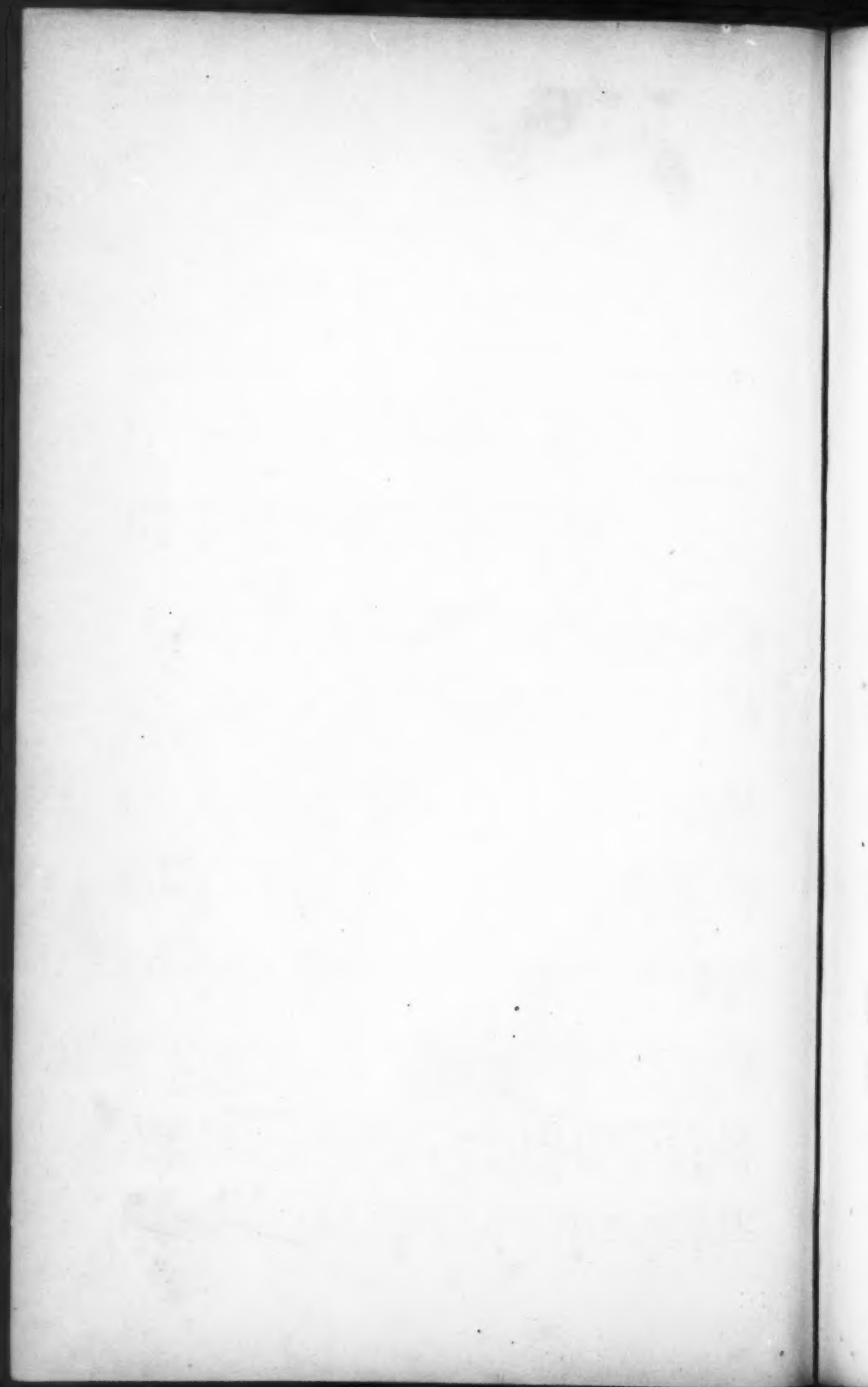


Florence

Flowers?



1 Dogtooth Violet 2 Gladiolus 3 Tritoma



When Love is kind

AN AUSTRIAN MELODY.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Composed by Henry R. Bishop.

WITH HUMOR.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff in 3/8 time, featuring a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano introduction consists of two staves of eighth-note patterns, with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The vocal melody enters on the third staff, followed by a piano accompaniment of eighth notes. The first line of the song is: "1. When love is kind, cheer-ful and free;". The second line is: "Love's sure to find wel-come from me, But when love brings". The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings (p, f).

p

1. When love is kind, cheer-ful and free;

p

Love's sure to find wel-come from me, But when love brings

heartache or pang, Tears and such things, Love may go hang!

When love brings heartache or pang, Tears and such

things— love may go hang!

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the Treble part, with accompaniment in the Alto and Bass parts. The lyrics are placed below the Treble staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

2. If love can sigh for one alone,
Well pleased am I to be that one;
But should I see love given to rove
To two or three, then good-bye Love.
When I see love, &c.

3. Love must, in short, keep fond and true,
Through good report, and evil too!
Else here I swear, young Love may go,
For aught I care, to Jericho!
Yes, I swear, young Love, &c.

HELEN GREY.

~~~~~  
BY ALICE CRAIG.  
~~~~~

If life's pleasures cheer thee,
Give them not thy heart;
Lest the gift ensnare thee,
From thy God to part.

HELEN GREY was an only child; it is unnecessary to say that she was an object of the fondest solicitude. Her parents were dwellers in "the country;" and, though in thriving circumstances, had never been willing to send their darling from them, to obtain what is called an education. Her attainments were not, however, limited to those rudiments of science which may generally be acquired in a village school. She had increased her store of knowledge by reading and conversation, and, through these channels, had amassed a fund of intellectual wealth which often surprised those who saw her in her secluded home. She was beautiful in person, and the admiration which her beauty inspired, was, invariably, confirmed by the intelligence of her mind.

Prosperous as her lot in life appeared, it was not altogether unshadowed. While she was yet almost a child, the brightest dreams of her heart were dimmed by the death of one to whom she had been, all her life, warmly attached. She could not remember when Walter had not been dear to her: he died, and Helen felt that the "joy of her heart, the delight of her eyes" was removed from her. But she was not suffered to sink into selfish despondency; she was directed to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world"; she sought and found that consolation which is never asked in vain, at the shrine of God; and peace, more holy than she had ever known before, descended into her wounded heart. She resumed, by degrees, many of her former habits and pursuits, though she never entirely regained her lost elasticity of spirit. She devoted herself, more studiously than ever, to her parents, and to the work of doing good to others: her books and her flowers afforded her rational pleasure, and, satisfied with this, she seldom sought for amusement in the buoyant circles of her young acquaintances, though loving all, and being loved by all.

Helen and myself accepted, by agreement, an invitation to visit a mutual relation, who resided in a neighboring state. During this visit,

we made the acquaintance of Mr. Burnham, a gentleman of distinguished position, and of great reputed wealth. When first introduced to Helen, he appeared struck with her beauty. His intimacy in our friend's family, allowed him many opportunities of observing that her soul was worthy of the temple in which God had placed it. Subsequent events proved that the admiration which he took no pains to disguise, was not a transient fancy, fading from his heart as the sweet girl who had inspired it passed from before his eyes; it was a real and abiding impression of her loveliness and worth. A few weeks after her return, he visited our secluded neighborhood. My readers can imagine the sensation which the arrival of a gentleman, with a handsome traveling equipage, would create in a retired country village; as well as the celebrity which would immediately attach itself to her who proved to be its object. I have no reason to think that Helen was, in any degree, elated by this celebrity; but I am constrained to admit, that she was not displeased to learn that Mr. Burnham had not forgotten her. I need not detail, minutely, the circumstances of this visit, or of the several that followed it. Mr. Burnham's interest in Helen was heightened by an acquaintance with her home character—for it was in the relations of daughter and friend, that she shone most brightly. He soon decided that he had found the "virtuous woman" who would be "a crown to her husband"; and, according to his usual method of doing promptly, and with his might, whatever he found to do, he made known his wish to win and to wear the crown which appeared so alluring.

More than one "eligible admirer" had, before, signified to Helen his opinion that a being so fair and good would be worth the winning; but none had ever been encouraged to make a second effort. Four years had now passed, since the death of Walter had taught her that "earth's kindest ties on earth are severed"; and, while her outward form had attained the stature and strength of perfect womanhood, her mind had developed its energies with corresponding vigor. In temper she was seldom gay, yet it could not be said that she was melancholy. The gentle pensiveness which pervaded her whole being, served only to render her beauty more touching—her manner more interesting. Such was Helen Grey, when thrown in the way of the gifted and accomplished Mr. Burnham. She neither accepted nor rejected his suit; with modest candor she told him the story of her early love and loss, and the belief she had always cherished, that no subsequent attachment ever could, or ought to, displace the memory of her first.

He replied that he had no wish to displace it—that the relation which she had given him only increased his admiration of her charac-

ter. Her fidelity to the dead he looked on as a holy sentiment, which he did not seek either to destroy or remove. But, at her present age, with an expanded and richly stored mind, and an imagination refined by sorrow, he thought her capable of an affection which would not profane the shrine of that which she had so beautifully embalmed. Such an affection he sought to inspire. Was he presuming too much, when he expressed a hope that he might be permitted to make the trial?

Helen did not refuse this permission; how could she repulse a proposal so delicately, so generously made? The reader, probably, anticipates the result. Those attentions which a man of true refinement pays to the object of a respectful devotion, when allowed to approach her with hope, wrought their usual impression. Helen's heart was soon alike interested in the fascinating suitor. With sorrow which I could hardly have explained, I saw my friend fast yielding to a magic influence, before which the spells of home and early association seemed to have become cold or powerless. I said but little, for I was conscious that my feelings partook largely of selfishness. Helen was four years older than I, and had been my example and counsellor, as well as my intimate companion, for many years. The thought of losing her was painful, indeed; but this was not all—my regret was deepened by an involuntary fear for my friend's future happiness. Mr. Burnham's character, noble and amiable as it was, wanted the confirming, perfecting quality of religion. Helen's unaffected piety would touch no responsive chord in his soul—be encouraged by no kindred aspirations. I both grieved and wondered that the devotion of a worldly heart could enchain such a spirit as hers. Perhaps she bent, simply, to that power which a strong mind and intrepid will always exercise over those of weaker nerve and gentler heart; perhaps, too, the honor of being loved and sought by a man of such wealth and distinction, blinded her better reason. I cannot, yet, affirm to the contrary; but of this, I am sure—his evident sincerity, and, still more, the generous view which he took of her former position, lent their full weight to the adjustment of the balance which determined her destiny. The winter passed away, and when "May's glad sunshine was kissing off the April showers," the proud and happy Mr. Burnham conducted to his splendid home, as pure and lovely a bride as ever trusted the whole wealth of her heart's hopes and wishes to a husband's keeping. Was he faithful to this Heaven-instituted trust?

Toward the close of summer, Helen visited her parents, and, when about to return, urged me, with affectionate importunity, to accompany her to her "delightful home." I complied with her invitation; and a few days' observation of her new manner of life, convinced me that

Helen's hold on the Rock of Ages must be firm, indeed, if the "gay spells which earth was round her throwing" failed, in the end, to win her soul from its moorings. She was the wife of a man whose talents, intelligence and property, secured him unrivalled influence over those around him; and whose probity of character was such, that his integrity had become a proverb among his acquaintances. She was surrounded by every medium of pleasure which abundant wealth, lavished with the ingenuity of extravagant love, could procure. Her house, furnished with every luxury, was the constant resort of the gifted and the gay; and she, its graceful mistress, was flattered and admired by all. She seemed to live in an atmosphere of enchantment: I no longer wondered at her infatuation, though an involuntary sigh escaped me, on hearing her say that the society of her parents was all that she needed to complete her happiness. I spent three months with her, in a round of successive amusements, all so innocent and rational that I could find no argument by which to condemn them; though every passing week strengthened my conviction, that these worldly amusements were deadening the heart of my beloved friend to religious influences. We separated with a cheerful farewell; but there was a chill at my heart, as I left her to her ensnaring splendor, and returned to my safe and peaceful village home.

The duties devolving on a daughter and sister in a large family, confined me much at home, and it was not until after an interval of more than six years, that I saw Helen again, in her own house. Her visits to her parents had become less and less frequent, as successive children had been added to her sources of care and of happiness, and for two years, I had not seen her at all. An opportunity of traveling, by safe and pleasant conveyance, directly to her door, presented itself; and I was not tardy in improving it. The same evidences of wealth, taste, and liberality, which had appeared to me so imposing before, were visible now. Time had not diminished a single charm, but had improved and extended all.

A change was, also, visible in the mistress of the mansion; but the lapse of years had been less favorable to her, than to the shrubs and flowers whose luxuriant wanderings her careful hand had restrained and guided. Her cheek had lost the glowing hue of perfect health, and her eye—it was not less brilliant, but its glassy lustre was even more painful to look on, than the fading rose of her cheek. The sweet pensiveness of her countenance had increased to a decided melancholy; and, though she welcomed me with her own affectionate warmth, she greatly surprised me by bursting into tears, and weeping so long and passionately, that I began to suspect my presence had disturbed some

hitherto pent up fountain of grief, which, having once burst its bounds, would no longer be restrained. I forbore to question her, lest I should encroach on ground too sacred for even the privileged intrusion of long-tried friendship; and that day, and many others passed, without affording any explanation of the change which it pained me so much to contemplate. Her husband was, to all appearance, attentive and devoted as ever; he seemed, indeed, like every thing else around her, to have been only brightened by the touch of time. Both were "kindly affectioned, one toward another," as I could have wished to see them. I looked around, in vain, for any cause of sorrow; and almost succeeded in fancying that it was only "a mother's look of care," that had deepened the soft sadness of Helen's brow, though I found it difficult to imagine how the lovely and well-governed children that clustered around her, could have brought such sorrow to a mother's heart as was, plainly, blended with the "light of love" in that young mother's eye. The mystery was still a mystery: but a solution was in progress; such as I could never have dreamed of.

CHAPTER II.

Lean not on earth! 'T will pierce thee to the heart:
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

The autumn of the year 18— was a season of great political agitation. Mr. Burnham's influence as a citizen, and his eloquence as a speaker, made him invaluable to the party to which he belonged. His house was the frequent resort of the busy politicians of the day; and animated discussions, which were rendered highly interesting by the intelligence and humor of those who engaged in them, often took place in our presence. My patriotism was warmed to a "fervent heat"; but though these debates evinced, in a striking degree, Mr. Burnham's superior powers of thought, knowledge, and expression, I was disappointed to see that Helen appeared pained, rather than gratified, by every recurrence of them. I upbraided her, playfully, with a want of that interest which a woman may, properly, take, in questions which affect the welfare of her country—and, also, with a lack of pride in her gifted husband. She replied, mildly—

"My patriotism is, at present, necessarily merged in the work of rearing those who are, one day, to stand forth as citizens of my country; and my affection for my husband does not need the stimulus of pride."

I was silenced, but not satisfied. A meeting, to which great impor-

tance was attached, was appointed to take place in an adjoining county; and Mr. Burnham was to be one of the prominent speakers. Arrangements having been made, and invitations given, for the attendance of both sexes, Mr. Burnham proposed that Helen and I should accompany him. We agreed to do so, and I anticipated much pleasure; but just as we were setting out, Helen discovered that her youngest child appeared ill; she feared to leave him. I was unwilling to go without her, and we both remained at home. As her husband was taking leave, Helen said, somewhat timidly, I thought, but with a smile—

“We will wait tea for you, Edward.”

“I shall probably be at home,” he replied; “but do not incommode yourselves by waiting. I shall deserve to lose the pleasure of your company at table, if I fail of being here in season. You will please me most, by taking tea at your usual hour.”

The day passed quietly, and not unpleasantly, with us at home, in spite of our disappointment: but, as night approached, Helen’s frequent visits to the windows and door opening toward the road, betrayed much uneasiness. The tea hour came, and passed, but Mr. Burnham came not. As the child was not so sick as to require watching during the night, I withdrew to my room, as usual, expecting to meet Mr. Burnham at the breakfast table next morning. I came down at the sound of the bell, but found Helen alone with her children—her pale cheeks and humid eyes giving evidence of the sleepless anxiety in which she had spent the night. I sympathized, truly, in her distress, though ignorant, as yet, of its full cause; and our breakfast was removed, almost untasted by either. Several newspapers were, according to custom, brought in—I opened one, and finding that it contained Mr. Burnham’s speech of the day before, and hoping that her husband’s eloquence would prove a more powerful soother of my friend’s anxiety, than any effort of mine could possibly be, I commenced reading it aloud. It was a most noble emanation from a master mind—and I had the pleasure of seeing that Helen listened to it with much interest. I read it to the end—I read, also, the flattering comments which were freely bestowed on both the author and his production, by the various papers before us. This employment beguiled the early part of the day, but our uneasiness was renewed and augmented, as night drew on, by a change which we observed in the sick boy; who was, plainly, much worse. He was a sweet little fellow, between one and two years old: he had just learned to lisp the fond titles of his parents, and the plaintive manner in which he called on his absent “papa,” seemed to wring his mother’s very heart. Heavily, oh, how heavily, passed the hours of the long, weary night, to that anxious mother, bending over the

couch of her suffering child. Morning at last dawned—but the husband and father was still absent from the circle in which his presence was so much needed. In the course of the morning, Mrs. Lowe, a neighbor, whose husband had accompanied Mr. Burnham when he left home, came in. Helen received her with friendly attention, but conducted the conversation in such a manner, as to give her no opportunity of introducing the subject which was, probably, uppermost in her thoughts. She conversed awhile on indifferent topics, eyed the sick boy attentively, and then rose to take leave; giving me, as she did so, a look and sign, indicative of a wish that I would accompany her. I complied, and passed with her into the hall.

"Mrs. Burnham is in deep trouble," she remarked, the moment the door had closed after us.

"She is, indeed," I responded. "Oh, that her husband were at home."

"It was of that, I wished to speak with you," said Mrs. Lowe.—"Mrs. Burnham is so reserved, and keeps one at such a distance, in all matters relating to her peculiar trials, that I found it difficult to say what I came for in her presence." She then proceeded to say, that at a dinner which was given in the evening of the day on which Mr. Burnham went away, many toasts were proposed and drank; and Mr. Burnham partook so freely of the wine, as to be in no situation to make the journey home. Unwilling to leave his friend, Mr. Lowe remained until morning; when, finding Mr. Burnham still unable to travel, and feeling his presence at home to be indispensable, he reluctantly left him, and returned alone. Mr. Lowe feared that, while in that half rational state, (such a thing having before occurred,) Mr. Burnham might have been prevailed with, by the artful partizans who hovered around him, to enter into engagements which would keep him still longer away, unless he could be apprised of the situation of his child. Mr. Lowe was willing, should his proposal meet with Mrs. Burnham's approbation, to set off immediately, in search of the absentee—he thought he could prevail with Mr. Burnham to return with him.

I expressed my gratitude, in my friend's behalf, to the well meaning Mrs. Lowe and her kind husband, and promised to communicate their proposal, and send them Mrs. Burnham's reply. When I returned to Helen's apartment, I found her weeping, convulsively.

"You have heard from Edward—I am sure you have," she said, looking up, eagerly, as I entered. "Where is he—and how?"

"Mr. Lowe proposes going, immediately, to bring him home," I replied, evasively: "that is, if you wish him to do so."

"You have heard more than you are willing to let me know," said

she. "But you need not fear—I can hear it from you—though I could not from Mrs. Lowe. Tell me, I entreat you, all you have heard."

I saw that her suspense was agonizing, and hastened to tell her the precise truth. What were my reflections, on hearing her thank God that it was no worse! The feelings which she had so perseveringly confined to her own bosom, now poured themselves out from her overcharged heart, in a full revelation of her sorrows. She had realized far more than I had foreboded for her at the time of her marriage. I had feared, simply, for her whole heartedness as a disciple of Christ. I could never have anticipated what she now related."

"I know," she said, "that you disapproved my marriage. I knew it then, though you said so little. But I did not compel myself to reason as I ought. Edward's character appeared so faultless—his principles, his tone of thought and feeling, so pure and noble—I allowed myself to believe he would rather advance than hinder my progress, as a Christian. How little I knew of myself! You know the life I led, during the first two or three years of my residence here. I saw, while you were with me, that you deplored it—yet I did not—because I would not, suspect its mischievous tendency. Lulled to false repose by the dream-like allurements among which I lived, I forgot to watch and pray—and my unguarded heart was kept open to the assaults of the enemy of souls. I fell into the toils I had myself woven. A blind affection for a fellow-being had led me to risk the life of my soul—that affection lured me 'farther and still farther' from my neglected Saviour. My husband became, every day, more precious, more exalted in my eyes, until I regarded him with a reverence but little short of actual worship. I rejoiced in the magnificence around me, because it was through him that I possessed it all. I rejoiced in my own beauty, and in those powers of pleasing with which God had endowed me—for Edward's eye rested on me with delight; and I listened with rapture to the voice of adulation, for he heard my praises with pride and pleasure. Oh, how I loved him!—I had loved Walter, but I now see that it was as I could have loved a brother, had a brother been given to me. My affection for Edward engrossed every power of my soul. Even the gift of children failed to dispel my delusion;—the adoration which was due their heavenly, was sinfully lavished on their earthly parent. He who hath declared himself a 'jealous God,' was preparing my punishment. I had forsaken Him—I had profaned His altar in my heart—I had set up an idol thereon, and had bowed down and worshipped it. The idol was shorn of its brightness, and degraded, before my very eyes. Oh, it was bitter—grievous to be borne—but I deserved it all, and I dared not complain." Her sentences became incoherent, and I understood the residue of what she told me, with some difficulty.

Before her acquaintance with Mr. Burnham commenced, he had, already, attained a degree of celebrity, by no means contemptible, as a statesman and speaker: but it was in the zealously conducted campaign of 18—, that he first particularly distinguished himself in the political arena. Several ably written essays, teeming with profound argument and flowing thought, and marked by an elegant correctness of language, appeared in the public prints, and were traced to his pen. He became, immediately, more widely known than ever—was invited to speak in large assemblies and on great occasions, and won from listening crowds as much applause for his true and well-sustained theories, his brilliant reasoning and graceful diction, as the productions of his pen had, before, elicited from the reading world. Helen's pride in her husband rose with his fame; she accompanied him, whenever she could do so with propriety; and her bosom glowed with an indescribable enthusiasm, as she listened to the manly and patriotic sentiments that fell from his lips, in strains of fervid eloquence, breathed forth in tones whose power was felt by admiring thousands, and which fell on her enraptured ear as the 'voice of a God, and not of a man.' I will not attempt to describe, as she did, Mr. Burnham's first aberrations, or her emotions on discovering that the distinction which she had rejoiced in, as the natural result of her husband's talents, was proving a snare to his feet, by placing in his way temptations which, gifted and honorable as he was, he wanted firmness to resist. As this truth became more apparent, it forced upon her a complete revulsion of feeling.—How gladly would she, then, have exchanged the renown which she had so lately exulted in, for her husband as he had been—in his original, unsullied integrity. The assemblies in which she had, before, found such pleasure, now became distasteful to her; but anxiety for him who was still dearer to her than life, induced her to frequent them, until convinced that he no longer desired that she should accompany him. She then, willingly, remained at home—devoting herself to her children—seeking reconciliation with God, through her grieved and forsaken Saviour—and concealing, as well as she was able, from her husband, and from the world, the 'wounded spirit' which was preying upon her health, and robbing her cheek of its bloom—her eye of its lustre. Mr. Burnham did not become a confirmed, habitual inebriate. It was only on occasions (which however were but too frequent) of peculiar excitement and temptation, that he yielded to the weakness that had proved 'stronger than his strength:' but Helen knew that, though not yet hopelessly fallen, he was pursuing a course which tended to utter ruin; he had, more than once, been brought home to her, in a state of entire and revolting insensibility. She trembled at

every return of such a season of danger as the present ;—" did I now think the want of political interest which I had openly censured, so very blameable ?"

It is unnecessary to write my reply ; or to speak of the sympathy with which I heard my poor friend's recital of her frailty and its punishment : we wept together. Helen signified to Mr. Lowe, that if Mr. Burnham should not return before the next morning, she would, thankfully, accept his offer to go in search of him. This, however, did not become necessary. 'The lengthened shadows' were proclaiming 'the setting day,' when little Willie bounded into the room, to announce that 'father was coming, and that he had seen him first.' With a not very successful effort to be calm, Helen proposed that we should repair to the dining-room, where the tea-table and a cheerful fire already awaited the wished-for arrival. She led the way—the children and I followed. On entering the dining-room, I saw, from the window, Mr. Burnham and two other gentlemen advancing up the lawn. Helen, also, looked out ; but, when she saw her husband accompanied by the two, whom, more than all others, (as I afterwards learned) she blamed for enticing him into error, her countenance fell—she burst into tears, and, with a look of inexpressible anguish, withdrew from the room, and 'sought where to weep.' Mr. Burnham entered, saluted me with his accustomed courtesy, and introduced his companions. I placed chairs for the gentlemen, who were no sooner seated, than Willie was in his father's arms. Mr. Burnham pressed his sweet boy to his heart, and then extended his hand toward his favorite child—the beautiful little Helen.

"Is not my daughter coming to kiss her father?"

But the little girl remained standing, and silent, while a bright tear fell from either large dark eye, and coursed slowly down her rosy cheek. Surprised at this unwonted behavior, Mr. Burnham spoke again.

"What is the matter?" he asked—"Why does not my little Helen come and speak to papa?"

The child still hesitated,—at length, in trembling tones, she replied—

"I do not love you any more, and I do not want to come and speak to you."

"Do not love me any more!" he responded, in amazement: "and why?"

"Because," she answered, as before, without looking up—"you have been very naughty, and hurt my mother."

"What can you mean?" he asked, with increased astonishment: "I never hurt your mother, my child."

"Yes, you did," she persisted, gathering boldness as she proceeded.

"You did hurt her—right on her heart; and made her cry; and I never mean to love you again."

Mr. Burnham sat for a moment, as if paralyzed—then, suddenly rousing himself, he took the hand of the reluctant child, and, without a word of apology, moved with her out of the room. Little Helen had been present while the conversation between her mother and myself, which I have related, was taking place. She was perfectly quiet, and neither of us suspecting that a child of four years old could be a dangerous listener, her presence imposed no restraint. She had comprehended just enough of what she had seen and heard, to draw therefrom the inference which now declared itself. What passed between the delinquent father and his wife and children, during his absence from the dining-room, I do not know: he remained quite as long as strict politeness to his guests would have admitted: when he returned, his countenance wore traces of strong emotion, but his bearing was collected and dignified. In few words he informed his guests of the circumstances in which he found his family, concluding with—

"You will, therefore, see that I cannot, with any propriety, perform my part in our engagement of to-night."

The gentlemen expressed doth their regret and acquiescence, and, though politely invited to remain to tea, soon took leave. Our evening meal was partaken of with very different feelings from those with which Helen and I had sat down to our lonely table, on the two preceding nights. Through the mother's intervention, Mr. Burnham had effected a reconciliation with his daughter; and the 'pet birdie' nestled as usual in her father's bosom. Helen's mild eyes beamed with tenderness and gratitude, and Walter's noisy happiness was an agreeable accompaniment to our conversation. But we did not forget that a cloud was brooding over us—it soon descended, with full force. 'While it was yet night,' all who were in the house had gathered around the dying couch of little Edward. Mr. Burnham bent, in speechless agony, over his child, whose last breath went forth in a loving effort to articulate the word "papa."

The events of that night wrought an impression on the mind of Mr. Burnham, which has never since been effaced. The rebuke so keenly uttered by his daughter's innocent lips, fell on his heart with greater effect than a thousand admonitions from 'the wise and prudent' of the world, could have produced. The coincident warning conveyed in the death of the cherub boy, whose hours of suffering he had so shamefully neglected, came, also, with thrilling power. Memory, love, reflection,

* This is literally true.

regret—every faculty of his mind and heart which had been benumbed—happily, not extinguished, by his late baneful habits, were startled into sudden action. For the first time, his conduct to his devoted, uncomplaining wife, and the destructive tendency of his present career, appeared before him in their true light: his eyes were opened—he saw the abyss that yawned beneath him, and resolved, at once, to retrace his steps; and recover, before it should be too late, his self-respect and the confidence of his family and friends. To resolve was to perform: who ever failed of accomplishing a good work, which had been commenced with full purpose of heart, and humble trust in Heaven? I do not say that he attained, at once, to piety and holiness—God alone seeth the heart; but if the external demonstrations of ‘kindness, patience, temperance, and charity,’ may be relied on, his repentance was ‘that which needeth not to be repented of.’

Helen’s joy in her husband’s renovation, may be imagined better than described. Yet she rejoiced with fear and trembling; not on his account, merely, but on her own also.

“I dare not trust myself,” she said: “I am too frail to be happy with safety. May He whose arm hath sustained me, both in sorrow and in joy, even when I had wandered most widely from him, keep me from idolatry—preserve me from the treachery of my own heart.”

The great Shepherd and Bishop of souls had, already, made provision to guard this smitten lamb of his flock. He was preparing to remove her beyond the reach of danger. She had erred; he loved, and, therefore, he had chastened her. He had suffered the spear on which she leaned to pierce her to the heart, with wounds that might not be healed on earth. Her grief, and her struggles to conceal it, had worn on her life-strings, until they had nearly snapped asunder. Consumption had marked her for his victim, and she was, even now, withering under his blighting touch.

Mr. Burnham’s sorrow was deep and poignant; bitter and keen was his self-reproach. Every remedy that repentance and affection could suggest was resorted to, in behalf of the beloved invalid; and, when all hope of her recovery was relinquished, his anxious endeavors to cheer her hours of languishing, and prolong her stay on earth, told how truly he felt that the light of his life was expiring before his eyes. The closing scene of our dear Helen’s pilgrimage, was an illustration of the truth that “a dying bed may be soft as downy pillows are,” if the failing heart is stayed on Jesus. Softly and sweetly as a rose exhales its fragrance, did she breathe out her soul on her Saviour’s bosom. So gently did she pass away, so completely had she “set her house in order,” and so gradually had a kind and merciful God pre-

pared her friends for their loss, that but little of the consternation and bewilderment, usually attendant on the visitation of death in a family circle, was visible in ours. We scarcely, at first, realized that the awful change had indeed taken place—that the voice which had been so pleasant to our ears was hushed forever—that she “whom we loved was dead,”

“But when those last sad rites were o’er, when dust to dust had gone,
And, in its wonted channel course, the stream of time rolled on,”

each succeeding day brought proof how deep was the aching void which our lost one had left in our hearts—how wide the breach our chain of love had sustained.

But Helen, though dead, yet speaketh; has ever since spoken to her husband’s heart and to mine, with a voice whose tones have gathered strength with the rolling years that have passed away. Those gentle tones thrill through our souls, in loving yet faithful admonition to “take heed to our ways, and ponder the paths of our feet:” to “have no other gods before our Father which art in heaven”—to “trust in the Lord, and lean not unto our own understanding.”

Mr. Burnham’s subsequent life furnishes a brilliant example of what man may be, and may accomplish, when the high gift of genius is made to subserve the higher attributes of wisdom and virtue. He is still an earnest and powerful defender of his countrymen, but his zeal never carries him beyond self-control; nor does the siren voice of flattery lure him to forget the adjuration,

“Look not upon the wine, when it is red within the cup.”

PLEASURES.

BY W. H.

How often, like a pleasant dream,
The past returns again;
Until in fancy’s realm we seem
To lose our sense of pain:
A holy joy comes stealing o’er
The soul from that far mystic shore

With ardent hopes we seek to taste
The long-forgotten joy;
But coming woes with eager haste
Pour in their sad alloy,
To show, as swift the moments fly,
That pleasures are but born to die.

TO MY SISTER.

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 BY ERASTUS H. KNEELAND.  
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AND it has come ! the weary months at last
 Have brought thy blest, thine early bridal day :
 Childhood and youth are, with their sunshine, past,
 And Life's stern duties beckon thee away.
 Bright is the happy morn, and the pure sky,
 Like some loved vision all unclouded lies :
 And the soft breezes blow their softest airs
 Upon thy cheek, inspiring pure delight ;
 And all the peace which earth or heaven prepares
 Hangs o'er thy bridal day and nuptial night.
 'Tis early spring, and earth and air and sea,
 Are leaping high in glorious jubilee ;
 And bright, pure flowers from every vale and fragrant tree,
 Lift up their Eden-tinted leaves, and smile on thee !

Oh, joyous be thy heart !—may not a care
 Steal o'er thy breast to stay its happy beat !
 May Love, pure Love, sit throned securely there,
 With every thought submissive at her feet :
 And with mild sceptre o'er her rich domain,
 May the sweet Goddess undisputed reign ;
 And *never* may one rebel passion rise
 To stain her throne—there all her safety lies !
 And the firm vow thy willing lips have made—
 The solemn oath thy plighted soul hath sealed—
 Oh ! never, till that heart is all decayed,
 Be one faint wish that oath might be repealed
 May Heaven its choicest blessings on thy pathway pour,
 My heart shall ever pray until it beat no more !

But me ! ah, me ! 'tis hard to let thee go
 The o'erstrained heart seems bursting in my breast :
 And tears, unbidden tears, too freely flow,
 But will not give my aching spirit rest.
 My sister ! my sweet sister ! long gone years
 Crowd up before me, and their hopes and fears
 Alternate sweep my heart's discordant strings,
 And wake the notes too often waked before !
 And mingling with those tones I fain would sing
 A farewell song to those I loved of yore ;
 There have been hopes could make my bosom glad—
 Friendships and loves which I was proud to own :
 Their shattered wrecks are all around me thrown,
 And my torn heart is now bereft and sad !
 And this is why these sighs within my bosom swell,
 And crowd long years of anguish into this farewell !

FLORENCE.

BY L. A. ROBERTS.

SEE ENGRAVING.

FLORENCE, the city of flowers as its name imports, the capital of Tuscany, is beautifully situated in the basin of a natural amphitheatre of considerable extent, and although not so extensive or as striking in its appearance as some of the other cities of Italy, has about it an air of modest beauty which never fails to win the admiration of the traveler and to impress him with feelings of which the future recollection is always pleasurable.

Through the centre of the city, dividing it into two portions, flows the Arno "classic stream," upon whose silvery waters floats the light Gondola—while the buildings on either side echo the mellow notes of the merry Gondolier, as gaily he pursues his task.

As the traveler approaches Florence, the fine roads, cultivated fields, luxuriant vines, and beautiful gardens of the surrounding country, leave no room for him to doubt but he is nearing a city of no small importance, and when he has reached the summit of the mountains that enclose it, and the city itself bursts upon his sight with its lofty domes and heaven-pointing spires, its beautiful gardens and magnificent palaces, all bathed in the mellow light of the Italian sky, he involuntarily halts and stands spell-bound by the loveliness of the scene before him. As his eyes wander from the city proper to its environs, and he sees the gradually ascending sides of this vast amphitheatre, bearing the marks of the highest cultivation, and dotted with villages, convents, towns and churches, now reflecting the brilliant rays of the sun, and now half hidden by the luxuriant foliage of surrounding trees, he feels to exclaim with Rogers—

"Of all the cities of the earth,
There's none so fair as Florence."

But beside its beauty of appearance, Florence possesses attractions well worthy of our attention. Remembrances of olden times, memories of other days are brought vividly to mind while we walk her streets and gaze upon her buildings, splendid even now, though mere wrecks of her former greatness. Here is the Cathedral, the dome of which was Michael Angelo's model for that of St. Peter's, at Rome. Here is the world-renowned Venus de Medici. Here is the finger of Galileo

pointing toward the stars which were his study. Here Dante and Petarch sung—here Raffaele and Titian painted, and here the magic word of Canova spoke into beauty the shapeless blocks of marble.—Would we commune with the spirits of departed greatness? Then let us visit the burial place of Santa Croce, within whose

“holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.
Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his
The starry Galileo, with his woes.”

Florence has well been called the Etrurian Athens. With perhaps the single exception of Ferrara, Florence has produced more men of genius than all the other cities of Italy together. Their works are to be found on every hand, lasting as time, models for all future artists, and immortalizing the names of their creators.

In the days of its former greatness, Florence and its environs contained a population of one hundred and seventy thousand—and was one of the first commercial cities of Europe.

“Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.”

The Florentine Republic held foremost rank among the nations, and various have been the causes which have brought it to its present condition, among the principal of which were the difficulties which arose between the people and the aristocracy, and the differences of the Pope and the Emperor. Religious bigotry took the place of toleration, and blind superstition that of sincere worship. Under such a state of affairs, it is impossible for any country to prosper, and from its former high position it has become priest-ridden, ignorant, and degraded.—But a new light begins to dawn upon its benighted prospects. Mazzini and his cotemporaries are engaged in a work of liberation, the first fruits of which are already seen. Ostensibly there is now freedom of the press and religious toleration, the first stepping-stone of the temple of liberty, and we may hope the sun of reformation which is now just visible above the horizon, may continue to rise until it has reached the meridian, and that there political virtue—the Joshua of freedom—will bid it stand, shedding its blessed beams over this garden of Italy, giving peace and happiness to its inhabitants, and writing for the Republic a name among the free nations of the earth.

THE PARTING.

BY ELLEN LOUISE.

A youth went forth to exile from a home,
Such as to early thought gives images
The longest treasured and most oft recalled
And brightest kept of love!

MRS. HERMAN.

THERE was a gentle rustling 'mid the boughs
Of those old English trees, as through them swayed
The breeze-borne cadence of a sad farewell!
The green fields slept around—and onward flowed
The babbling brook with gush of ceaseless song.
In meadows fragrant with the waving grass,
And cowslips' breath, lay patient cattle, with
Great, dreamy eyes—o'er whose sleek backs, the long
And pleasant shadows rested tremblingly—
Or through the gently waving boughs, the rays
Of sunshine flickered, and danced by.

And far

Away uprose in misty light, the blue,
Soft hills, and old song-famous ruins grim
And hoar, o'er wrought with clinging ivy, and
Fresh, loving moss. Low down, within the dell,
A cottage stood, with snow-white walls, all bound
With honeysuckle and the climbing rose—
Upon the grass-plot by the open door,
The blue-eyed pansies bowed their modest heads,
And fragrant lily buds, with soft green leaves
Enwrapped, seemed folded down in dreams—
A pleasant home, where, in the shadowy night,
The moon and stars went smiling by, and now
That sunshine glinted on the old church spire,
And mirrored laughing faces in the brooks—
It smiled in Eden loveliness, a spot
By fairies tended—but from out its bounds
There rose a sound of weeping, for a son
Went forth to stem the wild life-tide alone!

He was a noble and a fair-haired boy.—
Upon his broad, high brow, lay sunny curls,
All bathed in Eden light—and his deep eyes,
Blue as the untroubled sea, were swimming in
Hot tears, as reverently he bowed his head
Beneath a soft white hand, for o'er her boy
A gentle mother prayed amid her grief.
And there stood, fairy sisters—little ones,
With soft eyes brightening in their young life light,
And white arms wreathing fondly round his neck,

And low, soft voices whispering kindly words.
 "My son, my son!" and all the love of one
 True heart gushed o'er him like a tide—"My son!
 Bright eyes may gaze in thine, and voices like
 A strain of Eden music, breathe thee words
 Of love—or o'er thy fair young brow, the wild
 Life-cares may darken fearfully; and still,
 Amid the sunlight or the storm, a prayer
 Will rise for thee, from lips of mine. And, oh!
 If joy or sorrow bead thy cup of life,
 God grant, oh, dearest one! that thou mayst not
 Forget—" And from his clasping arms she slid,
 And kneeling low upon the mossy grass,
 She murmured words of fervent praise, and strong
 And earnest supplication!

And a fair
 Young girl, with meek, brown eyes, and voice
 As low and soft in cadence as the tune
 By West winds played through green pine boughs at night,
 And dark locks, parted smoothly o'er her brow,
 So pure and saint like, that it seemed as if
 The Virgin Mother brushed them back to kiss
 Her in her dreams—and with the wished tears,
 Like dew drops resting on her dark-fringed lids,
 Gazed up into his eyes, and once again,
 As softly sweet as when the South sea waves
 Break with a dash of music on fair shores,
 There came the trembling murmur of her fond
 Farewell, and yet once more those old time words,
 All musical with love—"Forget me not!"

And years have passed, and glances from bright eyes
 Have flashed their sunshine into his, and wealth
 Has wove her Tyrian drap'ry round his path;
 But still those mem'ries of the olden time
 Linger like pleasant music in his heart,
 And e'en while dreaming of the meek blue eyes,
 That seem, in later years, his *light of life*,
 He links those cherished names with *hers* at hour
 Of vesper hymn, and lingers o'er them all,
 Ere murmur'ing to his Father's throne that last
 Fond prayer—"Father, forget *Thou* not thy son!"

Elm Wood Cottage, Pomfret, Conn.

To depend on human beings is to depend on equals; to depend on material objects is to depend on inferiors; to depend on ourselves implies the purpose of bringing to our aid such powers as we have, and that is the best pledge of our success. Success, too, so acquired, strengthens the power by which it has been won.

FLORENCE LEE:

OR, THE MODEL WIFE.

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BY ELLA HERBERT.  
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"Discussing the same old subject still, cousin Ned?" exclaimed Franc Wiloman, entering the room where her mother and cousin were busily engaged in conversation. "I should think you would be weary of it bye and bye."

"I am weary of the necessity for it, dear Franc. But while the present state of things continues, what can a poor bachelor do but talk?"

"Do? Why, he can *act*, as I wish from the bottom of my heart you would, Ned. Come, you have talked these five years—why not make some decision now, and act accordingly."

"I have decided."

"You have, dear Ned? I am rejoiced, both for my own sake, and also, in the benevolence of my heart, with a truly disinterested gladness, for the sake of Maltie Grey!"

"My dear coz, pray explain yourself."

"Willingly. Because, for my own part, I shall be excused from farther attendance upon the long and edifying course of lectures by Edward Gould, Esq., on the deficiencies of female education at the present day; and because, in the second place, Maltie Grey will be released from the persecutions of that odious Mark Olney, since it is to be hoped he will see the uselessness of paying farther attentions to your bride-elect."

"Take care, Franc. You are on the wrong track altogether, and had better reverse your engine, if you would escape a collision. I have decided upon a course to be pursued, as I said before, but my resolution is not to marry Miss Grey, even admitting that were in my power. I have merely determined to remain a single and blessed man, as I now am, till I find somewhere in the world, a young lady who has not been ashamed to add to the list of her accomplishments, a thorough knowledge of domestic affairs. I am sorry your hopes of a discontinuance of my "course of lectures" should be so suddenly blasted, but really, coz, you are such a capital auditor, that I cannot promise never to bore you in like manner again."

"As you like, but I prophesy, master Ned, that the day will come

when in some lonely bachelor's hall, you will look back to this portion of your life with a sigh of regret for your own folly in not securing Maltie."

"Don't fear that, dear Franc. If my life must be made an uncomfortable one, I had rather be the cause of it myself, than to have it made so by a wife who knows no more of housekeeping than she does of Arabic. Miss Grey has many noble traits of character, and much that will make her admired and courted, but she lacks that ability to manage the concerns of a household, without which every woman is, in my opinion, but defectively educated."

"Pshaw! What *lady* ever thinks of going into a kitchen, and working with her own hands? You would make a perfect slave of your wife. Let the servants do the work; it is their place, and they will do it well enough. Besides, you are too intellectual and cultivated in your tastes to marry a woman whose greatest acquirement is the art of making a good apple-pie, and whose direst calamity is a batch of sour bread."

"Come, come, Franc! There is reason in all things, though as for that matter, I think many other misfortunes will follow in the train of bad bread. Nor would I by any means make a slave of one whom I had vowed in the presence of God to cherish and protect as my own life. I do, however, believe, that it is not utterly impossible to find a lady who is an excellent housekeeper, and who is at the same time intellectual and highly refined, and this is the union of qualities which I desire in her whom I would make my wife."

"Well, well, coz. I only prophesy that you will 'go through the woods and come out with a crooked branch at last.' We will see at some future period the result of your wise and prudent deliberation. Don't expect me to enter your desolate rooms though, my dear bachelor. That would excite my sympathies far too much. Come and see me, if you like, ten years hence, and acknowledge your folly."

"I shall hope to see you many times ere ten years have elapsed, dear Franc, both at your home and my own, for I do intend to have one somewhere in the world. In the meantime will you allow me the privilege of escorting you to Mrs. Helvyn's party to-night?"

"With all my heart, and it is high time I was preparing for it, so '*au revoir*.'"

Six hours later, the cousins stood together in a recess of one of Mrs. Helvyn's superb parlors, amusing themselves with their own quiet reflections upon the chameleon company before them. "Oh, Ned! doesn't Maltie look beautifully to-night?" exclaimed Franc, as Miss Grey entered the reception room, and advanced with a grace peculiar to herself to salute their hostess. "She does indeed; she is a lovely

creature," said the young man musingly, his eye fastened upon her, and himself apparently unconscious, for the moment, of all beside.—His cousin would not interrupt his reverie, for it was the darling wish of her heart to see him, her favorite as he was, united to her chosen friend; but she little knew the train of thought which had called such a serious shade to his face. Three times "had the lilies blown" since he had buried a sister, two years younger than himself, who had been his idol from her infancy, and in many externals Maltie Grey strongly reminded him of the departed. Already had swift winged fancy borne him back to the days when a voice sweeter to him, even in memory, than any earthly music, had whispered in his ear, "I am dying, brother, and my place in your heart will bye and bye be filled by some dearer one. Oh! give it only to one who will make you *good* as well as happy, and *happy* not only in time, but also for eternity." "The ball-room belle will never make me 'good as well as happy,'" said he at length to himself—"I will be true to my promise, Nellie."

At this instant, the attention of both the cousins was attracted by the entrance of two young ladies, who presented as great a contrast as possible in their exteriors. The elder of the two was rather above the medium height, and of a majestic and queenly bearing, which suited well with her dazzling beauty. Her hair and complexion were dark, and her flashing eye and the ever varying color in her cheek, betokened the impulsive blood of a southerner. Contrary to the usual style of such belles on similar occasions, she wore a robe of simple white; and a small but very valuable diamond cross in her hair was the only token of wealth about her. Her companion was a small, slender creature, with a face "lily clear," and

"Oval cheeks, encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Kept from fading off to air."

She seemed to be about eighteen, and her closely-fitting black dress, unrelieved save by a narrow band of muslin at the throat, told, though not more plainly than the air of sadness around her eye and mouth, that she had known the anguish of committing a near and dear one to the grave.

Edward Gould was himself a native of Georgia, and he at first felt his own spirit answering back the changing shades of feeling so plainly manifested in every look and movement of the impetuous southern beauty; but when he marked the world of sorrow and loneliness which *would* sometimes peep out from the quiet blue eye of the other, he felt that, like himself, she had, at times, an aching and desolate heart, and

he longed to whisper to her some word of comfort or of sympathy. He speedily sought and obtained an introduction to the stranger, and for a time he hardly knew whether he admired most the finished elegance and faultless etiquette of the accomplished Isabelle Lanneau, or the fresh and chilklike simplicity of her cousin, Florence Lee. Rapidly flew by the hours to him—more swiftly than at any time since his sister's death, and Franc Wiloman smiled, and Maltie Grey felt a pang of jealousy—or if that is too strong a word, of regret—as they saw how completely he was fascinated by the new comers. As the company took their places in the supper-room, Franc chanced to be near her cousin, and she was at first amused, and then deeply interested in a conversation which he was carrying on with his fair friends upon the merits of *Queechy*, a work which had just appeared from the press.—One after another joined in, until nearly half the guests were either talking with or listening to the original disputants.

"It is all very fine in a story," exclaimed Lieut. Hastings; "but I assure you, Gould, you will never find a Fleda in real life. There may be those who possess a part of the qualities ascribed to her—but as for the actual existence of any such angels of light in this world of darkness, it is what I, for one, do not believe in."

"Pardon me, sir," said the gentle voice of Florence Lee, "but I think 'angels of light,' as you are pleased to term them, are quite as frequently to be met as are Guy Carltons. If there were more gentlemen who were as well fitted to guide and aid us poor dependent creatures to climb to a higher place in the social scale, probably you would find the darkness more often illumined by the celestial visitants. You do not ever find Mr. Carlton, even when he first meets Fleda in her very childhood, treating her as though she were inferior to himself simply because she is a woman. He never lowers his standard to her capacity, nor considers her the plaything and amusement of a leisure hour, unfit to give him any assistance in the grave duties of life. He never talks with her in a silly or trifling manner, as though she could not understand or be interested in serious and sensible conversation. Does he not rather lead her onward and upward to a higher and nobler life? And does he not, at times, in spite of his superiority to her in many points of view, feel compelled to yield the palm to her and acknowledge that the Christian child is truly greater and wiser than the unbelieving man?"

"Miss Lee is right," replied Edward Gould, his dark eye kindling at the ideas she had suggested. "It is possible for us to benefit each other mutually more than we often think of doing. Because in heathen lands woman is degraded and considered unsuitable as a companion for

lordly man, shall we, in this enlightened age and country, refuse to share with her our highest hopes, our proudest aspirations, our noblest plans? I grant that her sphere of usefulness and ours are not the same, but I contend that while we traverse the fields of science or engage in commercial pursuits, while we thread the mazes of the law or minister relief to the physically or spiritually diseased, the proper performance of the duties which devolve upon the other sex demands no less skill or versatility of talent, while at the same time it often does require a much greater expenditure of mental and bodily strength in proportion to the amount of those which they possess."

"Poh!" returned a young student standing near, "what vast or various talents does it take to fill two or three cups of coffee every morning and evening, or to entertain half a dozen visitors daily with chit-chat and small talk? And what lady does more than this, unless it be to thump out a few discords from a piano, or to pore over the pages of a silly novel, almost as shallow as her own brain? In fact, who wants her to do more than this? Who wants a woman to be forever quoting Greek and Hebrew, or discussing metaphysics with her superiors? No, no! Let the ladies be as pretty and as amusing as they please, the more so the better—but of all things deliver me from 'a blue'!"

"Your petition will doubtless be answered, sir," impetuously exclaimed Isabelle Lanneau, with flashing eye and reddening cheek.—"No lady who has the least cultivation of mind or heart would care to bestow much time or attention upon one who would be as well pleased with the society of a kitten or a monkey, provided they were equally '*pretty and amusing*.' Let me tell you, sir, that woman has a living, thinking, feeling soul, and that she has as lofty aims and as daring visions as the wildest schemer of your sex, and that she can appreciate true greatness, of whatever nature, as well as many who call themselves her 'superiors.' It may not be ours to tread in the same path with the scholar or the statesman; but we can follow their upward course with our eyes, and admire every thing in it that is noble and good; and if we cannot ascend to the same heights with themselves, we can, nevertheless, understand their ardent aspirations and their grand designs for the advancement of the human race. It may be our lot to remain quietly at home while our loved ones go forth to battle with the world, but we can and do feel in our deepest souls, an earnest sympathy with them in every blow they strike for truth—and we rejoice in every victory they achieve. I do not ask, sir, for a name upon the lists of earth's renowned ones, but I do thank God that those who stand highest on that list were men who were willing to confess that they

owed much to woman. Was George Washington ever ashamed to own how much of his elevation he owed to his mother's training? Go and stand by his tomb as I have done, and recall all his wonderful wisdom and greatness; think of the world-wide veneration in which his name is held, and say, if you dare, sir, that the woman who can mould such a character, is a mere butterfly or parrot, made only to be 'pretty and amusing!' God created man the superior in many respects, I acknowledge—but he made woman to be a 'help-meet' for him, and he who dares to degrade her from that rightful position, dares to trifle with the handiwork and thwart the designs of his Maker."

Edward Gould gazed with undisguised admiration on the speaker till she had concluded, and then he turned with a triumphant smile towards his cousin, but she was looking at Charles Murray, the young gentleman whose remarks had called forth such a burst of excited feeling, and she was wondering in her own heart how one who professed to have such a high idea of all that belonged to a true woman, could forget that one of her first requisites should be a regard for the feelings of others. Mr. Murray stood a little apart from the rest of the group, his eyes fixed on the floor, and the color coming and going in his face with a rapidity that betrayed the intense agitation within.—Though Franc felt that he richly deserved a reproof for the unworthy sentiments he had spoken, she yet saw that the severe personality of Miss Lanneau's remarks, was unsuited to the time and place. Her cousin was too familiar with the language of her face, not to read her thoughts from its present troubled expression, but he did not stop to analyze the feeling which caused him to sigh as he did so. Perhaps such an examination would have revealed to him a slight disappointment at finding so prominent a failing in one who had so many brilliant qualities. By way of relief he glanced at Florence, or as she was familiarly called, Effie Lee, and saw a shade of pain resting on her brow as she gave her cousin Isabelle an imploring look, which seemed to beg that she would, at least, speak a soothing word to her unfortunate opponent. But the proud beauty had too haughty a spirit to do this, though conscious from the awkward silence, which was growing worse each moment, that every one was at a loss how to proceed.

"Miss Lee," said Lieut. Hastings, at length, "do you deem such a training as Fleda Ringgan had at Queechy, indispensable to a perfect woman?"

"I do not know that I exactly understand your question, sir. If you mean to ask whether I think it necessary that every lady should be carried through exactly the same course of discipline and suffering that Fleda was, I should reply negatively; but if you wish my opinion

upon the desirableness of such a thorough practical acquaintance with all domestic affairs as she possessed, I would say that I do deem such a knowledge absolutely essential to the complete education of every woman."

"Are you really in earnest, Miss Lee?" exclaimed Winfred Helvyn, the eldest son of the hostess—"do you consider it important that ladies of wealth and rank in this age should know how to bake, and—and sweep—and—"

"And wash, and iron, and cook, &c.?" added Florence, smiling at the look of astonishment with which he regarded her. "Yes, Mr. Helvyn, I do think the acquirement of all these mysterious arts is of primary importance in the training of every young lady."

"And—may I ask, Miss Lee—if you—if you have ever——"

"If I have ever—baked—for example? Oh, yes! I have made bread and cake and pies, and I can sweep a room with the best housemaid in the land. I can't say that I have a particular fancy for such occupations, still I can engage in them when necessary."

"But"—continued the young man to whom the fact of such a refined and delicate lady as he knew Florence Lee to be, and an heiress withal—professing herself able to go into a kitchen and perform the whole routine of drudgery there, was a problem which he could not solve—"will you allow me to ask why you lay so much stress upon the introduction of what might, I suppose, be called the science of domestic economy into the usual order of female education?"

"Because, sir, it seems to me that every lady ought to know how to manage the affairs of a household properly. If she is never called to preside over an establishment of her own, she may be required to take charge of one for a father or brother; and then, even if she has the best of servants at her command, she will rarely find them faithful and thorough in the discharge of their duty, unless she knows whether it is or is not properly performed. Besides, in this country, where property is so fluctuating, she who to-day has the greatest possessions, may be penniless to-morrow, and woe to herself and her friends if she is ignorant of every thing connected with housekeeping."

"But do you not think, Miss Lee," interposed a Mr. Lawrence, "that being obliged to associate with the inmates of the kitchen as much as we must to get such a knowledge as you speak of, will tend, as a general thing, to lower the high tone of delicacy and refinement which every true lady possesses?"

"No true lady can ever lower that high standard of refinement for a moment, Mr. Lawrence. It is as impossible as for a true gentleman to commit a mean or a dishonorable act. But it is not needful to asso-

ciate much with the servants in order to gain this practical information, as it requires but a very small portion of every day to be devoted to its attainment. Still, one might be in the kitchen all the while if it were necessary, and yet escape such injury, for there is a distinction, you know, between being in the same place with people, and associating with them. The rose and the lily do not lose the purity of their fragrance, even when they grow in a garden of herbs."

The company now began to disperse, and Edward Gould, who had listened with attentive pleasure to every word Florence Lee had spoken, was fortunate enough to secure the privilege of accompanying her home, having first seen his cousin duly placed under the escort of Lieutenant Hastings. Mr. Gould found his companion exceedingly agreeable, and only regretted the shortness of the distance, although they had dismissed the carriage and walked all the way, that they might better enjoy the moonlight. They parted at the door with an agreement to ride to Greenwood the next morning, and, as might be supposed, the young cavalier's slumbers were not altogether dreamless that night.

Punctual to the appointed hour the next day, the gentleman was at Mr. Alison's door, for Isabelle Lanneau and Effie Lee were both orphans, and were residing for the present with an uncle. He was shown into a magnificent parlor, which opened into a large conservatory. The latter was filled with the choicest and most costly exotics, and into it he speedily made his way, for he was a passionate lover of flowers. A cozy little velvet chair stood in one corner, and seemed the very impersonation of luxury, half buried as it was amid geraniums and roses, with a lovely view of a lawn shaded by noble elms, stretching away from the nearest window. An open book lay upon the chair, and with a curiosity which he seldom felt, but which now seemed perfectly irresistible, our hero took it up, and found it to be a volume by his favorite authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Many of the most exquisite passages, which he had so often admired, were faintly underlined; and turning hastily to the fly-leaf, he read "Carrie Lee." Just below this was pencilled, in the most fairy-like hand imaginable, "The household name of one whom God hath taken," and farther down still, in the same writing, "Effie Lee, Paris, June 14, 184—"—"So," said he to himself, "the fair maiden has been a traveler in the old world, has she?" but before he had time to make many mental comments upon the number of desirable qualities concentrated in this one little being, whom he had known scarcely twelve hours, but whom he already began to wonder that he had lived so long without knowing—the lady stood before him.

That drive to Greenwood was by no means hastily performed, nor

yet was it a tedious one to either party. Mr. Gould purposely touched upon a great variety of topics, and was happily confirmed in his presentiment, by finding his companion at home upon them all. In the course of the morning he learned indirectly that Florence had been educated solely by her mother—that she had traveled with her parents in Europe eighteen months, chiefly for the benefit of her sister Carrie's health; that this sister had died at Paris just before they left the continent, and that Effie had returned with her parents to this country only to lay them both in Mount Auburn cemetery in less than six weeks after they had landed. She had spent most of her time since their death among some relatives at the South, with whom her cousin Isabelle had resided for several years, but both had now come, at the urgent request of their uncle Alison, to pass a year at his country seat. It was to her mother's training, Florence said, that she owed most of her peculiar ideas about the necessity of more substantial accomplishments than the arts of music, drawing, &c., for American ladies, though Mr. Gould afterwards found she was not deficient in these more fashionable but less useful branches.

The acquaintance between the two made rapid progress, and a valuable acquisition it proved to each. Florence had many real friends, (for she could not lack what she so richly deserved,) but she had long felt a sense of loneliness which sometimes weighed her to the earth; for since her parents had been taken from the world, she had found few truly congenial souls, and none who fully understood and appreciated her. Edward Gould knew well from experience what this desolate feeling was; he had hardly been free from it since the hour when he stood by his sister Nellie's open grave, and saw the world grow strangely dark and cold. From that time, he had gone on thus far in life's pilgrimage with a pleasant smile and a kind word for all, but an aching heart in his own bosom which no one saw and nothing could relieve. He had what almost every one called *fantastic notions* about the qualifications requisite in a good wife, and seldom did he meet with any one who agreed with his views, and less frequently still with a young lady who possessed what he considered the most essential of those qualifications. It was, therefore, with a deep and heartfelt gratitude that he found united in Effie Lee all that he had so long sought in vain, and as he was well established in his chosen profession of the law, and was the proprietor of quite a large fortune besides, and as Effie was so nearly alone in the world, not many months elapsed ere he succeeded in persuading her to become his wife.

They had been married about two weeks, and had just returned from their bridal tour, when in a single day, by some of those mysterious

providences which sometimes occur, and which no human eye can foresee, the property of each was swept away at one blow, and Edward Gould returned to his home to tell his young bride that he was almost penniless, and that henceforth they had nothing but his profession upon which to depend for a subsistence. She heard him with an unclouded face, and when he had finished, pushing the hair from his brow with her hand, and pressing her lips to it, she said, "It is well, dear Edward, that we married each other solely for love, and that that is a fortune of which nothing can deprive us. Now I shall know the full value of all my sainted mother's teachings, and I shall perhaps have a better opportunity of proving the depth and sincerity of my affection for you, my husband, than I could have under other circumstances.—We will not look at the 'cloud,' dearest, but we will help each other to find its 'silver lining.'"

And she was right. They took a small house not far from the centre of the city, and furnished it neatly, but very simply, with what they could gather from the wreck of their united fortunes, refusing, with the true spirit of American independence, all proffers of aid, or of a home, from their numerous wealthy friends.

"I declare, Ned! you were right after all," exclaimed Franc, now Mrs. Hastings, as she sat at her cousin's tea-table, a few weeks afterward, and saw how nicely every thing upon it had been prepared by the fair hands of Effie Gould, who filled, for the present, the double post of kitchen maid and lady of the house. "What would you have done with Maltie Gray—for a wife, as things have turned out? And yet who could have dreamed on your wedding-day, when two such splendid fortunes as yours and Effie's were united, that such a terrible reverse would so speedily follow?"

"I am glad it has not taken you 'ten years,' dear Franc," replied her cousin, "to become convinced of the wisdom of what you used to term my 'foolish prudence.' As for Effie," he added, turning a beaming glance of affection on his young wife, "she is indeed my 'good angel,' and is more to me than human tongue can tell. What I should have done without her, I am sure I cannot imagine, but I daily bless the goodness of my heavenly Father in giving me such a treasure, and whether He sees best to crown my efforts with success, and make me again a wealthy man, or not, I cannot complain, while I have such a fortune in my wife. I can only counsel all my young friends to follow my example, and to choose for a life-companion one who can fill any station properly, and then alone will they be truly happy, and prepared for any and every emergency."

New-Haven.

FANNY.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

We had a girl, a gentle girl,
 Her face to sober sweetness still'd;
 And mellow as the brooklet's purr
 Her heart in silver language rill'd.
 From her calm eyes a quiet smile,
 And from her softly curving lip,
 Could all our care of pain beguile,
 Our pain of all its arrows strip.

We had no child to love beside,
 And all we sought, of earthly good,
 Was still to open for her, wide,
 - The gates of noble Womanhood.
 She stopp'd into its rosy porch;
 Such grace and sweetness in her shone,
 The Angel of the Inverted Torch
 Straight led her to her heavenly throne.

O, Summer green, and Autumn glow,
 How richly on the hills ye lay,
 How faded into spectral snow
 While she to white death pass'd away!
 O, darling Soul of all the scene,
 How melted from our pained view
 Thy form as fresh as Summer's green,
 As fair as Autumn's mellow hue!

The Alder shakes its tassled head
 Renewed in Spring's awakening breath,
 The Daisies nod before our tread,
 Escaped the icy chain of death;
 But blooming cheek and floating tress,
 And eyes which mocked the stars before,
 Return their purer loveliness
 To grace our silent home no more!

Yet day by day her calm Divine
 Comes mellowing down the gloom of loss,
 More human-sweet and seraph-fine,
 Made pure from taint of earthly dross;
 And when we lift our heavy eyes
 To see what hopes in each have growth,
 Her form between us seems to rise,
 And smile its blessing upon both.

We thought to leave her fit for earth,
 To bless her with our parting breath;
 But Heaven lay level to her worth,
 While we must climb by pain and death.
 She glided to her Angel sphere,
 And through the rapture of her song,
 Sends back this word of strengthening cheer,
 "Earth-pain is short, but Heaven is long!"

LIGHT AND LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

IN the beginning all was void and desolate, a cold abyss of waters; the elements of things lay mingled in wild confusion. Then the breath of Life came from the mouth of the Everlasting, and broke the chains of ice, and, like the wings of a brooding dove, moved gently across the gloomy chaos.

Every thing now stirred in the dark depths, striving upward to birth. Then appeared the first born, the soft, refreshing Light.

Sweet Light, united with Love, the almighty mother, hovered over the face of the waters; they soared up to heaven, and formed the golden azure; they descended into the depths, and filled them with life; they bore aloft the earth, an altar to God, strewing it with ever-reviving flowers; they animated the smallest atom.

And when they had filled the ocean, the depths, and air and earth with being, they stood taking counsel together, and said one to another: "Let us make man in our image, a likeness of Him, who, by Light and Love created the heavens and the earth. Then Life entered the dust; then Light beamed upon man's god-like countenance, and Love chose his heart for a silent dwelling.

The everlasting Father beheld, and called the creation good; for his ever active Light, and his sweet daughter Love, filled and pervaded all things.

Why murmurest thou, dreamy sage, and gazest in wonder upon the world, as upon a gloomy chaos? The chaos is set in order; set thou thyself in order. Man's happiness is in activity alone: in Light and Love, the happiness of the Creator.

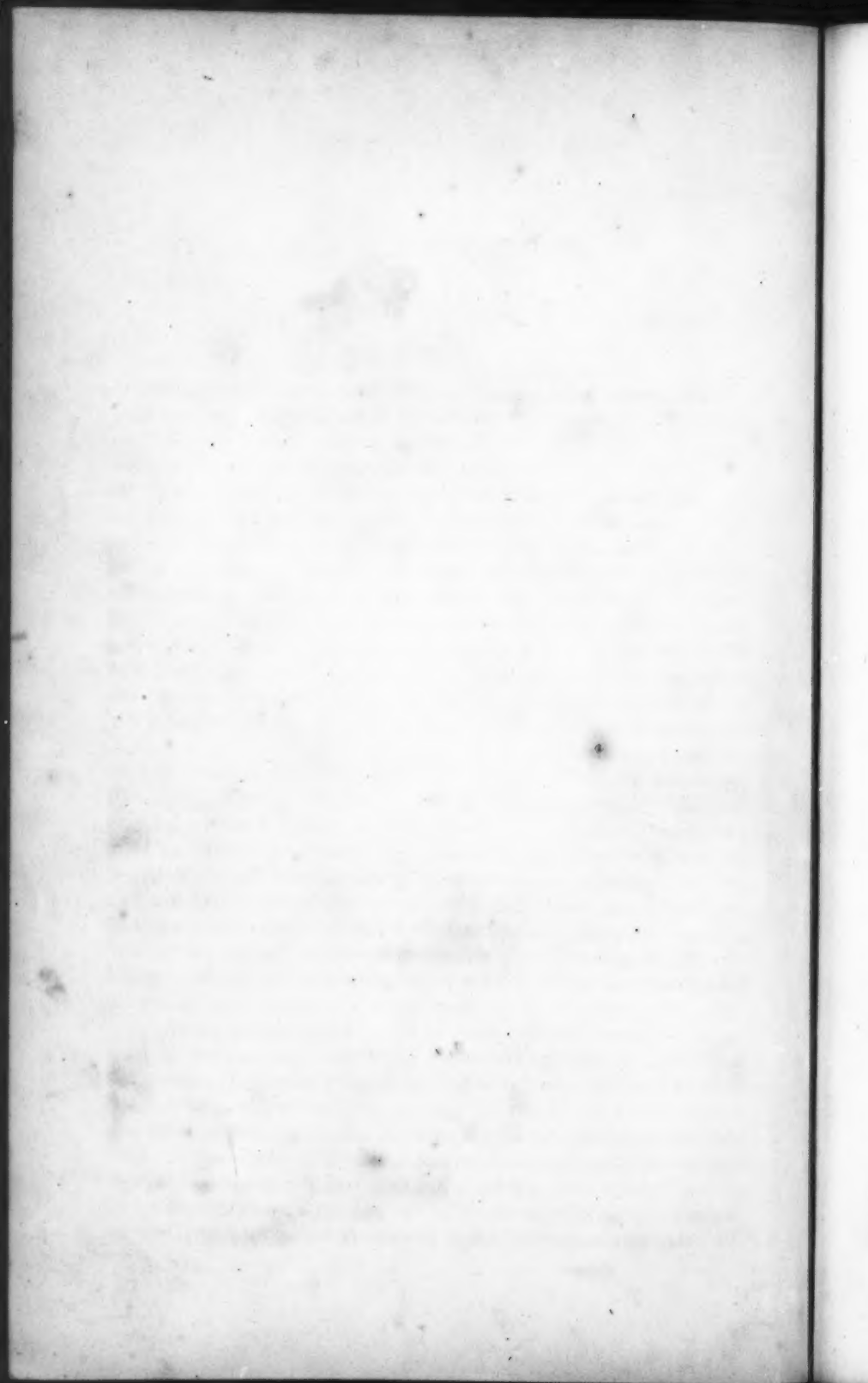


Love's Trials.





Wild Poppies.



LOVE'S TRIALS.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

NEW ENGRAVING.

"As in water face answereth to face, so does the heart of man to man." The history of its passions is the same in all ages, countries, and conditions. The form of outward development, varies it is true, with a difference of attendant circumstances; but the inward promptings and impulses are alike in all cases. If love rule the heart, its cravings will be the same, whether it beat beneath the embroidered robe or the coarse serge. Among those in high stations, however, there is such a *mingling* of passions, that this resemblance is less striking. Pride oftentimes overmasters love, and the heart which is full of yearning affections is guarded by this stern jailor, until it is fairly crusted over with the lava of its own excited ungratified desires; and thus, unseen by the world, which fancies it is all adamant, it is left to burn itself to ashes. Ever and anon the flames will burst forth from some such guarded citadel, and the heart assert its kindred to our common humanity.

Catalina of Merida had attained her sixteenth summer, and no daughter of her noble house had ever passed this age unmarried. Of pure Castilian lineage, the heiress of large estates, and adorned with personal charms, almost unmatched, even in a circle where all were beautiful, her hand had been sought by the noblest of Spain's Hidalgos, but hitherto in vain. Her father, Count of Castillejo, had but two children, Juan and Catalina, and the latter, two years the eldest, had been the favorite child. The Count was proud of Juan, through whom his dignity and lineage were to be perpetuated; but the boy, spoiled by a doting mother, was anything but an affectionate child, and gave his father more trouble than pleasure. His daughter was the very reverse of her brother in temper and disposition, and her winning ways had doubly endeared her to the father's heart. Esteeming her as a jewel of price, he was not so anxious to part with her, as to frown when she dismissed one after another of her gallant suitors: but she was now of a marriageable age, and he began to look about for some one worthy of so rich a prize. Among all of the young nobles, who might fairly claim to be rivals in the pursuit, there was none whom the Count esteemed more highly, or welcomed more cordially, than the

young Don Bernard, nephew and adopted heir of Count Camarga. Of an ardent, poetic temperament, Bernard possessed all the qualities most likely to captivate the heart of a romantic girl. But Catalina was not lightly to be won; and although she greeted the young man courteously when they met, and received his proffered homage with a downcast eye and crimsoned cheek, yet no word of encouragement had passed her lips. Still he was not hopeless of success, and as time wore on, fancied that he had made some progress in his suit.

Spain, which for years had been rent and torn by internal commotions, was to have an interval of peace. Ferdinand VII. had been released from restraint by the French army under the Duke D'Angoulême, and had entered his capital on a triumphal car, amid the rejoicings of his people. But this repose was of short duration. Party feeling still ran high, and the moderation of the King toward the Constitutionalists, excited the jealousy of the Absolutists, and a plot was formed to raise Don Carlos to the throne. In this plot Count Camarga and his nephew were involved, and at its defeat they were obliged to flee for their lives. Camarga went to France, and thence to Italy.

But how could Bernard leave the home of his affections? How exile himself from the presence of his beloved? After a few days' flight he doubled upon his pursuers, and returned to the neighborhood of his home. In the craggy mountains of Molina there were many hiding places, which he had searched out during his adventurous boyhood, and here he secreted himself until the act of amnesty should be passed, which he fondly hoped would include his name. On the first of May, 1824, this act was published, with his name among the *exceptions* to the list who were received again into favor. His uncle was named among the favored ones, but the young man had some bitter rivals in his wooing, who hoped to profit by his absence. Divining at once the reason why he had been excepted, when those more guilty had been pardoned, he determined at all hazards to remain near his beloved, both to further his own suit, and to frustrate the schemes of his enemies.

No spot was more suited for the execution of such a design than the one he had chosen. The mountain was a safe refuge from any number of pursuers not acquainted with its secret paths, and was of easy access from the valley of the Tajo, a branch of the Tagus, which had its sources in the mountain rills, and flowed for some distance along the mountain's base. Bernard was none the less likely to succeed in his suit because he was a hunted fugitive; and the deeds of daring which have made his name famous in the old Peninsula, were quite as effective in winning his bride, as any of the eloquent speeches he had

made in the days of his prosperity. For several weeks he had come almost nightly to the mansion of Castillejo, to see the fair Catalina, and his voice had been heard beneath her windows, even by the spies of his enemies. Innumerable plans were formed to arrest or to slay him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, and to defy pursuit. One night, leaving his horse in the care of a servant, an old domestic who had been for years in the family of his uncle, and who was now his only attendant, he began a serenade under the shadows of the roof which contained his dearest earthly treasure. He had not completed the strain when a signal from his watchful sentinel, gave warning of the approach of an enemy. With true Castillian pride he would have finished the song, had he known that certain death awaited the final note. He possessed a fine voice, and not a cadence faltered, even when the signal of his servant was rapidly repeated, denoting the danger to be extremely urgent. At length the last note was sung, and kissing the tips of his fingers toward the chamber where he supposed the fair Catalina was listening, Bernard turned to mount his steed. The moment he appeared in sight, the servant beckoned him to hasten, and that not without reason. The outlets to the grounds on every side were in possession of armed men, while several were seen running toward the spot where Gaspar still held his master's stirrup. Mounting in haste, Bernard drew his sword, and instantly forming his plan, dashed off in the direction opposite to that by which he intended to escape, followed closely by his faithful servant, who was also well mounted. Had his enemies remained at their post, he would have found the egress guarded at all points; but the moment his flight commenced, the troops stationed on the side nearest the mountain, broke from their cover, and joined in the pursuit. As soon as the fugitives heard the clattering hoofs behind them, they turned again, and met the pursuers in full career, but widely scattered. One only of the royalists was near enough to intercept them, but as he interposed, the blow he aimed was parried, and the next moment he found himself stunned and bleeding upon the ground, whither the strong arm of Bernard had thrown him, as he continued his own flight, without swerving from his course.

A price was now set upon his head, but the retainers of both houses were too much attached to the young noble to betray him, and he still continued his visits to the mansion on the bank of the Tajo. The nearest points where troops could be stationed were at Betela on the West, or Taravilla on the North, and the one was twelve, the other fully fifteen miles distant. Pursuit in a direct line was vain, as Bernard mounted on a horse of pure Andalusian breed, defied their swiftest horsemen, while all attempts to cut him off were frustrated, either by

stratagem or open daring. Stimulated by success, for the beautiful maiden had at last accepted his suit, Bernard was not to be driven from his retreat, nor compelled to forego his visits.

Meanwhile her love was put to the severest test. Brilliant offers for her hand were made by those high in courtly favor; and her own father, although he would not force her inclinations, urged her to resign the proscribed Carlist, and choose a husband from among the noble royalists. But Love vindicated its power, and nothing could shake her constancy, or induce her to listen for a moment to the pleadings which beset her. With true heroism she declared that she would rather have a home among the mountains with Bernard, than share the proudest palace in Spain with any of his enemies.

She was to be still more severely tried. Vexed beyond measure at the ill success of his efforts to secure the young noble, the commander of the royal forces stationed at Taravilla, sent a small troop to quarter at the mansion of Castillojo. The Count and his son were absent at court, or this indignity would not have been borne in silence. The object of the wily soldier was, either to cut off entirely the visits of Don Bernard, or to render his capture certain. The spirit of the young maiden was now fully aroused, and her courage was equal to any deed of daring. Communication with her father was not readily to be obtained, and might not end in securing what she desired. Her first impulse was to summon her retainers and expel her unwelcome guests; but she feared to involve her father in a quarrel with the reigning powers. At last her resolution was taken. Summoning a single male attendant, she ordered horses to be prepared for herself and maid, as if for her wonted gallop up to the cool hill side, and accompanied by her two attendants she set forth on her excursion. While in sight of her home she proceeded at her usual pace, but once in the shadow of the mountain, she became impatient, and pushed her horse to his speed. She was determined to see her betrothed, and take his advice as to her future course. Perhaps her heart whispered to her what that advice would be, for the color played upon her cheek like light and shadow under a broken cloud, as she thought of the meeting she had come to seek.

Bernard had named a trysting place, where a messenger might find him, and thither she directed her course. But keen eyes upon the mountain top were watching the valley, and before she reached the appointed spot, Bernard met her. Assisting her to alight, he pointed to a seat upon a grassy slope, and threw himself at her feet, while she told him of the new obstacle to their free intercourse. His first thoughts were of revenge; his next of a mode to thwart their scheme.

"If my rude home could be made fit to hold such a treasure, I would ask you to become mine at once," said he, looking earnestly at her countenance to read the effect of his bold words; "but a life among the crags of the mountain, would little become one so gently nurtured," he added sadly. A flush came upon her face as she answered, "It is ever home with you, Bernard!"

"Then stay with me, beloved. We can soon find a priest in the valley, and my rude hut might well seem a palace, adorned with such a treasure!"

Judge her not by our standards, fair readers, because she consented to become a bride in such strange circumstances, and on such wooing. Although within our own century, the sudden changes and fierce conflicts among the rulers of the nation had moulded into strange forms the character of the people. The servant brought a priest from the plain, and ere the long shadows from the mountain had reached the bank of the Tajo, their faith had been solemnly plighted.

But they were not soon to spread the nuptial couch. As the last benediction of the solemn rite was pronounced, the clattering of hoofs was heard, and soon a troop of royalists appeared in view, and they saw that they were discovered. The long absence of the maiden from her home had excited the suspicions of the officer, and he had started in pursuit. Had he been alone, the gallant Bernard would have laughed at their efforts to take him; but now he trembled with a new fear, lest some evil should befall his fair bride at the very moment he had taken a vow to love and protect her. The plainest path to his mountain retreat was cut off, and the others were too rough to be trodden in haste by his fair companion.

There was no time lost, however, in indecision. The two women were speedily mounted, and left in charge of the servant, to make the best of their way up the mountain, while Bernard, who was on foot, openly exhibited himself as he ran along the hill side, and jumped from rock to rock, fully expecting that the whole pursuit would be directed toward his own capture. The very boldness with which he carried out his plan defeated its object. The commander of the troops could not believe that Don Bernard would expose himself so openly, and suspected that a servant had assumed the dress and cap of the noble, to favor the latter's escape. Leaving him therefore unmolested, he turned his whole force toward the mounted fugitives. Had they been upon an open road, the heavy cavalry could not have overtaken them; but penned up against the mountain side, they found it impossible to avoid their pursuers. Making a virtue of necessity, the proud maiden turned toward the troop, and as they galloped up, demanded the reason of such a rude

assault. A single glance showed the officer that he had missed his prey, and he answered courteously that he had come to escort her home. She replied haughtily, "I am not a *prisoner* to need an escort, and I prefer the attendance of my own people." Thus saying, she turned her horse's head homeward, and the officer, somewhat abashed, followed at a respectful distance. It was well for him that he did so; had he used but one rude gesture during that ride in the shadow of the mountain, there was a strong arm near him, which, at the hazard even of such odds, would have taken sudden vengeance!

A double guard was now placed around the mansion, and Catalina, fearful of compromising the safety of her husband, did not venture forth for several days. On the third day after her secret marriage, she received a note from Bernard, bidding her farewell for a brief space, as he was about to visit his uncle, Count Camarga; either to obtain a force to rescue her from restraint, or to secure his uncle's intercession in his behalf.

He reached the home of his uncle, only to find him on his deathbed, and to receive his last blessing. The position of the young man was now much changed. The heir of a noble inheritance, he was too powerful an enemy to be persecuted, and the royal clemency was extended to him, on condition of his residing abroad one year.

His marriage was now publicly announced, and his fair bride made preparations to accompany him in his brief exile. But this the despotic Court refused to permit. Some punishment for so determined a rebel was necessary, even for form's sake, and they would not grace the exile with so joyous a retinue.

A year! how brief time to the busy heart, which finds the day all too short for its cares; but how tedious when the weary moments are counted only by sighs for the loved and absent.

It is again summer, and the grateful shadows of the woodless mountain make a cool retreat from the afternoon heats. Here, where the ground has been endeared by the footprints of her beloved, does Catalina love to come toward the evening hour. The grateful juice of the Castilian vineyard, catches a refreshing coolness from the mountain breeze; and now playing with the wild flowers picked from the grassy plats between the craggy rocks, and now singing some plaintive air, which she has heard beneath her window in the time which seems so long gone by, the maiden bride is wearing out the few weeks which must still elapse before she can press her husband once more to her fond heart. Look at the scene, as our artist has caught it, and see how the sad longing for the happy hour, is blended with the gladness of hope, now that it is so near!

THE POETS.

BY CELIA.

THE Poets! precious messengers of good!
 That come to us with deep and soulful voice,
 Bearing tidings of the pure and true!
 How do our hearts unfold their inner leaves
 And breathe out fragrance, as we list their silent
 Language! thought too deep for sound is waked,
 And words that tongue can never utter, glow
 And sparkle in the eye, or speak in warm
 Suffusion of the cheek, and quivering lip.
 Oft have we sat at summer-sunset hour
 Beside the western window, where the light
 Reflected from the iris-tinted clouds
 Illumed the page, and shed a glorious
 Effulgence o'er the landscape—We have sat
 Entranced with images of beauty, with
 The flow of gentle eloquence, the power
 Of *genius* that has brought into existence
 Fairy realms of Thought and Fancy, free,
 And limitless, and lovely;—we have read
 Until the deepening twilight has compelled
 To close the volume, and the stars have come
 To stud the dimly purple sky, and shed
 Their living light, and the familiar face
 Of Luna smiled upon us as we gazed—
 Until the earth and heavens seemed replete
 With glorious beauty, and an anthem glad
 Went up from all and each, and filled all space—
 A song of praise and loveliness that waked
 The echoes of our heart.

When gentle ones

Are gathered round the home-hearth, all are hushed
 To listen, as the varied music-tones
 Of one beloved make vocal genial thoughts,
 Or legends quaint of olden time, or songs
 And psalms of bards long passed away, yet still
 Existent in the ancient-covered tome
 Whose pages breathe of warm humanity,
 Of kindly sympathies, and trust sincere
 In all the loving-kindness of our God;—
 And, as we listen, all those gentle thoughts
 Incorporate with our existences—
 Our hearts are warmed, and filled with deeper love,
 And larger charity, and Prejudice,
 With her ignoble train, departs, and leaves
 Humanity unchained, erect, and free!

And when the hand of Sorrow, cold and drend,
 Shall lie upon the heart, and check the flow
 Of ardent joyousness, and tears shall gather
 Deep within the chalice of the soul,
 And we are weary of the heartless world,
 And weary of ourselves, how sweet to find
 In words of meek and touching tenderness,
 The history of a heart that suffered long
 In patient sadness and in silence, yet
 Came forth at last from out the crucible,
 "Refined and purified!"

A gift divine,
 And glorious indeed, is that warm light
 Which issues from the poet-soul, to bathe
 In richness and in beauty all the world
 Of Nature, showing forth her hidden lore—
 The keen and true perception, that beholds
 A glory in the heavens, hears the speech
 Of mountains hoar, and voices of the Sea,
 And language of the flower, and music wild
 In every breath of Æolus—the heart,
 The poet-heart, that sees, and hears, and loves
 The voices and the tracery of his God
 In all the free, the beautiful, the glad,
 The tender and the terrible, that breathe
 Around him in his wondrous dwelling-place!

The poet's song! Ah, may we hear it *ever*!
 In the deep forest, and among the hills,
 Beside the stream, and from the flower-cup—
 In the deep wailing of the angry storm—
 In the wild waters—and amid the stars—
 In all the loveliness of those we love,
 And in our household walk and inmost heart—
 For verily, the poet's song is Love and Beauty,
 Truth and Worship!

LONDON, Aug. '52.

A man comes strongly to desire an object, and this he calls love; but not so—that object once his, and his desire fails. Love, on the contrary, lives from itself. It is never satiated, and never tires. The more it expends, the more it abounds. If its servings and offerings make its object happy, it asks no other return. This is the one idea on which it thrives and perfects itself to a likeness of all good. Desire is a thing that burns out or wastes itself in languor; but love rather shines than burns, and sheds its beams as happy to diffuse its treasures, and the more it exercises itself and waxes ardent, the less it knows or can know of languor or decay.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE UMBRELLAS?

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

To thrust this question aside into some obscure corner of their newspapers, as is too frequently done by editors, merely to eke out a column, is, to say the least, not to treat it with deserved respect. From the humble, unprominent place it is thus made to occupy, no respectable correspondent feels called upon to enter into its merits or satisfy its requirement; yet, of course, it falls under the eyes of all readers, and in this way it often promotes mischief. Many persons, who unfortunately have become too fondly attached to their umbrellas, on seeing this query going the rounds of the papers with no solution whatever attempted, are led to fancy that it must be a poser, involving difficulties which no honest man can satisfactorily resolve, and that around the articles for which it seems solicitous are lurking dangers greater than most folks suppose. Thence these become excited in their nervous systems; and whilst in this state, unluckily should some one of their own choice umbrellas unaccountably be missing, it aggravates their humor, and fills them with apprehensions of still further abstractions, so alarming as, in some cases, to drive, at any rate the weakest of them, into monomania. Wishing to secure their ownership and frighten away all purloiners, in the first place, by which they show their incipient infatuation, they paint, or cause to be painted, on the black, blue, or red silks of their umbrellas, in the largest white characters, their own names in full, sometimes too with the significant words prefixed: *Stolen from* ——. One would think that such inscriptions would prove sufficient safe-guards to their property, as, making the case your own, would you ever wish to walk abroad under a silken covering even of the costliest construction, in a shower, on whose outside it was thus publicly proclaimed, not only that it was not your own, but, what is far worse, that, in all likelihood, it had come into your possession in a surreptitious manner? For my own part, rather would I expose my hat defenselessly to the storm. To a friend of mine, therefore, a little touched in this way, who was in the habit of carrying abroad with him his umbrella in all weathers, upraised when it was raining, and under his arm, as was more frequently the case, when it was clear, being afraid to leave it at home, I suggested the propriety of his adopting

this expedient, as it would certainly secure him from all uneasiness ; but he assured me that now-a-days such tabooing would be utterly unavailing.

"Burking," he exclaimed in an agitated manner, "is no longer confined to human subjects. It is now perpetrated also on our unresisting umbrellas ! Unprincipled villains there are in our streets ever ready, on the unlocking of our front doors, to intrude stealthily into our halls and carry off thence our waiting protectors ; which having stripped of their outward cotton or silken integuments, of their more valuable inward parts, their whalebone, steel supporters and wooden stalks, they make a very profitable merchandize."

Another acquaintance of mine, who had been bereaved of several silken favorites, one after another, in manners the most unaccountable, became still more infuriated. He declared to me that the frequent and mysterious disappearances of our umbrellas could be attributed, in most cases, to no other agencies than those which were superhuman ; that broomsticks were not the only coursers on which nocturnal, diabolical excursions were performed ; that in the still hour of midnight our dear, defenseless guardians against showers were often conveyed away from our halls by evil spirits, perhaps not through the key-hole, but certainly up the chimney, and that thereafter they were borne along by them, like parachutes, expanded, not always descendingly, but more frequently ascendingly or horizontally, through the air, until at length they arrived at some great limbo of lost umbrellas, from whose bourne no one of them had ever yet returned.

To prevent such cases of deplorable infatuation, respecting the ownerships of our umbrellas, the entertainment of correct ideas is highly essential. Between *meum* and *tuum* I never would disturb any of the hallowed distinctions. *Sunto perpetua !* In all our other personal, domestic chattels, I believe our property is absolute. Umbrellas stand out as the only exceptions. In our snuff-boxes and watches, for instance, we admit of no partnerships. They are our own. Around these it is right to let our affections luxuriate. It improves their strength. For them our regards are not selfish but social. Into our snuff-boxes have been dipped, in happier days, the friendliest sympathizing fingers with our own, and into the cases of our watches have been laid the most delicately painted papers. Thus are they endeared to us by associations. Towards our staffs too, we hold it proper to entertain tender regards. They have been the ornaments of our manhood, and are likely soon to become our supporters in our declining years. They resemble dutiful children ; *Scipiadae*. All the better, too, are they for becoming old-fashioned. Towards them in almost

any fondnesses may we indulge, short of idolatry. We should cherish them through our lives, and hand them down as heirlooms to our children. Upon these domestic weapons we know demented persons have sometimes seized, and with them injured others; but in no instances of the sort, we imagine, had their craziness been induced, in the first place, by a too ardent attachment to the implements. Propelled to fury by other incentives, on these they laid hold merely as the readiest things at hand, and well it was that they fell in with no deadlier weapons. From the pure love of the staff we feel persuaded that no persons have ever been so excited as to run into monomania. Amiable oddities they may exhibit, fantastic feats they may perform, but always within allowable limits. To the dexterous twirlings, the playful flourishings or mock-heroic brandishments of their instruments, their excentricities are mostly confined. Even when frenzy has been wrought by other causes, free indulgence in the use of the staff, we fancy, will afford it the safest outlet. In our nursery reading we have always admired, in the redoubtable father of Miss Nancy Dawson, that parental tenderness which induced him to carry one of these implements "in every hand" to fight for his charming daughter. Thus doubly armed, he was permitted, we have no doubt, to move abroad among his patrons unmolested, as a harmless mendicant, admired for his romantic valor; whereas, had he laid hold of a sword or stiletto, very soon and properly, we imagine, would he have been seized upon, notwithstanding all his gallantry, and clapped into Bedlam.

Reader, hast thou ever observed the distress of a barn-door partlet, whose wayward, web-footed, suppositious darling, on coming near a pond, suddenly and boldly hath toddled away from her maternal side, unheeding her calls, and launched delightedly into his natural element? Somewhat akin to this, but, ah! more poignant certainly, is the grief of the unfortunate human being who inconsiderately hath permitted himself to become too devotedly attached to his umbrella. Into continual alarms and anxieties is he thrown on account of its elopements. A dear friend he hath just bowed out of his hall into a shower, or perhaps settled rain. On turning around, however, he looks for his favorite umbrella. Oh, treachery! it is gone, and in its stead is standing a miserable, dripping caricature, all bulged and battered! Rushing forward, he calls after his departing visiter, but all in vain; his voice is lost amid the pattering rain-drops. What must he do? Snatching up the poor changeling, he hurries forth in pursuit; unfurling over his head its sheet, oh how dilapidated! One of its ribs is broken in, which causeth its cloth to fall flat around his hat and shoulders, like a cowl or cape. All around is a continued sea of bobbing umbrellas. On the

retreating figure of his own, however, he fastens his eye earnestly.—Through the umbriferous crowd, after it he presseth hard, jostling some and oversetting others. Now he gains upon it. He will certainly have it anon within his grasp. He is within a square's distance. He thinks of shouting aloud; when, presto! the fugitive has turned a corner and disappeared, umbrella and all! He reaches the point of departure, but can see them no more. Whither now will he direct his steps? To the home of the kidnapper he hastens forward. He finds that he has not yet returned. He cannot wait patiently. Off he starts again in search. Is that the blue, gibbous form of his own umbrella that he sees looming in the distance? It certainly is. Only occasional glimpses of it doth he enjoy at first, but soon a full, continued vision. His hope is freshened, his speed renewed. Up one street and down another he followeth hard after. Can the fellow be dodging him? Is he aware of his pursuit? Ah, now he will certainly have him. He has turned into that house. He cannot escape. On ringing the bell, however, and entering the hall, he finds that he had mistaken his man and umbrella both! Dejected and drenched, he turneth his face homewards. He regardeth not the rain. He careth for nobody. He walketh along doggedly, full of gloomy thoughts; when suddenly he stumbles upon the very man of whom he had been in chase. He looks up at him at first delighted, but soon to be cast down even worse than before, on observing over his head an unknown canopy! His friend, it seems, since issuing from his door, had made several other calls, and of course, as many exchanges.

Such disasters are well deserved. They are the legitimate penalties of misplaced, unnatural affections. What might he not have expected from having set his heart on an object so notoriously addicted to sudden departures on the wing? It were well, however, were his grief his only injury. He harms besides his moral sensibilities. By seeking thus to retain untenable articles, he becometh churlish, morose, suspicious and monopolizing. Can he not understand that our umbrellas are not absolutely our own? that in abeyance large remainders in them are held by our friends and fellow-citizens at large? We cannot appropriate them wholly. As well might we undertake to domesticate partridges. Their home is in the community. Their settling in our halls is only for the time. Gently should we use them while they stay, but employ no restraint. On them we should set no marks of ownership. Our names in idle moments we may carve upon their handles, if we please, but all from curiosity, as we sometimes inscribe them on the breasts of terrapins or backs of bank-notes, to see if ever in the world they will come back to us again. Umbrellas are the circulating

mediums of politeness and gentility. As with fire-buckets for conflagrations, so with these for showers, should we well supply our halls, but only for the nonce. Into the hands of our dear, departing guests, when once we have placed them, our ownership is gone. They belong thereafter not to ourselves, but to their present supporters, and to those on whomsoever these, in their good pleasure, may think proper to bestow them.

"All fair and philanthropic enough!" some cautious host will here exclaim; "but we do not altogether like the expense. Our segars, in keeping well supplied with the best Havannahs to accommodate our friends when they come to see us, we feel a pleasure and a pride; but our umbrella-stands, after every shower, to be replenishing with fresh silks, to be ready for new-comers, would it not require too heavy disbursements?"

Certainly not, my dear sir; at any rate, where liberal views with respect to these articles are generally entertained. In such neighborhoods their circulation will be healthy and regular, not often requiring new supplies from the shops or factories. Of thine accommodated guests, of course, thou wilt return the calls; and, to show thy friendship pure and ardent, choose not always, we would advise thee, for this purpose the fairest weather. Go not thou to them always when the moon is splendent or the sun is bright. Be not thou

"A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Visit thy friend also in the darkest hours, amidst surrounding dankishness and fogs which engender the blues, and sharpen his countenance with thy vivacity. Enter his home before impending storms, and dispel his gloom by thy sprightliness and wit. Then, in fine, when thou risest to depart, he will accompany thee to the door with many bows; he will bestow upon thee his richest blessings, and besides, if the rain should be falling hard and fast, his broadest, best umbrella. By treating others also in the same affectionate manner, thy hall, thou perceivest, ere long thou wilt replenish with a better stock than it had before. In this way, indeed, will thine umbrella-stand remain at thy door a true thermometer, or rather hydrometer should I say, of hospitality. When full, it will denote that thy friends have failed in returning to thee their indebted visits, and, to stir them up, thou shouldst make for them a special entertainment. When empty, on the other hand, it will show that thou thyself hast been remiss, at proper seasons, in waiting upon them; and to make all suitable amends, on the next day or night that is lowering, thou

shouldst set forth with all earnestness to cheer them at their homes ; and cease not thou in thy good work, we beseech thee, until thou hast well restored the counterpoise.

"To a community of umbrellas we would make no objections," methinks I hear some considerate fair one here exclaim, "did we think it could be kept strictly confined to these ; but would it not, in all likelihood, be made soon to take in also some of our other chattels, similar but more beloved ; as, for instance, our sunshades and parasolettes ?"

Umbrellas and parasols, my dear madam or miss, as the case may be, are both included under the same artificial genus, we admit ; but widely sundered are they in their specific natures and differences.—They could not easily be mistaken. Just look at the delicate figures and fashions of your parasols ; their slender stalks, with joints to double them up when necessary, and their silken, less extended umbrella leaves. Think too of the suns required to bring them forth, and their bright hues displayed, by no means restricted, as are the leaves of most other plants, to green, but more diversified and variegated than are the petals of tulips. On the other hand, observe the melancholy features of our umbrellas ; their dark and dingy and weather-beaten complexions ; their masculine and sturdier forms.—Beneath ardent suns they may sometimes be raised, it is true, but such developments are, for the most part, forced and unnatural. Their proper element is the rain. Like toad-stools or mushrooms, they are best produced and enlarged under heavy showers ; yet, like hardy evergreens, of strength sufficient are they to abide unharmed also the peltings of the most pitiless sleet or snow. The habits and uses of the two are widely distinct. What only might create some confusion, and with this we must say that we are not well pleased, is the appellation of the latter. Umbrella is a misnomer. To denominate these substantial rain-defenders *shades*, is, to say the least, a preposterous metaphor. Serious thoughts had we, some years ago, of writing on to the great American lexicographer, Dr. Webster, before his demise, requesting him to improve the orthography and etymology of this word ; but somehow we let it pass. To him, and with ours his discriminating judgment, we feel persuaded, would at once have fallen in, we would have suggested the propriety of writing it, *imbrella*, that is, *little shower*, as of a settled rain, whenever one of these defenders moves along by our windows, it very much breaks, by the pattering on its disk, the monotony, exciting in us, for the moment, the refreshing fancy of a brisk little passing shower ; or perhaps still more appropriately, *parimber* or *turn-shower*, to set it in the broadest possible contradistinction to parasol. To future authorized revisors of his lexicon

this hint, we opine, will be sufficient. Still, merely from their names being similar in sense, we fear no confusion of the substances themselves. In their essential natures the two species are widely different. To the lighter feminine articles, the titles of their fair proprietors are indefeasible. By no precarious tenures are they held. To the sex they belong not only collectively, but to every individual of them her own exclusively. They are personal fixtures. Of their summer's walking dresses they form constituent parts; and, in making visits, they are not set aside by them in the halls, like umbrellas, but carried with them into the parlors or reception-rooms, to be given up only with their bonnets. Of course, when the weather becomes inclement, they must be shed for the while; and then their fair, forlorn owners, when they walk abroad, are constrained to take shelter with us under the great rain-repellers, the broad umbrellas which are circulated in our community. These latter articles are the only things to be held in common. All our other domestic utensils, of whatever shapes or sizes, are private property. To these, in every wise community, all socialism and radicalism must be strictly confined.

BEND TO THE STORM.

BY R. ALBERTSON.

Bend to the storm—when sorrow's hour

Breaks in upon thy soul,

Trust not to pride or pomp or power—

Seek not the dead'ning bowl.

Bend to the storm, with heart resigned,

Bow meekly to the blast;

The chastening Hand, so good and kind,

Shall raise thee when 'tis past.

Bend to the storm—the sturdy oak

That breasts the wintry blast,

And proudly lifts its towering head,

Must bend or break at last.

The mountain pine, the lofty ash,

Are wrecked beneath the storm,

While the lithe willow bows its head,

And soon regains its form.

Bend to the storm, ye stricken ones!

Why will ye tempt the strong?

He bleaseth and He comforteth,

He beareth with ye long.

And when His wisdom breaks the ties

That bind ye still below,

Bend to the storm—His power and grace

Will bear thee safely through!

THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth,
And thou hearest the sound thereof,
But canst not tell whence it cometh
Or whither it goeth."

JOHN III. 9.

The wind bloweth where it listeth,
We know not whence it came;
But still, as at Creation's birth,
The *mystery's* the same.
It makes the lofty forest bow
Beneath its mighty will;
And sways the surface of the lake,
Or gently stirs the rill.

It wafts the noble ship afar
O'er ocean's heaving breast;
Disturbs the slumb'ring mariner,
And breaks his peaceful rest.
It fills his heart with anxious fears,
The safety of his life
He knows depends upon the calm
Of elemental strife.

It softly fans the aching brow,
And cools the fever'd brain;
It drives the cold and drifting snow
Through broken cottage pane.
Anon it rests so quietly,
Its breath can scarce be heard;
The flow'rets petals may not fall,
And not a leaf is stirred.

Philosophers have vainly sought
To trace its mystic cause;
For futile is the aim of man
To fathom Nature's laws.
But where it listeth still it blows,
We know not whence it came;
But God yet holds it in His hand,
How wonderful His name!

LILY MORTON'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE LIONS.

BY HELEN IRVING.

LILY MORTON was in a charming state of bustle and confusion, of hurry and preparation—of serious consultations over silks and muslins and baréges, and delicious decisions among salmon and blue and rose-colors—making loving pilgrimages to the shrines of embroideries and laces and ribbons, and in the opinion of her lavish papa, most marvelously reversing the old proverb, that “necessity is the mother of invention,” and making “invention” the mother of innumerable unheard of “necessities.”

The cause of all this pleasant excitement—of the constant coming home of sundry and satisfactory brown paper packages—of the added brightness to Lily's eyes, and the presence in the house of a very bewitching little maiden, yecept, dressmaker, was, that Lily was going away for a visit—a visit to N——, the place of all others which made her heart beat fastest to think about—the place of all others in which she had most longed to be. And yet, it was far from being alone the beauty of the city—its concerts of rare music, its galleries of rare paintings, that made such a flutter of anticipation in Lily's little heart. There were some dear dreams and hopes in that heart of hers, of which she scarce ever spoke, and which were all the more restless for being kept down so quietly in their hiding place. Lily knew that in this delicious visit she should see some of the idols of her fancy—the living authors and authoresses, over whose pages she had poured out so much enthusiasm, and whom she had almost deified, in her glowing imagination. It was with a feeling almost of awe, that she thought how she should stand apart, looking with loving, wondering reverence, on the living embodiments of all the sweet poetic thoughts—the lofty and beautiful imaginings, that had so often come glowing and full of life to her spirit—filling it with a joy greater than any thing else had ever given.

Lily's nature was earnest and impulsive—she loved poetry and the poetic with all the ardor of a fine intellect, and a spirit tremulously alive to the beautiful every where, and she hung around her favorite authors all the warm idealism of a girlish enthusiasm—and many an hour now, while her light fingers were busy at some graceful task of preparation, her heart of seventeen was fluttering against her boddice

with such a wild tumult of hopes and fancies, as made the needle sometimes too tremulous for her guidance.

Ah, do all the authors whose words of beauty are scattered abroad, appreciate as they should, the loving admiration, the earnest faith, the genuine affection that goes out to them from these young, uncritical hearts!

Poor Lily had never seen a "real, live" poet. Of ready rhymers and poetasters, she had had frequent glimpses, but of the genuine article "*nactus, non factus*," she knew nothing, and so her luxuriant fancy was unwearied in its suggestions—exhaustless in the variety of its visions.

Lily's cousin, the niece of her mother, to whom this joyously anticipated visit was to be made, was a woman of much wealth, taste, and culture. Her love for the beautiful in all its forms was unbounded—her spacious mansion was almost a gallery of art, and her interest in, and encouragement of, home artists and authors was most generous. Not that she was by any means a claimant of that doubtful title, a "*patron of genius*"—her sympathy and appreciation were of as great value to the recipient as aught else she gave—and her poetic nature and highly cultivated intellect, made the society of the gifted far more congenial to her, than that of mere fashion, though both classes shared her kindly attentions and hospitalities.

It so happened that Lily, whose outgoings from home since her schooldays had been but few, had never visited this cousin, although her beautiful face was not unfamiliar to her, in its occasional visits to their exquisite country home—and now late in the spring Lily's parents had just consented that she should go to N——, and come back, with their fair cousin, (who was a widowed matron of some forty years,) in the summer.

Lily's preparations were soon completed—far sooner than one would have thought, who had been a listener to the various animated conversations on the subject—to the recapitulation of the things to be bought, and the things to be "made up"—to the end that the little village maiden might be "presentable" in her cousin's beautiful drawing-rooms.

All was however ready. Lily's new dresses were charmingly "becoming," so said the nice little dress-maker—but aunt Dinah, the cook, who came in to be present at the "trying on," blundered into the truth, when she said, that "*Miss Lily became all her new things, wonderful*"—for Lily, although she was more unconscious of it than most maidens who have mirrors to look into, was exceedingly pretty. Her large soft eyes were full of poetry, and there were lines about her exquisite mouth, that would have set a painter into raptures.

When Lily reached N——, it was nearly May. Warm bright days

were getting more and more frequent, and such a succession of pleasures opened upon her, in the way of walking, riding, and sight-seeing, that she had hardly time at first to grow impatient for a waking "vision of poets." There were studies for hours and days, in her cousin's home, so enriched by art, paintings and statuary from abroad, and by artists at home; there were a few landscapes, to whose creators Lily's heart at once went over—and some heads, which to have brought out upon the canvass, Lily felt the artist must have lived all his life in a "dream of fair women." Upon one or two of these artists, they had called in their morning drives, but had been singularly unfortunate in finding them "out," and their rooms locked, or in charge of diminutive boys, very suspicious of visitors. Poets and poetesses also had failed to cross their path, so that Lily had been in town now, more than a week, without seeing any of her much dreamed-about and idealized authors.

But just as she was beginning to feel a slight pang of disappointment, at having seen only fashionables—lively, chatty young ladies, and stylish young gentlemen—there came an invitation to a social evening, which her cousin at once accepted for them both, at the same time saying to Lily that there were sure to be some very charming people there—which in Lily's present dictionary meant, of course, nothing short of authors and artists. She was overjoyed at the invitation, which was for the following evening, and her cousin was greatly gratified by her evident delight. Little did Mrs. Lincoln dream of the earnestness of the anticipations which made that visit such an epoch in Lily's young life—she only saw the girlish gladness in the eyes of her young cousin, and pleasantly reflected on the appreciative admiration her beauty would receive.

It was somewhat late on the following evening, when Lily found herself in the pleasantly filled drawing-room of their hostess. There was a sound of animated voices, and Lily looked eagerly around her, half expecting that the physical would so answer to the spiritual, that she might recognize her idols, if haply any of them were present. As far as she could discern, the company were all fashionably dressed and enjoying themselves very much after the fashion of ordinary mortals, but she had not been long in the room, before her anxious observation settled upon here a pale, sweet face, and there a soft, dreamy eye, which, she felt in her glowing heart, must belong to the appointed few.

As she stood, listening, rather abstractedly, I fear, to the kindly endeavors to entertain her, of a pleasant, quiet, middle-aged lady, to whom she had been presented, her eyes rested on the sweet, classic face of a graceful girl, who was leaning against a pillar, talking rather languidly with a delicate-looking mostachioed gentleman, in a brilliant

crimson waistcoat, and light blue cravat, with an abundance of curling hair, dressed most elaborately, and thrown back from a broad, white forehead. The girl's waving brown hair was carried back, *a la Grecque*, from her beautiful, low brow, revealing the sweet oval of her cheek, and the symmetric outline of her throat.

The waving hair—the low brow, were familiar to Lily's eye—they were surely the original of an engraved portrait, she had not long ago seen, and she stood lost in admiration of the poetess "La Zingara" whom she was sure was before her. She looked the very embodiment of the sweet, earnest, beautiful thoughts and fancies to which her name had been so often appended; and Lily in the fulness of her sympathy could not repress a sigh, that so gifted a creature should be forced to listen to such a coxcomb as the youth at her side.

She made haste on her cousin's first appearance, to inquire the name of the young beauty, and the answer was followed immediately by the question, "Is she not a poetess?"

"Why, darling, no!" was the response. "What put *that* into your little brain! She hasn't intellect enough, I'll warrant, to write a readable letter. She is a beauty, certainly—that is, as far as feature goes—and that young artist Murray, takes good care that she should never forget it—if there were a possibility of her doing so. She dresses her hair in that classic style at his suggestion, and he reproduces her exquisitely formed throat, lips and eyes, in half his fancy sketches.—You remember Murray's heads. He has great genius, in his peculiar vein, I think."

Poor Lily! Two disappointments at once! Was that Murray the artist—the first real artist she had ever seen! Her heart sank—she thought of the crimson and blue decorations, and the flowing ringlets, in despair.

"Cousin, do all artists dress so?"

"Oh, no, dear, but *some* of them do have strange vagaries in costume. Many, I assure you, dress quite *a la mode*, and like christian men—but a goodly portion seem to consider it their bounden duty to appear in as many of the adorable, seven primary colors as possible. If you think poor Murray fantastical in costume, I wish you had seen young Jones, whom I met at the Capitol last winter. Why, no less than four distinct colors composed his four most conspicuous habiliments—scarlet, blue, light olive-green, and snuff-brown, which you can sort as you like. And yet Jones paints some of the most delicious landscapes I have seen."

Lily sighed—she had no idea of betraying her disappointment, but she said, "I fancied, cousin, that young lady might be 'La Zingara,' you said she would be here to-night."

"Oh, Lily dear, I beg pardon—but I thought you knew. *That* is 'La Zingara'—the lady with whom you have just been talking—in the black silk dress."

Luckily some one came up to speak to her cousin just then, for Lily was fairly overcome with her surprises. For few of her favorites had she more enthusiasm than for "La Zingara," of whose surpassingly sweet melodies her memory had many a strain. She turned and looked earnestly upon her, for she still stood near, and a renewed pang of disappointment shot through her heart as she gazed upon the sedate figure, and the face which was *not* beautiful or ethereal.

"La Zingara" stood now in profile, and Lily recognized the waving hair of the picture, and the noble, symmetrical head, which she now saw was far finer than the young beauty's. The lady's eyes, too, as she turned them once more on Lily, were truly beautiful, and as she slowly passed away from her down the room, somehow she left on Lily's heart an impression of sweetness and earnestness not likely to fade at once from her memory.

And now Lily kept on the lookout for more "lions," not much better prepared for disappointment than if these had not taken place. So when a heavy blue-spectacled gentleman was pointed out to her as a favorite author, and a plain, shy-looking maiden as a popular story-writer, the second shock was almost as bad as the first. In fact the great trouble with poor Lily was, they were so much like other people. She had had, I verily believe, some dim fancies that they wore visible laurel-crowns, and that their celestial wings were fluttering palpably, or perceptibly folded on their glory-laden shoulders.

I am afraid she was not much better satisfied at finding some who were present, really beautiful, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, so long as they were so fashionable, and chatted so carelessly to her, on the topics of the day. She grew tired of this overturning of her youthful fancies, and when a sparkling, beautiful brunette, who was gaily conversing with a group of friends, was announced to her as the distinguished Miss —, over whose pages she had laughed and wept and dreamed so often, she only felt with a sadness at her heart the long distance between them, and that all the love and admiration, which in her little room at home had been poured out to her, could never reach her—that *she* was but a stranger on whom the eye of the poetess would hardly rest, in a passing introduction.

She was very glad, at length, when her cousin, who had another engagement, announced that they must leave. Her poor little heart was in a sad maze of uncertainty and disappointment, a clinging on to the old ideals, a hesitating about letting the new realities usurp their place. She had, almost unconsciously, arranged in her mind, form and

features for all these idol authors of hers, and she was not in a moment to be reconciled to finding them utterly unlike all her fancies.

As Lily passed through the hall on her way out, she was arrested by a light touch on her arm, and a voice peculiarly deep and expressive sounded in her ear, as a hand offered the *mouchoir* she had dropped in passing. She glanced up to express her thanks, and her eyes met a pair, full, dark and beautiful, fixed upon her with an expression of more interest than the return of a stray pocket-handkerchief might seem to warrant. Lily passed hurriedly on, following her cousin, but those deep, quiet eyes rested in her vision, on through the long hall, out into the darkness, and along the way as she drove rapidly home. Their owner must have been a late comer, for Lily had not seen his face the whole evening, but his were just such eyes as she dreamed that poet's eyes should be; and she drew a long despairing sigh, as she thought, after all, he might be own brother to the brainless young beauty of the early part of the evening.

Lily said but little of her disappointments. She did not feel inclined to talk of what had touched her so nearly, so Mrs. Lincoln but dimly guessed at what in reality occupied her cousin's little brain so much.

Now frequently in their daily walks or drives, as a hat was lifted, or a bonneted head inclined, Lily recognized some one of the "gifted few"—but they were still afar off. She had not drawn near them—had not come into the charmed circle of their sympathies—so she still tried to keep to the old ideals, as she read a cherished poem, or lost herself over a story of beauty or of power.

It was a few days after the party of "charming people," that Lily's cousin announced the coming of a choice group of her own especial friends on the following evening, naming, in addition to those she had already seen, two authors, who ranked among Lily's choice favorites. She thought of their coming half tremblingly. Her ideal of both these was so sweet, she dreaded its rough displacement, or even if the "mortal embodiment" of the twain were fair as her dreams could ask, she feared to experience the sense of isolation and distance from those who had been thus near, and dear, and cherished.

Poor, enthusiastic Lily!

The next morning as she was lounging over a book in her cousin's dressing-room, a card was brought up to Mrs. Lincoln.

"Mrs. Clare!" exclaimed she, as she glanced at it, speaking the name of the authoress, Lily was hoping yet fearing to see. "I'm afraid she's not coming to-night by this call. Come, Lily, go down with me, I know you are an admirer of hers, and she will so delight you. She is a perfect embodiment of her style—sparkling, earnest, and playful, with eyes as full of love and poetry as Sappho's own."

Lily rose eagerly—all the old enthusiasm and confidence coming back upon her at once—and followed her cousin down stairs. Alas! Poor Lily must have been born under an evil star! It was one of those suddenly sultry days, that sometimes take us by surprise in early May—warm as June and lifeless as August, and rendered insupportable by the heavy spring dress which we have not yet ventured to lay aside. The poor little poetess had started out on her long walk, clad in a thick silk, and wearing a cashmere shawl—and when she reached Mrs. Lincoln's door, she was in that state of suffering, oppressive warmth, which my readers are most happy if they cannot sympathize with from experience.

As Lily entered the room, she saw sitting on the sofa, a most uncomfortable looking little mortal, crimson from cheek to forehead, her damp hair put back hurriedly and awkwardly from a heated brow—and her very eyes swollen by the glare of the sun on the red pavement. And this was her idolized Mrs. Clare—the sparkling little fairy—"the embodiment of her style!"

Lily went through with a passive introduction, and then seated herself at a little distance, for the tears were actually in her eyes. It was of no use—she had given up now—all her sweet visions of cool moonlight, sprayey waterfall, and dreaming poetesses were gone forever; the veriest fairy of them all could look red and heated as any errand-girl!

Mrs. Lincoln darkened the room which had been left glaringly open to admit the morning sun, and when her guest had refreshed herself with fan and ice-water, and explained her reasons for being absent from the evening entertainment, Lily as she sat in the shadow of the window-drapery, heard them gradually go on to talk of other things, and there came to her ever and anon, a voice, so sweet in its soft cadences, that she drew from her retreat, and came near to listen. The deep flush had faded away, and the eyes that turned toward her as she approached, looked indeed as if they might at another time be beautiful. But the call of the poetess was brief, and she went away, little dreaming what a shock her loving admirer's fancy had received—all unconscious that the face so often praised, so really beautiful, could have been to any one so grievous a disappointment as it had been to Lily.

So much for accidents. That same sweet poetess, as she had appeared the night before in her own quiet home—with the light cluster of geranium in her hair, and in her simple dress of white, would have been all even Lily's heart had asked.

That evening Lily wore to please her cousin a dress of pale beautiful blue, and a graceful wreath about her fine head, and she looked as poetic and fair as any of her own ideals.

"La Zingars" came, and several to whom she had before been pre-

sented, and the evening was already beginning to wear a very bright aspect, when it received its finishing glory in the presence of the knight of the earnest eyes. So surprised was Lily as he was introduced to her—so conscious of his evident glance of pleasure and admiration, that she did not catch his name, but she soon found herself in animated and delightful conversation. Poets and poetesses might pass now—they were quite at a discount. Lily had found some one more poetical and charming, than all the people with distinguished names. Her new friend was most entertaining. He had traveled, and seen places of which she loved to hear, and great persons whom she revered—he liked the books she liked, and the pictures she admired, and their acquaintance was progressing most marvelously, when Lily was carried off to a group of friends near by.

A half hour after, she came upon her cousin and her new glorious-eyed friend in the library. Mrs. Lincoln seemed to be enjoying his conversation quite as much as she had done, and she turned to Lily with a bright face, as the lady and gentleman exchanged greeting.

"So you are already acquainted with our just-returned poet, Ernest Lyndsay. I hoped to have had the pleasure myself of introducing you."

Ernest Lyndsay—her idol poet! Lily heard but the name; and the crimson flush rushed over cheek and brow, and as quickly faded. The surprise, the delight, the beautiful reality were almost too much for her.

It was dangerous flattery to the young poet, to see the color come and go on that fair face, but Ernest Lyndsay had a soul to take the beautiful tribute meekly and gladly, with only that joy of *appreciation* to which no high spirit can be indifferent. And there was something in Lily's frank, simple "I only knew this moment that it was Ernest Lyndsay," very delightful to hear. There was no gracious phrase of compliment—no hackneyed word of pleasure or honor in meeting, but the eloquent praise of that young face no word could have equalled.

It was harder now for Lily to talk freely with her new acquaintance—a timid feeling crept into her heart, as she remembered all the earnest sympathy she had lavished upon him, all the warm admiration—how often his words had voiced her innermost thoughts—his dreams and aspirations been the type of her own. She listened to her cousin and Mr. Lyndsay, saying but little, and felt almost a sense of relief, when, others coming up, they all mingled with the crowd. But at intervals throughout the evening, Ernest Lyndsay was at her side, and almost always with some kind and beautiful word—some pleasant anecdote of Lily's favorite authors, who were present.

"La Zingara" came to join them once, and Lily listened with delight, and watched eagerly the changing lights of her face, looking wonderingly to see how expression made it beautiful; and her heart grew

warm to hear from "La Zingara's" lips sweet and graceful thoughts, whose kindred she knew she had long treasured in her heart. "La Zingara" was fast rivalling the old ideal.

And so throughout the evening, in the reflected light of the young poet's appreciation, all seemed to show more truly and beautifully, and when the company had left, Lily's heart and brain were in a sweet, delicious maze, very like what she might have fancied the presence of "live poets" would have created.

"I like that wreath exceedingly," said her cousin as they parted for the night, "and Ernest Lyndsay says he has not seen a more classic head in all Europe. There's a poet's praise for you, darling!"

Precious little Lily! Her poor head was well nigh turned, and a multitude of visions were floating through it, as she laid it on her pillow and went to sleep, to live over again the events of the evening.

This brief sketch may not go into detailed description of Lily's subsequent meetings and growing acquaintance with the "lions"—for scarce a day passed that she did not see one or two—nor how she grew to regard some of them at last with all the loving enthusiasm of her earnest nature. She learned to *know* them—and she learned the truth, that so long as the fair, ethereal spirit must dwell in such temple as it has pleased nature to bestow upon it, that mere physical beauty must be to the beautiful in soul, the same accident as to others—and she learned also that however plain and unattractive at first glance a face might be, the moments when it become the revealer of the lofty and noble soul within, it caught a light and beauty that idealized every feature.

And now, having her girlish romance somewhat tintured with wisdom, she found frequently surprises most pleasant, in those who were pointed out to her as the "greater or lesser lights" of literature. That tall, graceful man, whom she found to be an eminent journalist and poet, had very much the *physique* she might have fancied as his belonging, and this fair and lady-like woman, an authoress of note, was as beautiful in grace and dignity as one of her own creations. The little crimson poetess, when Lily came to know her well, had ways so arch and winning, that she loved her with a hearty, sincere affection that had nothing of awe about it.

There was so much in this visit to enjoy, so much to see—that Lily felt as if each day were brimming with delight. There were drives and walks—*excursions* into the country, and *incursions* into studios, libraries, and the hundred other places that make the city such a paradise to a country visitant. On many of these days, the young poet Lyndsay was their companion or escort. Sometimes he was with them

from their own door, or crossed their path, in some delightful place. His comments on pictures—his appreciation and criticism were always most valued by Lily and her cousin.

Lily saw him so often, and in such a variety of circumstances, that she learned to know him well. His frank, impulsive nature betrayed itself, faults and all, very soon, to those with whom he was familiar—and Lily found the truth to which so many seem to be blind, that a poet's heart and nature is in most respects most wonderfully like the heart and nature of other people. That they are by no means a race set apart—like chosen vessels—merely to receive inspiration, and give it out for the benefit of the world. That their hopes and fears, their wants, their joys and sorrows, are such as are common to humanity. That their needs for love and sympathy are just such as other mortals feel, and that an author's personal regard is won very much after the fashion of the regard of persons who happen not to have had their names and thoughts printed in fine letter press, and bound up in "muslin gilt." All Lily's unreal fancies were gone, but some sweet realities were taking their place, which would not soon forsake her heart.

June came—only too speedily—and her cousin and herself made preparations, with the rest of the retreating world, to go home—into the country. The morning that Lily left, there came for her a sweet bouquet of June roses—roses of the softest hues, and damp yet with dewy moisture—and folded far in among the clustering buds was a tiny scroll, which unfolded, betrayed a poem—a poem to herself from Ernest Lyndsay. Ah, Lily's dreams had never visioned such a beautiful reality—and she bent her head down over the fair, fragrant roses, and for the first time gave way to uncontrollable tears. N—— had been a happy place, with all its lions animate and inanimate—its sunshine and its freedom from care—and she might not see it soon again. What wonder that a few tears trembled on the unfolding petals of the roses, and quivered long in her violet eyes.

And so Lily went away from N——. And when she reached her dear old home, she counted among her treasures, a new correspondent—and letters came to Lily that were more beautiful than any poem—dearer than any dream. And when September came, with its soft fair days, and unrivalled moonlit eves, Lily's walks down by the brookside, and in the sweet glens, and through the wooded hills, were not alone—and if you ask Lily now, what she thinks of "real, live poets," a warm flush will steal over her fair cheek, those dark lashes will droop, and a strange sweet smile hover around those lips—those beautiful lips, that have spoken to Ernest Lyndsay words of poetry more sweet and blessed than ever sounded through his heart before.

THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE.

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 BY WILLIAM G. BROWN.  
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Why comes he not? The evening shades
 Steal slowly o'er the stream and wood,
 While one by one each tall tree fades,
 Their strong arms linked in brotherhood—
 Why comes he not? I've watched too late,
 The embers on the hearth burn low;
 Hark! opes he now the dooryard gate?
 Oh, winds! why mock my wo?

Fade, Memory, from my burning brain,
 Youth's blissful visions bring no more;
 In vain—I tread with thee again
 The pleasant walks we trod of yore;
 I hear again the songs we sung
 At eve beneath yon ancient tree,
 And as the vine around it clung,
 So clings my heart to thee!

Sweep wilder, oh, ye wintry air!
 Sweep wilder through this creaking shed—
 Oh, lull my dear, dear orphans here,
 Or drown their piercing cries for bread!
 They have no father—once his eye
 Would brighten at a smile of theirs,
 But now he leaves them here to die,
 And neither knows nor cares!

My heart is there, and I will go
 E'en to his den of sin and shame;
 But hark! I hear a voice of wo—
 Oh, Heaven, my husband calls my name!
 I see him on the drifted snow,
 The moonbeams light his pale, pale brow,
 May woman's bosom never know
 Such pangs as rend mine now!

He breathes—he wakes—his eyelids ope—
 Oh, God! how fall his burning tears—
 I thank thee for the blessed hope
 That banishes my awful fears;
 He lives—he speaks—he calls my name—
 He kneels upon the cottage door;
 He vows to taste the poison cup
 Oh, never, nevermore!

Now dashes he that cup to earth,
 Now mourns he o'er his wretched fate,
 Now blesses those whom late he cursed,
 And giveth holy love for hate;
 Oh, is not mine a happy lot?
 Flowers blossom round me as before,—
 Sweet Peace dwells in my lowly cot,
 My birdlings sing once more!

Holyoke, Mass.

LONG AGO.

BY ALWILMI.

How many thoughts unbidden rise,
 And o'er life's rugged pathway strew
 A thousand dear remembrances
 Of long ago!

The sweetly sounding evening bell,
 The light that gilds the mountain's brow
 At silent eve, will ever tell
 Of long ago.

The sweetness in the forest's breath,
 The music in the streamlet's flow,
 Are linked with feelings of our youth
 Of long ago.

The fallen, withered, autumn leaf,
 That sighing winds are tossing now,
 Brings back to us the saddening grief
 Of long ago.

An olden song, when heard again,
 Will bid the tear-drop overflow—
 For, ah! how fondly speaks each strain
 Of long ago.

The golden clouds serenely bright,
 Tinged with the summer sunset glow,
 Throw o'er the heart the softer light
 Of long ago.

How strangely does the mind revert
 To scenes that we no longer know!
 How memory guards within the heart
 That "long ago!"

The gentle light the moonbeams fling,
 When falling in some valley low,
 Is not more sweet than thoughts that spring
 Of long ago.

